TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

SOMEWHERE.

BY FRANCES HALE BARNARD.

She wandered by the water-side
When glowing was the West,
And glowing was the swelling tide,
With crimson light caressed,
And sweeter than the song of birds,
Half to herself she sung these words:
"Somewhere on earth, I know not where,
My own true love must be;
Tho' storms may beat, we yet shall meet
Somewhere—on land or sea."

The words along the water rolled
And ended in a sigh,
And all the earth was touched with gold,
And all the sunset sky;
The far hills echoed back again,
In faint, sweet melody the strain:
"When [illegible] that I no more
Must go my way alone,
No earthly pow'r [illegible] but an hour
Can keep me from my own."

Her face shone with an earnestness,
A fair angelic face,
Nor could we wish her trust were less,
Or bid her faith to cease;
For love himself could scarce disdain
Appeal so sweet as that refrain:
"I have not seen him, but I know
He'll love me tenderly;
Nor wind nor rain can keep us twain
Apart, my love and me."

ICHABOD.

Daniel Webster, 1850.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not,—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Fell back in night!

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven.

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now;
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is lost!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame:
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

A YEAR AGO.

BY GEORGE KRINGLER.

I was so rich a year ago
That every day
A little child looked up to me
Amid its play.
I was so very rich because
The child was mine;
I did not think he was but lent
A little time.

I dreamed, for him, bright dreams,
And he!
The castles that he built
Were all for me.
I cannot tell you, if I try,
How golden bright
The head upon my pillow,
Every night.

I never could begin to tell—
I wish I could—
How sweet this child of mine,
How sweet, how good;
Or half how rich I felt myself.
You do not know
How very rich I was
A year ago.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

St. Rudwald's Cave;

A TALE OF THE TIDE.

BY ERNEST WARREN,

Author of "Cats' Eyes," "Another Man's Wife," "Mrs. Drummond, a Railway Mystery," "Her Highness," "Court and Camp," "Throne and Scaffold," "Lady Catesby's Emeralds," "A Boy and a Girl," etc., etc., etc.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."—*Shakespere.*

CHAPTER III.

LOW WATER.

Matthew Appleton, after as good a dinner as the kitchen of the Anchor and Compass could furnish, sat in the little parlor of the Trawlbury inn, pipe in mouth and slippered feet outstretched to court the warmth of the glowing coal fire.

Matthew Appleton was puzzled, and owned the fact to himself.

As something of a cynic, a good deal a man of the world, and last, but not least, a shrewd lawyer, he had no very good opinion of his fellow creatures as a class, no great trust in the disinterested honesty of mankind, consequently, that Alice Denbow should shrink in horror from the offer of money, and that her two brothers should come near assaulting him for proffering that which the law of the land would, without doubt, have given their sister in a court of justice, was a problem in human nature which he found it difficult to work out.

She did not want to hold Julian Cathcart to his marriage offer—so much she had distinctly avowed—like a sensible girl she saw the future misery of such a marriage. Still she was entitled to a compensation. A jury of Englishmen would award her a handsome recompense for the loss of the wealth and position which she resigned. How was it then that she declined to accept the money that was her due?

The young lawyer could only account for it by believing that in this little out of the way fishing village he had found an innocent, unsophisticated, pure minded, honorable girl, and as he came to this conclusion he fell to thinking of her exceeding beauty, her grace, her quiet, lady-like self-possession.

"Julian was an infernal fool not to know what a prize he had found in her, that fisher girl," muttered Appleton, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. Then he added with a laugh, "Upon my life I believe I am more than half in love with her myself." With which reflection he went to bed.

"It's coming on to blow hard," said the landlord, as he conducted his visitor to the bed-room. "We're going to have a tough night of it. God help them poor folks at sea!"

The wind howled and roared and whistled about the gables of the Anchor and Compass that night. It was a terrible storm, the worst Trawlbury or Herringworth had experienced for years.

The greater portion of the fishing fleet was drawn up upon the beach for the Winter, but there were some half-dozen boats, built to withstand the roughest weather, at anchor in the bay.

The wind set straight in, rolling the great white-crested waves in resistless volume before it, the dull, leaden sky seemed to rest like a pall upon the sea, the beach was white with foam, and at St. Rudwald's Head the salt spray dashed high in air as it broke upon the rocks and boulders at the base of the cliff.

It was just as the pale, watery gleam of early dawn cast a sickly light across the angry waves that the storm reached its hight. The whole population of Trawlbury, men, women and children, were out of doors, for with the high tide and the fierce wind the water had risen higher than it had been ever known to do before, and had dashed in all its fury amongst the fishing boats drawn up for security upon the beach, and hurling them against the cruel rocks and grinding them together and crunching their timbers as if they had been walnut shells, and scattering oars, sails, nets and fittings to be the sport of the angry tempest.

Of the half dozen boats anchored in the bay but one held fast to her moorings; the others had been forced from their anchorage and driven into the stormy distance, to meet their fate upon the iron-bound coast nearer to Herringworth.

Matthew Appleton was out with the others, and his strong arm did valiant work in helping to rescue such floating fittings from the wrecks as came near shore.

"He's a better chap than t'other Londoner," said Philip Denbow.

"Sure-*ly*," said Dick.

The boat which still rode securely at anchor tossed now high, now low by the surging waves was that owned by the Denbow brothers, the only vessel of the entire fleet which was still safe. It was while they all toiled, the women with the men, to save some trifles from the ruin which had come upon them, that a deaf old granddame, whose infirmity had made her heedless of the uproar of wind and wave till then, rushed into the group of fishermen, her gray locks streaming in the wind like one distraught.

Her story was soon told. Late in the afternoon her grandson, a lad of 13, had gone off to set night lines from the Denbows' boat, unknown to any one but her. He had not returned, and was now menaced by death in its most terrible form as he tossed in the doomed lugger on the watery waste.

"Save him! Save him!" she shrieked in a frenzy of dispair. "He is all I have left. Husband and sons all gone, all drowned, and only this little one remaining! Save him if you are men—save him!"

The fishermen shook their heads. It was madness to attempt to launch the only boat still sound and whole in such a storm, but still the gray-haired grandmother's voice rang on the chill morning air:

"Save him! Save him!"

Then Philip and Dick Denbow stood forth from the others.

"We'll try it if so be two others will join us."

"I'll be one," shouted burly Seth Forrester.

"And I the other," cried Matthew Appleton.

"*You!*" sneered Forrester. "Do you know a bow line from a cart wheel? We don't want no cockneys."

"I didn't pull stroke in my college boat for nothing," answered the young lawyer, "and I've an arm as stout as ever a man in Trawlbury."

They set to work with a will and launched the boat under the lee of that portion of the old pier which had resisted the storm, and then four stout hearts and eight stalwart arms propelled the little cockle-shell on its errand of mercy.

It was a deed of great peril. Every moment the curling waves threatened to engulf the frail bark and its brave crew yet, still they persevered, and just as a faint gleam of sun broke through the murky clouds upon the horizon, the boat neared shore with the rescued lad sitting drenched, white and trembling in the stern sheets.

Alice Denbow watching from the beach, had felt her pulse throb and her heart beat fast as minute succeeded minute, for did not the crew comprise her two brothers—and—the stranger from London?

A great cheer greeted the boat and its brave occupants when it reached the beach and the fishermen sprang overboard in the shallow water to carry it up beyond the fury of the waves.

Appleton tried to follow their example. With a great effort he rose, but instantly fell back to the bottom of the boat.

When they came to look at him he had fainted. They lifted him out and laid him on the beach and forced brandy down his throat, and presently he reopened his eyes.

"I am hurt," he gasped. "A spar fell on me when we were alongside the lugger."

Philip Denbow passed a rough hand over his limbs, provoking a faint cry of pain.

"His leg's broke," said he. "Some one of you go fetch the sawbones."

"He's a good plucked one anyway," said burly Seth Forrester. "He gets his leg broke and pulls a heavy oar right back through a sea like *that* and never says nothing to nobody. Dom it!—he's one of the right sort—he is!"

They carried Matthew Appleton into the Denbows' cottage, which was the nearest to where he lay upon the beach, and placed him upon a narrow white bed, about the sheets of which the faint odor of lavender lingered, and when the surgeon came and set the fractured limb he imperatively forbade his removal, and so it chanced that Alice became his nurse and tended him with a care and gentleness beyond all praise.

"Alice," said Matthew Appleton (it seemed quite natural to them both that he should call her by her Christian name,) "Tell me of the storm. What damage did it do? Was your brother's boat saved?"

"It was lost—dashed to pieces on St. Rudwald's Head," answered Alice simply. "It was their sole possession and we are ruined, but we are no worse than our neighbors—some are nigh starving—thank God, we are not so bad as that!"

"Alice," continued the young lawyer faintly, and watching her sad, beautiful face to see the effect of his words; "you have not forgotten the errand which brought me to Trawlbury?"

She made no answer, but her cheek flushed.

"The money which I was empowered to offer you would build and fit complete a dozen such boats as that your brothers lost in the storm."

She turned quickly upon him and her eyes flashed angrily.

"You—*you*—of whom I thought so differently, would tempt me to this degradation!" she answered, in a low voice full of suppressed passion. "Take money—and from *him?* Never. See these hands; they are rough and brown and coarse, unlike those of your fine City ladies, but they are strong and they can work. It is no hardship to me, to Phil or Dick to toil, we have been used to it from our cradles, we would choose it a thousand times sooner than to live on money which we had not earned. We fisher folk of Trawlbury are humble and poor, but we value our independence above all the Queen's gold."

And then such is the inconsistency of women, the eyes which had flashed with honest indignation one moment, filled with tears the next.

But that was the last time that Matthew Appleton ever referred to the business which had brought him to Trawlbury.

Week succeeded week till the time came when the crippled lawyer was able to limp around, and the doctor pronounced him convalescent, but for all that he seemed in no haste to return to his London office.

"Alice," said he one clear, bright day, when the sun shone through the green wavelets and glistened on their white crests. "Can you give me the whole of the morning? The day is beautiful and I am strong, and before I return to Town I want to see the famous cave from which you rescued Julian Cathcart."

It was low water at Trawlbury as the two paced slowly over the far stretching yellow sands. Both were silent. Alice was revolving in her thoughts five words he had spoken, "before I return to Town;" and wondering why they brought a strange, dull, aching sense of pain to her heart, while Appleton was meditating—turning over and over in his mind a scheme which he had resolved to put into execution that very day.

It was low water at Trawlbury, and the two stood at the mouth of St. Rudwald's cave, at the foot of the great jagged rock, to which Julian climbed on the memorable day when Alice rescued him from death by drowning.

"And *this* is the very identical place, is it?" said Matthew Appleton. "Do you know Alice you might hold out your hand to another fellow to-day who is in sore need of it for his help and comfort."

"How?"

"Give me your hand."

She placed it unhesitatingly in his, looking wistfully into his eyes which were bent upon her with an expression of deep meaning.

"And now say after me—I, Alice Denbow, in acknowledgement of your great love for me," (she tried to withdraw from his grasp but he held her firmly,) "give you this hand in token of the affection I bear you and as a sign that I will be your true and faithful wife till death us two do part."

She did not repeat a single syllable after him, but none the less he knew that he held her heart in his keeping, and so, as he himself expressed it, he "sealed the contract with **a kiss.**"

THE END.

BAINBRIDGE & SON.

There was a suppressed murmur of conversation in the dressmaking department of the large drapery establishment of Messrs. Bainbridge & Son which the steady whir of a hundred sewing machines could not wholly drown. Where the presence feminine can be found, be sure the tongue feminine will be heard.

The superintendent of the room, understanding this, did not attempt to enforce silence, so pretty Doily Wynn and May Bruton talked very confidentially in their corner of the great room; and no one interfered, so long as fingers were busy as well as tongues.

And this was what May said, Dollie's blue eyes being riveted upon the quilting on which she was at work:

"I saw her yesterday when I was going out to dinner. She was just stepping into her carriage, and Mr. Edgar himself handing her in. She looks old—nearly 40, I should say; but they say she is immensely rich, and her dress was splendid. So I suppose her money goes against her age."

"Did you hear they were to be married soon?"

"Bless me! didn't I tell you that? My brother is in the stationer's where the wedding-cards are being printed. They are to be married on the 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, and the card of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Wison. Twelve! Come; we will go for a walk."

"No, I am tired," Dollie pleaded.

And her friend left her, never heeding the sudden pallor of the sweet young face, the dumb agony in the great blue eyes.

When she was alone Dollie stole away to the little room where the cloaks, shawls and hats of the girls were kept, and there, crouching in a corner, hidden entirely by a huge waterproof, she tried to think it all out.

What had it meant? What did Edgar Bainbridge mean in the long year he had tried by every masculine device to win her love?

She had not been unmaidenly; heart and conscience fully acquitted her.

She had given her love, pure, true and faithful, to the son of her employer; but he had sought it, delicately and persistently, before he knew that it was given him.

The young girl, now sewing for a living, had been daintily bred and thoroughly educated, her father having been a man drawing a salary sufficient to give his only child every advantage. But when he died, and his wife in a few months followed him, Dollie had chosen a life of honorable labor in preference to one of idle dependence upon wealthy relatives.

And yet in the social gatherings of these relatives and the friends of Summer days, Dollie was still a welcome guest.

It was at her Uncle Lawrence's suburban villa she had been introduced to Edgar Bainbridge. After this she met him frequently, and in her simple dress, with her sweet, pure face, had won marked attention from him.

With the frankness that was one of her greatest charms the young girl had let her admirer know that though she was Lawrence Wynn's niece, she worked for a living in the dressmaking department of Bainbridge & Son.

Then he had made her heart bound with sudden grateful joy by telling her he had seen her leave the "shop" night after night, but would not join her for fear of giving annoyance by exposing her to the remarks of her companions.

After this, however, she often found him waiting for her at some point further from the establishment, and always so respectful and courteous that she was glad of his protection in her long walk.

But he was going to marry an heiress on the 27th, only a week away, so he had but trifled with her after all.

Poor little Dollie, crouching among the shawls and cloaks, felt as if all sunshine was gone from her life forever, as if her cup of humiliation and agony was full to overflowing.

But the dinner-hour was over, the girls coming in or sauntering from resting-places in the work-room, and the hum of work commenced again, as it must, whatever aching hearts or weary hands crave rest.

Dollie worked with the rest, her feelings so numbed by the sudden blow that she scarcely heard May's lamentations over a sudden flood of order-work that would keep many of them in the room till midnight.

"We'll have all day to-morrow if we can finish these dresses to-night," said one of the small squad of girls told off for the extra work. "Miss Brown says so. But these must be ready to deliver in the morning."

Talk, talk, talk! Whir, whir, whir! Dollie folded and basted, working with rapid, mechanical precision, hearing the noise of voices and machines, feeling the dull, heavy beating of her own heart and the throbs of pain in her weary head, but speaking no word of repining, excusing her pallid face by the plea of headache.

It was after 11 o'clock when the last stitch was set in the hurried work, and the girls ran down the long flights of stairs, to plod home through a drizzling rain, following the late snow-storm.

As Dollie passed down the staircase she saw in the counting-house her recreant lover, busy over some account-books.

But for the heavy news she had heard that morning she would have felt sure that this sudden spasm of industry was to furnish an excuse for escorting her home at the unusally late hour.

But, if so, Dollie felt it was but an added insult to his dishonorable conduct, and she hurried on, hoping he had not heard her step.

She had gone some few streets from the shop, when, passing a church, she slipped upon a treacherous piece of ice and twisted her ankle.

The sudden pain made her faint for a moment, and she sat down upon the stonework supporting the railings to recover herself. Beside her, not a stone's throw away, a dark, narrow alleyway ran along the high brick wall of the churchyard, and the girl's heart sank with a chill of terror as she heard a man's voice in the alley say:

"Didn't you hear a step, Bill?"

"A woman. She's turned off somewhere. He ain't come yet," was the answer.

"He's late to-night," said the first voice, in a gruff undertone.

"You are sure he's taking the diamonds home?"

"Sure as death. I was at — —'s when he gave the order. 'Send them to my shop at 9 o'clock,' says he, 'and I will take them home with me.' And he gave the address of Bainbridge & Son."

"But are you sure he will pass here?"

"Of course he will. He lives in the next street. He'll come."

"Suppose he shows fight?"

"You hold him, and I'll soon stop his fight."

Every word fell on Dollie's ears clear and distinct in the silence of the night.

They would rob him, these dreadful men, if nobody warned him. They would spring out upon him as he passed, and strike him down before he knew there was danger.

He must not come alone, unprepared. False lover, false friend as she felt he was, she could not go on her way and leave him to death.

When she stood up the pain of her ankle was almost unendurable; but she clung to the railing and so limped along the street. The others seemed interminable.

Often she crawled through the wet slush of the streets; often on one foot hopped painfully along, till the shop was reached at last, and the light in the counting-house still burned.

The side door for the working-girls was still unfastened, and Dollie entered there, reaching the counting house, soaking wet, white and trembling, to confront both Edgar Bainbridge and his father.

Unheeding their exclamations of dismay and surprise, she told her story with white lips but a steady voice.

"Waiting for me?" cried Edgar Bainbridge. "The scoundrels!"

"You bought diamonds at——'s to-day?" asked his father.

"A parure of Miss Wilson, sir. I wish to present them, with your permission, on Thursday. Ah, look at that poor girl!"

For, overcome by pain, fatigue and mental torture, poor Dollie had staggered toward the door and fainted upon the floor.

A hasty call summoned the porter, and in a few minutes the porter's wife appeared, rubbing her eyes, but full of womanly resources for the comforts of the girl.

A cab was procured, and clothed in dry garments, furnished by the good hearted woman, and, escorted by the porter, Dollie was driven home.

The next morning walking proved to be impossible, and Dollie was obliged to call upon her landlady for assistance to dress, wondering at herself a little for caring to get up.

But before noon, sitting in the parlor, her lame ankle upon a cushion, she was surprised by two gentleman callers—no other than Bainbridge and son in person—and a lady who introduced herself as Miss Wilson.

"We have all come to thank you," the lady said, "and I have come to carry you home with me. These gentlemen owe you their lives; I owe you my diamonds."

"But what did you do?" asked Dollie.

"We captured the robbers by a masterly stratagem," said the old gentleman. "Edgar sauntered past the alley-way with a revolver all ready in his hand, while I, with three policemen, went round and entered the alley softly behind the villains. Taken by surprise, their retreat cut off, they were easily made prisoners. You understand, we could not arrest them unless they actually attacked Edgar. As it is, however, there was a very pretty little tussle before we came up. Bless me, dear child—don't faint—he's all right!"

"My foot!" Dollie murmured, "I sprained my ankle last night. It was to stop to rest it that I sat down on the church wall."

"You didn't come all the way back with a sprained ankle?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a heroine!" cried Miss Wilson. "But, my dear," and here the heiress drew nearer to Dollie and took her hand in a close clasp, "we have been hearing this morning a pretty little love story, of which you also are the heroine, and I have come to see if you will be my guest until Thursday, and then make poor Edgar there the happiest of men by assisting at a double wedding."

Dollie's eyes, slowly dilating as the other lady spoke, were open to their fullest extent as this climax was reached.

"Edgar!" she said; "I thought he was to marry you on Thursday?"

A musical laugh answered her.

Calling the gentleman at the same time from the window, where they had sauntered during this little scene, Miss Wilson looked up at them.

"Convince this young lady, Edgar," she said, "that your affection for me is only that of a dutiful son, and that I shall have a motherly affection for her likewise when I become the wife of your father, Edgar Bainbridge, senior."

And then Edgar took the chair his step-mother-elect vacated, while the elder lady and gentleman went outside to arrange a cushion in the carriage for the sprained ankle.

What Edgar said may be imagined; but certain it is that Dollie drove home with Miss Wilson, and was that lady's guest until the following Thursday, when her wedding cards, too, were distributed, and the bridal party consisted of two bridegrooms and two fair, blushing brides.

The daily papers, in noticing the wedding, stated that the superb parure of diamonds worn by Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, junior, was a wedding present from Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, senior.

Would Enlarge Her Credit.

"Yes, my dear daughter, I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of our coachman."

"And elope with him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Ah, I see, you dear, good papa; you want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty, and a reigning belle?"

"Well, of course, that will help a little, but that's not the main point."

"What is the main point, papa?"

"Well, the papers will all say you are the daughter of a millionaire."

"Well?"

"Well, that will enlarge my credit. See? Now run out to the stable, that's a good girl."

How Fruit Canning was Discovered.

"It is a singular fact," says a Naples correspondent, "that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found in what had been a pantry of a house many jars of preserved figs. One was opened and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation shows that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year canning was introduced into the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii 20 centuries ago."

Humor.

For the Blade.

ABOUT A CAT.

BY RIZ JONES.

"Ma," said Jimmy, "I'll bet you're hiding a cat for my Christmas gift; but I've found it out, and I won't wait that long—besides, I want a better present then."

"I have no cat," replied Mrs. Nobbs, with a look of surprise.

"I know better—you can't fool me!" shouted Jimmy.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Nobbs, as she wondered if Jimmy had been tasting the mysterious mixture which his father kept in a big bottle in a dark corner.

"Well," said Jimmy; "when pa talked in the sitting-room I was in the next room and heard him, and this is what I heard him say:

"'Oh, Kitty, you're too sweet to live; your hair is like spun gold—your eyes like diamonds, but the old cat must not hear me say so.' Oh, ma, what a lovely cat it must be! What old cat did he mean? we have no old cat, have we?"

"Jimmy," said Mrs. Nobbs, in tones like a muffled accordeon, "tell the new servant girl to come here instantly."

Jimmy hastened to obey.

A girl with bright eyes and a profusion of red ribbons entered the room, with a look of inquiry and a great deal of powder and paint on her face.

"Do you wish to see me, ma'am?" she asked, with a haughty toss of her head.

"What's your name, Perkins?"

"Katherine—but them as loves me calls me Kitty," said the beauteous maiden.

"Kitty!"

That one word escaped the pale lips of Mrs. Nobbs.

"What's wrong with the name?" asked the indignant girl. "Nobody ever had the cheek to make fun of it before. Do you want to see me about anything?"

"No, never! Leave the house instantly! Don't wait to pack up, or I may not be able to keep my hands off you. Send your address and I'll send them to you."

"Shall I kick her, ma?" asked Jimmy.

"Darling, do not soil your hands by touching her," replied Mrs. Nobbs.

"I don't think he will try it when I remind him of the time he kicked me and the fragments of his pants were scattered over the back yard," said Kitty.

Kitty left, and the following morning a girl with a broken nose, one green eye and one blue one, and a mouth like that of the St. Lawrence river, sought admittance at one of the back doors.

"Is this a hospital, ma'am?" she asked when she found herself in the presence of Mrs. Nobbs.

"No!" replied that irate lady, in freezing tones. "Why?"

"A pretty, black-eyed girl sent me here, and said you would keep me. She said I'd just suit—"

Before the girl could finish the sentence she was pushed out of the door; and then, strange to relate, the mistress of the mansion called her back and said, sweetly:

"Yes; you may stay."

Mr. Nobbs faintly objected once.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Nobbs, "you would like to have a girl with eyes like diamonds and hair like spun gold, but this girl shall stay!"

And she stayed.

She Wanted Him to Say Something Startling to Make Her Blush at the Altar.

One wedding as a sequence of July courtship by the seashore, occurred this week. It was hurried because the bridegroom had to go to Europe on business, and wanted to take the new wife along. It was a wonder he spared the time to fall in love, even in vacation time. He hadn't ever paid much attention to girls, especially the Fifth avenue type; that was shown at the ceremony.

"Now, John," she said the day before, "I wouldn't get married at all if I didn't think I would blush at the altar. An unblushing bride is my pet aversion. But I'm afraid to trust myself. I don't scare easy, and I would as likely as not go right through the ordeal as cool as a cucumber. What I want you to do is to say something startling, shocking—improper, you know—the instant we are ready to march in. That'll bring a blush, and then I'll be charming."

"But wha—wha—wha—shall I—" the numbskull stammered.

"Oh, I mustn't know beforehand, because I wouldn't get red. Only don't be afraid to put it strong. This is important."

Well, when the time came for her to be dreadfully abashed by an improper remark, he gently, hesitatingly whispered: "Are you sure, my love, your hosiery is suitable to the occasion?"

That was his idea of what would shock a Knickerbocker girl! She was married with a blush on, however, but it was one of anger at his failure to prove himself a man to rely on at an important moment.

Getting There.

It doesn't take a great while to get a boy out of a place where he wants to stay. Man comes out into the orchard.

"Chil'en come right down out en that are tree this minute!"

"Which tree?"

"Why, that un yer in!"

"This one?"

"Yes, that one."

"This one here by the fence?"

"Yes, that un yer in."

"This one with the red apples?"

"Yes, that un, an' I don't want to tell ye agin!"

"Well, we're comin' down."

"Well, come down mighty quick."

"Well, I am."

"Hurry, then!"

"Must I come clear down?"

"Clear down on the ground, and get thar mighy quick, too!"

"Well" slowly sliding down the trunk. "I am down. What you hollerin at me for?"

If there are 10 boys in the tree, the entire dialog with variations has to be repeated for each boy, in case the man is their father, or some near relative, and by time the last boy gets to the ground, there isn't an apple on the tree. In case the interviewer is a stranger, or a dog, however, the first word or prefatory bark isn't completed until the tree is as desolate and solitary as a garden of cucumbers, while the adjacent road is full of howling boys, casting into the orchard Parthian shots of casual stones and derisive remarks.—*Bob Burdette.*

A Mean Trick.

"What makes you look so disgusted, Sharp?" asked one young lawyer of another the other day.

"Wy, you know that old skinflint, Jones, don't you?"

"The millionaire? Yes."

"Well, he died yesterday without making a will, and here are half the lawyers in Town starving to death. His heirs will probably get every cent, the confounded old hunks."

Sweets of the Honeymoon.

Husband—"Hulda, dear, as I was passing through our garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking; perhaps you would like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

Young wife (anxious to conceal her ignorance in the vegetable department)—"I tell you what, Adolphus, we will go together; you shall pluck and I will hold the ladder."

BELVA IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A Cabinet Meeting of the Period When Women Shall Steer the Ship of State.

A servant said the President would be down as soon as she finished tying on her dress. The Attorney-General took out her knitting and said:

"Well, I might as well be working. No telling how long we'll have to wait."

Eager attention on the part of the Cabinet interrupted by the servant's announcement:

"Her Excellency, the President of the United States."

"Good morning, ladies."

"Good morning, Mrs. President. [All in chorus.] "Oh! what a lovely dress."

"Yes," said the President, "I thought I would just wear it down and let you all see it. It is pretty, isn't it? Just look at the hang of the train."

"It's perfectly magnificent," said the Secretary of War. "Those fine pleatings of *crepe de chine* give it such a lovely finish. But isn't it just a little short in front?"

"Why, of course," said the President, with some asperity. "I have them all made that way so as not to have to change when I ride the tricycle."

"I hope it's all silk," said the Attorney General, sticking her knitting-needle through her back hair, while she rubbed a piece of the dress between her thumb and finger. "Did you save me a piece for my crazy quilt?"

"Oh, yes," answered the President, affably. "And now let's get to business, ladies. I haven't much time this morning. I have to sit for my picture at 1 o'clock."

"The most important business I know of," said the Secretary of State, "is to decide on a Minister to the Court of St. James. You know Lowell has asked to be recalled."

"Oh, yes; I forgot all about that," said the President. "Whom shall we send?"

"If it had only been earlier," said the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, reflectively, "I would have gone myself, but the season is over by this time, and then I get so horribly seasick."

"It will be hard to get any one to go," observed the Secretary of War. "I am told the climate is so damp that your hair never stays in curl at all."

"Is that so?" asked the President apprehensively. "Well, we must send some one. And then," the President went on, "there's Germany to provide for."

"Oh, what's the use of sending any one to Germany, Mrs. President?" asked the Secretary of War.

"Oh, don't you know," said the Secretary of State, "there's Herr Most and pork and Lasker and Bismarck and all those things to talk about?"

"I know there was a color called Bismark some years ago," said the Secretary of the Treasury, meditatively, as she sorted her crewels, "but it was hideously unbecoming."

"But there's a new red-brown this Fall," said the Postmaster General eagerly, "that's just perfectly lovely for a dark complexion, though I think myself nothing wears as well as the old seal brown."

"Speaking of seal brown," said the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, "how about the Commissioner who was to be sent to Alaska to provide us all with sealskin dolmans? It's getting pretty cool; the frost touched my tuberoses last night.

Old Si on the Labor Problem.

"Do yer kno' whut hit am dat's he'pin to make dis ginerashun ob niggers so stuck-up an' no 'kount?" asked Old Si, after dusting the plaster busts on the editorial desk.

"I know a great many things that are having that effect."

"But wun ob de main tings, lemme tell yer, am dis heah secon'-han' clothin' bizness!"

"How do you make that out?"

"Kse hits jess dis way, dat the nigger is allus moughty anxious ter look biggity an' put on style like de white folks an' w'en he kin gitter good suit ob clo's fer moughty leetle money fum er white man whut's got tired of 'em, he rigs hissef out an' p'rades 'round big ez Ike, an' feels too proud ter put his han' ter enny kin' ob ginowine wurk. Dese heah dood niggers is gittin' too plenty 'round Atlanta, an' dat's whut's makin' hit needful ter hab ernudder court 'stablish'd hyar!"

"What would you have done with the old clothes?"

"Well, dar's plenty ob po' fokes whut would wurd an' kaint, plenty of raggid children in de town dat needs kivverin' an' plenty ob ole an' lame an' blin' at de 'Nevolent Home an' de Po' House dat orter hab de clo's widout money an' widout price. I tell yer de time hez gotter cum w'en de w'ite folk's 'll see dat er dollar sabed on er old suit ob clo's sold ter er nigger 'll be purty soon paid out dubble in taxes ter defray de spences ob puttin' de same nigger in de chain gang tor vagrancy! Min' whut I tell yer, dat de bes' way ter make de darkies wurk mo' is ter shet down on dere s'ply ob secon'han' clo's!"—*Georgia Cracker.*

It Pays to Look 'Round.

Judge Peterson, who is an old Texas veteran, went to New York last Summer, and while there he made some purchases. Among other things that he wanted was an oil painting for his parlor in Austin. He priced one at a first-class Broadway picture dealer's establishment, and was astonished to learn that the price was $300. He did not buy.

Later in the evening he was met by a friend, who asked him if he had bought a picture.

"O, yes; come and see it."

The friend went to Peterson's Hotel, where he was shown an ordinary cheap chromo

"You know that fellow on Broadway wanted $300 for that picture?" said Peterson.

"Yes."

"Well, you see this one is much handsomer, and a chromo. What do you suppose I gave for it?"

"I don't know."

"Only three dollars, and the other fellow wanted $300! I tell you it pays to look around in New York before you buy."—*Texas Siftings.*

All Hopes Blasted.

Links—"Ah, Blinks, glad to see you. How are Mrs. Blinks and that new baby?"

Blinks—"Well; very well; only I am a little disappointed in the baby."

"Disappointed! Why, it's a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes; but you know the desire of my heart has been to have a son to succeed me as editor of the *Evening Clarion.*"

"Yes, and no doubt this youngster will inherit his father's talents."

"But he won't."

"Won't?"

"No; I shall never be able to make anything but a morning paper editor of him. He sleeps all day and stays awake all night."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Fun Ahead for the Infant.

Johnny—Ma, may I take the baby carriage? I want to play with it for a little while.

Mother—Well, Johnny, I should think you might ask to take baby too; you know that the new nurse has not arrived yet. I am afraid you don't love your little brother much, Johnny.

Johnny—Oh, yes I do, ma; he shall come too; he'll make a splendid fireman. Billy Gubbins has his mother's clothes line, the carriage will be a fire engine and there'll be about 20 boys to pull. We'll make things hum.—*Life.*

FROM THE VERY GREEN MOUNTAINS.

The Sad Experience of a Man Who Came Down to See the Parade.

"No, sir; I'll be darned if I stay another day in this Town," said he to the clerk in the Metropolitan Hotel this morning, as he paid his bill; "this here's about the wust place on the airth. I reckon the Lord made it out of the biled down cussedness that was left in the bottom of the kettle."

"What makes you think so badly of New York?" asked the clerk, as he checked off the stranger's name from the hotel register.

"Great Gosh, haven't I had enough happen to me!" exclaimed the stranger, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a very red bordered handkerchief, "I came down here last Monday from Rutland, Vermont, to see the parades and to take in the political doin's durin' the week, which I heard was goin' to be mighty lively. Well, after I came and registered at this hotel Saturday night, I reckoned I'd take a stroll up the street to see what the town was like. When I got up to Union Square I met a man who said he was a stranger in the City and would like to know where the Fifth Avenue Hotel was. Then I told him I was a stranger, too, and as he was a very likely spoken man and seemed real sochible, we walked up Broadway together. Finally, we went into a saloon and he set up some champagne wine, and when he come to pay for it he found he hadn't any money but a check for $80. So he asked me what he could do with the darned thing, and finally proposed that I should cash it, which I did to accommodate him. The next day I found it wasn't wuth the blackin' in the ink it was writ with. Thet made me mad, and so I calk'lated I wouldn't get took in agen. But yesterday I went to two or three meetins' and yelled for Cleveland so much thet I felt awful dry and went into a saloon on Fourth avenue, where some men were playing euchre. I've always sort'er reckoned I could play a strong hand at that game, so I sat down on the invite of one of the players. But before I got away I'd lost $60 more, for the way them fellers always hed the bowers was a caution Thet made me ravin' mad, and all last night I didn't speak to a soul or go anywhere for fear of bein' took in somehow.

"But this mornin' I couldn't stand it any longer and so rigged up to take a comfortable sight-seein' tower around the Town. I just stopped into one of them big hotels on Madison Square to write a letter to the folks at hum to send me enough money to do the trip up in proper style, for the $140 I'd lost had made me short. I went into the readin' room, took off my overcoat, which was a brand new one, threw it over the back of the cheer, and sat down on the tail of it while I wrote that letter. I got so in'trested in tellin' the folks all I'd seen thet I forgot I was settin' on my own coat, and so when I felt a little jerk on it, just like a polite man would give to his coat if another man was sittin' right on the tail of it, I raised up like a gentleman ought to do. Ten minutes afterwards I finished my letter and begun lookin' for my coat, but it was gone. 'Thunderation!' says I, starin' around, 'Where's my coat?' 'What,' sed an old gentleman who was readin' a paper near me, 'was that your coat?' 'Of course it was,' sed I. 'Where'd it go?' 'Why,' said he, 'a nice lookin' young man came in a few minutes ago, and walkin' straight up to the chair you were sittin' in, took the coat by the collar and gave a little pull. You raised up, and throwing it over his arm, he sauntered out.' 'Well, sir, that coat had my pocketbook in its inside breast pocket, and all that was left of my money was in it, except just enough to square up my bill here and get back to Rutland, and I'm going as fast as the train'll take me. An honest man hesn't a show in a court like this, when they steal even his coat from under him, and you kin bet your bottom shillin' I'll never come deown here again, politics or no politics."

Before the clerk could say good by the stranger from Vermont was half way over to the Houston street elevated station, on his way to the Grand Central Depot.—*New York Telegram.*

A New Genesis.

It happened one evening that Ethel's mamma lit the nursery lamp, instead of Minna, the German maid.

"What makes the light come, mamma?" queried the child with the air of one who knew already, but wished to test her parent's knowledge.

"Why," exclaimed mamma, rather vaguely, "it is a sort of air that burns. It is shut up in the pipe, and when we turn the knob it rushes out and we light it with a match."

"I thought you didn't know," the little one remarked, "or you'd be more afraid of it. I know all about it; Minna told me. A dragon lives in that pipe, and his tongue is made out of burning fire. He is a friend of Minna, so when she turns the knob he just sticks out the tip of his tongue and makes us a nice little light; but he hates children, and if Bobby or I should turn the knob he would rush right out in this room and eat us all up in a minute. This is true, because Minna told me."

The small narrator relapsed into silence, and her truth-loving mamma fell to wondering what was really better, her own lame attempt at scientific explanation, or the highly-colored fiction of German Minna, which, while an absolute falsehood, appealed at once to the vivid imagination of the child, and effectually prevented her pursuing any personal investigation of the gas.—*Boston Courier.*

She Saved Him.

"Darling," she whispered as she stood beside his chair and rubbed the bald spot on his head in the gentlest manner, "why this gloom to-night?"

"Effie," he replied in a broken voice, "are you prepared to hear bad news?"

"Yes—no! What can it be?"

"I am short on pork, and the next 10 days will witness my financial ruin."

"Oh, no! no! I can save you—yes, I can save you!"

"How?"

"I'll at once issue cards and invitations for our wooden wedding, which is only seven days away. We'll invite at least 600 of our friends, each one of whom will be bound to send a present. Next day you can sell the whole business to some corner grocery, and secure enough cash to carry you through. Hold on for eight days, Richard, and we'll be long on pork and short on rolling-pins and potato-mashers."—*Wall Street News.*

Mexican Newspaper English.

The following local items, from a Mexican newspaper, printed in English, show the trouble the "greasers" have with our language:

A child has escaped death from the effects of a bottle of laudanum, the contents of which not knowing, of course what he did, thanks to the energetic efforts of his folks.

A string round the neck and upon a heap of ashes, the corpse of an infant was found by the police at Guadalajara.

Doctors Leopoldo Ortego and Augustin Agutrre are in way of France, where to the Government has sent them to finish their career.

It is truly worth praising the admirable precision that exhibits at the stage the little girls Maria Arnefat now playing at the Teatro Principal.

Miscellany.

A PRETTY BRIDE'S EXPERIMENT.

How a Young Woman Is Alleged to Have Had Fun With a Car Full of Men.

I hold it to be a truth constantly self-evident that a man will defend a woman against all men except himself. If you haven't noticed it already you have only to look for it an hour or so in any place of mixture of the sexes. Clap your eyes on a pretty woman without male escort and two phenomena will become obvious. Firstly, there will be a large amount of open and covert staring at her, to all of which her obliviousness is of course only assumed. Secondly, if one of the starers happens to realize that others are at the same game, he will manifest plainly his disgust at such treatment of an unprotected beauty, utterly ignoring his own offense. A husband and wife got into a street car. The man was somewhat dudish in dress. The woman was under 20, and as pretty as nature and art are in the habit of combining to produce. They were chatting on the very subject that I have here introduced.

"Percival, dear," said she, "I will prove to you that I am right and take only 10 minutes to do it, if you'll promise not to get angry about it."

He closed the contract. Then she drew herself up, as though the husband sitting beside her was an entire stranger, and waited for the car to fill with passengers at Union Square.

"Now," she whispered behind her fan, "observe how I am ogled when alone."

Within five minutes he saw that half a dozen masculine passengers, from hoary age to callow youth, eyed his bride with more or less audacity, and several manifestly would not have needed the smallest beginning of a wink on her part to seize upon her then and there. That part of the exhibition was a triumph for the wife, but the most curious feature of the experiment remained to be tried.

"You certainly do seem to attract a great deal of admiration," said the husband, supposing that the pretended strangeness was at an end. She lifted her eyebrows in simulated surprise, as though an impertinent fellow had unwarrantedly accosted her, and pointedly turned her face away from him. He understood her now, and did not speak to her further. Next, she drew her shoulder away from contact with his. By this time the spectators were believing that he was annoying her dreadfully, and scornful glances were aimed at him. A man arose from the opposite side. "Will you exchange seats with me?" he very gallantly and politely said, lifting his hat most deferentially.

Now he had been foremost among the original oglers—the veriest simpleton of them all.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, "but I prefer to sit beside my husband."

Thus with the same stone she killed that vulture-bird and the dove-mate whom she had undertaken to instruct as to the philosophy of male gallantry.—*New York Letter.*

Practical Metaphysics.

Don't drum on the desk with your fingers or "joggle" your foot by the hour while sitting down. In so doing you are expending strength for nothing—strength to get which you have eaten and slept—strength you need to use to best advantage in buying, selling and getting a living.

Every movement of muscle, whether it accomplishes anything or not, whether voluntary or involuntary, costs an outlay of body strength. Every thought also involves an expenditure of strength. Therefore all thought involving fret, worry, fear or borrowed trouble is so much strength unprofitably expended. It will waste you away mind and body. You may always tell a man or woman whose existence has been a life long fret by their care-worn, hollow, emaciated faces. They are never healthy. Fret kills more people than the cholera. It leaks away strength constantly. At last the weakest organ or function gives way. This we call disease. The doctor comes and gives the disease a Latin name. The disease may attack heart, liver, lung, stomach, kidney. But the real and underlying cause had been at work for years in the patient's mind.

You can't help fretting, worrying, borrowing trouble. That makes no difference as to result. Merciless nature takes no account of what you can't help. Possibly you cannot help it. Years of habit may have made worrying "second nature" for you. It may be a habit as hard to break as the "joggle" of your heel while sitting at the desk. Both movements—the physical one of your foot and the mental one of your mind—may have become involuntary. You might call it automatic mind or body action or automatic exhaustion.—*New York Graphic.*

Wetting Lead Pencils.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet it just before writing is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. The fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down East. Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of 50 persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, 49 wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now, this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride which a soldier feels in his gun or sword, and it hurt his feelings to have his pencils spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day. And often, after it had been wet till it was hard and brittle, and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him. Finally, he got some cheap pencils and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelt of onions and whisky. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it several minutes while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog. Then a sweet looking lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late. And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and all degrees of cleanliness. But 'twere well to forbear. Surely, no man who has read this will ever wet a lead pencil.

* * *

Mamma—"Well, pet, how do you like your new teacher?"

Pet—"I don't like her at all."

"You don't! Why?"

"She's so impolite."

"Impolite! Why, what did she do?"

"She asked me all sorts of 'pert'nent questions about the lesson that I couldn't answer at all."

MAKING A RAISE.

How an Enterprising and Sensible Young Man of Toledo Made His Way to New York, and, Despite His Humble Employment, Attained Position.

Two years ago a young man whom we will call John Garthman, of Toledo, graduated with honors at Yale. As during his years in college he had, in addition to his regular studies, read law with an attorney of New Haven, it only required a year in a law office in Kokomo, Ind., to fit him for admission to the bar, after which he immediately went to New York, and tried very hard to get into practice. Unfortunately for Mr. Garthman, he discovered that there were already 6,000 lawyers in that City, all trying to get into practice, and there was about as much chance for him as for being elected to the Presidency. Office rent and board bills soon consumed the little means he had, and he was at the end of his string. As he was a month in arrears, his landlady commenced to regard him with looks not altogether pleasant, and the brutal bondholder who owned the office he occupied notified him to pay or get out. Mr Gartman discovered that while there were plenty of room on the upper shelves it would require a great many years of climbing, and that he would probably starve to death a great many times before he could reach even the lowest of the said upper shelves. So he determined to quit law and try something else. He was a sensible young man, and so he did not

Write for the newspapers,

Ask for the management of a manufacturing corporation,

Apply for the position of actuary in a life insurance company,

Ask for the Presidency of the Board of Education,

Ask for the managing editorship of a daily paper,

Apply for a cashiership of a bank, or anything of the kind. But he did find something he was fit for. Down in one of the streets close by Wall, in the under-the-sidewalk of a popular restaurant, he noticed a light, clean, open space that was unoccupied. He went to the proprietor of the restaurant and took that place at a nominal rent, and promptly pawning his ulster to procure stock, opened business there as a boot-black!

As a matter of course he did not desire to be known as a polisher of boots uptown, for he was living in a rather exclusive boarding house, to which only the most respectable were admitted. It was no trouble to conceal his identity. Some old clothes, a smutch of black artistically placed on his face, his pantaloons in his boots, and no human being could recognize in Garthman, bootblack, the fashionable and even elegant Mr. Garthman of Twenty-first street.

His venture was entirely successful. He was something of a wit in his way, and entertained his patrons judiciously, while he polished their boots. And then there was something about him which attracted the young brokers who frequented the restaurant, and he entered upon a career of prosperity that was delightful. His earnings frequently ran as high as $6 a day, and his business in two weeks increased so that he had to employ an assistant.

His changed condition attracted attention at his boarding-house. It had become well known that he had been impecunious, and now the fact that he had better clothes and was again carrying his watch, and paid all his bills promptly, led to much comment.

Had he abandoned law? Yes, and gone into business. What business? Polishing calf skin. And he was congratulated at his success, and became a very popular young man, and was received into the very best boarding house society.

Was it possible that a young man like John Garthman should go through life without love? Never! In the same house resided an old gentleman, a merchant who knew just when to quit, who with his daughter occupied the best apartments in the house. Lillie Pickham, the daughter, was a delightful girl, and Garthman and she became very much attached to each other, and there was a decent prospect that in time they would make up their minds to go through life together. But Garthman had, as who has not, a hated rival. A broker named Bathurst, who lived at the same house, had cast his eyes upon the girl, and inflamed by her excellencies as well as the comfortable fortune she was sure to possess, determined to possess her. Lillie favored Garthman, and the father favored Bathurst, and so it was about an even race between them.

Bathurst did not believe in Mr. Garthman's business, for there was something queer about it. Garthman, when asked where his place of business was, had always replied vaguely, "Down town," with a sweep of the hand that took in all the lower part of the City. Bathurst had searched all the directories for information, in vain. No such name appeared, and no such business either. And so he plied the old gentleman with suspicions, insinuating that probably the young man was a dealer in a faro bank, a smuggler, a policy dealer, and all that, till both he and Lillie were nearly crazy. Finally the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Garthman, I insist, before you are seen with my daughter any more, upon knowing who you are, and what you are doing, and where you are doing it!"

"Mr. Pickham, I am John Garthman. I earn enough money to support your daughter properly, and for the rest, I must decline to answer."

"You decline, do you! No man who has anything to conceal shall have anything to do with a daughter of mine."

And in consequence, a strict injunction was laid upon the girl to see him no more, which she violated just as often as she could get out of the house.

One day Mr. Bathurst entered the restaurant in which Mr. Garthman plied his brush, and sat down on the chair to have his boots cleaned. Mr. Garthman kept his face averted as much as possible, but Mr. Bathurst observed him intently. He was shined, paid his 10 cents and went out. In an hour he came back and though his boots were yet clean he sat down again. At the conclusion of the operation he remarked:

"Ha ha! Mr. Garthman; this is the polishing of calf-skin you do! Ha! ha!"

And taking a coupe he hastened up town full of the discovery. He had his rival in his power. Now Miss Lillie would throw Garthman over; now the elder Pickham would insist that all connection between them cease, for, of course, he could never permit his daughter to marry a boot-black. And he lost no time in getting at the old man and telling his discovery.

"Do you pretend to say that John Garthman is blacking boots in a basement?"

"Certainly, I do. He has an old suit of clothes, which he wears during the day, and then when his work is done he puts on his good clothes and comes up here, imposing himself upon us as a gentleman. He's an impostor."

"He was a lawyer, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"And when he didn't succeed he took this up?"

"Yes."

"Lillie!" yelled the old gentleman, somewhat red in the face. "Come here. You may take John Garthman, as soon as you please. I like the fellow. Bathurst, if you had been fixed as he was, you would have borrowed of your friends, and thence glided gently into dead-beating, and ended finally as a dealer of faro. John didn't do anything of the kind. He set about earning a living honestly, and has succeeded. That young fellow will get on. Good-bye, Bathurst, you have done us a favor. Garthman won't black your boots a great while."

And so the troubled John was pleasantly received, and all restrictions were taken off the meeting of the two young ones, and Mr. Bathurst quit the house in disgust, and the twain are to be made one very soon. Mr. Garthman has resumed the practice of the law, and as Mr. Pickham has influence, it is probable that he will get on very well.

This little romance ended properly. We would not, however, advise all young lawyers to go to boot-blacking, for then that profession would be overdone, and besides all old gentlemen might not be as sensible as Mr. Pickham. However, a few of them might try it to the advantage not only of themselves, but the world.

HEALTH NOTES.

Protect your ankles with thick hose and high shoes.

Damp clothing and moist drafts invite you to take cold.

To be sprightly, live rightly, eat lightly, rest nightly very quietly and long.

Bad colds and sore throat float in on cold winds and by reason of thin garments.

Good thoughts and fragrant spears of green grass enjoyed even after they have faded.

Laugh and be cheerful and generous, that others may grow fat and happy over your good works.

Cruel croup comes climbing through a night of cold foggy air, and clutches your little one's larynx.

To cure croup, the air of the room must be warm, even tempered, and moderately dry during the entire attack.

Let your doctor do all your prescribing, and not yourself, your druggist, or your cousins, or their mothers, or their aunts and all their host of friends.

The best lung protectors are dry feet and warm, comfortable body clothing, no exposures, and an abundance of sleep and rest, and no late suppers or dissipation.

A MAN OF ILL-LUCK.

A Brief History of John L. Sturgeon, Formerly of Hartford.

Two weeks ago there was a man at the Boody House, Toledo, named John L. Sturgeon, whose life is almost as curious as a romance. Mr. Sturgeon is perhaps 60, tall, spare, with grizzled hair and beard. He is a man of singular intelligence and of most excellent business qualifications—in brief, a superior man in every way. Nevertheless, he was lying, three weeks ago, at the Boody House, a recipient of the bounty of a few guests of the house, who knew him in California a great many years ago.

Mr. Sturgeon is a native of New Britain, Conn., and passed the usual boyhood of a Connecticut boy, only from the time of his earliest infancy he never knew anything but trouble. His measles were quite enough for two, and his mumps would have supplied an ordinary family. His scarlet fever was the most scarlet that was ever known in the archives of that town, and he nearly died when he was vaccinated. He never went skating but the ice broke under him, and in coasting he was certain to be brought home with a broken sled, and, as a rule, a broken head. He had his right leg broken twice before he was 14, and his left thumb was shot off while he was gunning at 16, and what added to the poignancy of his grief at this mishap was, he never killed a bird. He shot once at a flock of crows, and set a hay-stack on fire, and in predatory excursions with other boys, he was invariably the one who was caught and punished, while the others got safely away with the fruit.

At 21 he was engaged to be married to a sweet girl, but another man ran away with her the day the wedding was to have taken place, and when, two years after, a soured and misanthropic man, he did marry a supposed rich widow, he discovered the day after the wedding that all the property she had in the world was the house she lived in, and that took fire the first day he was in it, from the carelessness of an ungovernable boy, that he did not know she was possessed of, and burned down. The insurance she had was in a company that went into insolvency before the proofs of the loss could be made.

Somewhat discouraged by his experience in this part of the country, Mr. Sturgeon determined to see if there was anything better in store for him on the other side of the Continent. The country was in a state of excitement over the discovery of gold in California, and in 1849 he joined a party of adventurers who were going across overland. The train they were on ran off the track between Albany and Utica, and he was the only man injured. He was advised to go back, but he would not, and so after several minor mishaps, such as losing his baggage and being egregiously swindled and robbed everywhere, the party finally struck the plains. Mr. Sturgeon had attributed all his misfortunes to the enervating effects of civilization, and hoped that his luck would turn when the conditions were changed. But not so.

The party had not been four days out, when he hurt his foot in such a manner that he fell behind the train, and was deserted by a party of Indians who had been following the train for a good opportunity to attack it. He was shot. The scalping knife had already begun its denuding work, when a squad of cavalry in pursuit of this very band, arrived upon the scene just in time to save his life, much to Mr. Sturgeon's disgust, who had begun to believe that life did not mean much for him.

He overtook and rejoined his party, and was taken on with them. At Green River he lost his entire baggage by fire, and from that on was supported by the others of the party.

It is proper to say here that at Hoop-skirt Gulch he broke his leg, and from that point onward was carried in a wagon.

He finally arrived on the coast, more dead than alive, and was cared for by his comrades until he had got sufficient life to do something for himself.

He went to the diggings, and for a time it seemed that his proverbial ill-luck had deserted him, and that a new era was dawning upon him. He had accumulated about $6,000 in dust, and had not broken a limb, or had anything burn for perhaps six months. But one night he came to his cabin, and found that a rascally Mexican had taken his whole hoard, and left him nothing but his hands in the world. The next day, his claim was claimed by another miner, the decision was against him, and he was forced to seek other fields. Again he did well for a time, but a flood, which swept away his cabin and his accumulations, left him stranded once more.

Somewhat discouraged, but still determined, he commenced again, and this time did well. He struck a good claim, and worked it till he made $20,000, when he determined to quit mining, and go to San Francisco, and settle there in some business, and see if the ill-luck that had followed him like a specter through life, was not tired of persecuting him. He invested his all in the grocery business in 1856, and was doing well when the crowning disaster of his life came upon him. His wife, the widow he had married in New Britain years before, had heard of his prosperity, and one fine morning she put in an appearance in San Francisco, with her son, now a young man of perhaps 21. There was no help for it. She was his lawful wedded wife, and he took her to his heart and promptly provided a home for the family. The wife immediately insisted that the son should have an interest in the business, which, to save unpleasantness, he assented to. The young man turned out badly, and, after one short, brilliant year at the faro tables of the City, the concern was hopelessly insolvent. The youngster had stolen most of the capital. He ran away with what was left and the mother firmly declined to die, which left him with the major part of his troubles on his hands after all.

He was many things in San Francisco, but there was but ending to all of them. If he went into politics, hoping for position his party was generally beaten, and in the few instances in which it was successful, he never got what he wanted. If it was business he struck, either he never could sell his goods, or if he did, it was always to irresponsible parties. He gave the sheriffs of San Francisco a great deal of business in his time.

Nothing went well with him, and he was beginning to assume a picturesque appearance. There was an immense bald spot on his head which the Indians had ornamented him with. His left leg had been set badly every time it had been broken, and was shorter than its mate by four inches, which required the wearing of a cork sole of that thickness, and, in addition, he lost the muscles of his left arm in a threshing machine, and had three fingers of his right hand cut off by a buzz saw. His left ear had been chawed off by a drunken miner, and his nose had been broken by a fall down a shaft. However agreeable he was in conversation and manner, he could not be said to be handsome. Then his wife added to her natural ugliness of temper the habit of drinking, and altogether life was not to him a rose-tinted dream.

At last one gleam of luck did strike him. A maiden aunt in Connecticut died and left him $10,000. He got the money and with it left the Pacific Coast and came to Chicago in the Spring of 1871, and embarked in a very modest way in the retail hat business. He bought for cash, and sold for cash, and was determined to see if he could not, in some way, rise superior to the fate that had so relentlessly pursued him. Life was putting on another aspect. His wife had partially conquered the appetite for intoxicating liquors, and was conducting herself as well as could be expected. He had a nice trade, and was doing well. But, alas, the fire! It burned his stock, it burned his house, his furniture, his books, everything except his wife, who was saved by the superhuman exertions of a malignant neighbor. The insurance companies paid nothing, and, heart-broken, he went to Boston, and accepted a place in a store there. The Boston fire of the succeeding year threw him out of employment there, and utterly discouraged he has since lived an aimless life, drifting here and there, picking up a little work where he could, but depending mostly upon the assistance of Californians, now resident in that City who knew him on the other side. Illness overtook him in this City a few weeks ago, and his friends kept him at the Boody House till he was convalescent. A relative in Hartford, to whom his condition was made known, offered him an asylum for the rest of his life, and his friends made up a purse and sent him thither, on the 13th inst. Let us hope that his few remaining days will be spent in peace!

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have heard from Mr. Sturgeon. He got to Hartford safely, but, unfortunately, he met a friend of other days who insisted upon his spending a few days at his home in Barkhamstead. He was on the train that went down, and had his other leg broken in two places, several ribs fractured, and was otherwise bruised. His luck is after him yet.

A Bear and a Girl.

There is a story just from Patrick County, Va., about the chasing of Miss Gillie Hazlewood, of the Mayberry Creek neighborhood, by a bear. She was coming from a neighbor's house with a bucket of milk, and met the bear squarely in the path. As she ran away the bear moved after her and lifted up on his hind feet. The bear then struck at her and tore her dress. She dropped the bucket of milk, and ran again for life. Bruin stopped to lick up the milk, and that was the last seen of him.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

Tan is the favorite color for Fall gloves, whether of kid, silk or lisle thread.

Red and turquoise blue are combined in new flannel suits.

The peacock in decoration and embroidery, and its feathers in trimming, are as popular as ever.

Gros grain or faille is now considered preferable to satin.

High collars made to meet in front and fastened by two hooks or loops, are the proper neckwear.

Bronze green and pomegranate red are the colors most used in combination in Paris this month.

Very light blue and gray gauze veils are in fashion.

Some new lace-pins have appeared in the design of a rifle with a powder-bag, studded with diamonds or rubies at one end.

Theater parties are considered the proper thing among those who wish to perform social duties but are limited in house-room.

The larger the Chinese and Japanese vases nowadays, the more suitable for parlor ornaments are they declared to be.

Brown silk plush is again put forth as a "splendid substitute" for "real sealskin."

Real Astrakan fur is a trifle too expensive to be fashionable save among a limited number.

Oyster plates are out of fashion, and now they are served raw on a plate amid chopped ice.

Black and seal-brown is a favorable combination, and many of the richest brocades are made in these colorings.

Fancy stationary is no longer good form, and the correct thing is said to be plain white, with single initial. In all ceremonious notes, wax is invariably used.

Sealskin jackets are worn very little by young ladies. When worn they are short, close-fitting and trimmed with otter fur.

Pomegranate red, Eton blue, and Alderney cream are the fashionable English colors at the moment.

Opera bonnets are exceedingly beautiful this season, as shown by the milliners. The most recherche are made entirely of white feathers and lace.

To make light cloth suits warm enough for December weather, a round cape is added of the material, warmly wadded, and trimmed with soutache in relief all over it.

Odd and antique chests or tables are placed in hall alcoves, and are ornamented with statuets. The card-basket stands in the center on a mat.

A novel style of evening glove is laced from the elbow upon the outside of the arm, where is placed a genuine lace ruche and a bow of ribbon.

Among the novelties are night dresses for gentlemen in spun silk, fancifully embroidered in charming designs and brilliant colors. These robes are in cream, blue, gold, mastic, and lavender.

Green and bronze is among the new combinations in wraps or reception dresses. In some of the brocades the color in these shades is very harmonious.

The new black stockings now come lined with white fleece. Some of them are in squares or stripes in black and white, black and yellow, black and red. Cinnamon-brown, stained-cherry and smoke blue are among the new colors.

Little green marble-top tables are among the latest fancies for the tea room. They stand on three gilded legs and are covered in the center by a long narrow scarf of some brilliant material, the ends hanging almost to the floor, and being heavily fringed. One end is adorned by a bow of satin.

Bracelets in which colored stones are mingled with diamonds or pearls in alternation are fashionable, as well as sapphires of a dark hue verging on purple. Most bracelets are narrow, and long pins for the hair have balls of turquoise on brilliants at the top.

Skating costumes are made of velveteen, with plain full skirts reaching to the ankles, and short, close-fitting double-breasted jackets. Round caps are worn with them, and little flat muffs are carried.

Kiltings and plaitings of every sort are as much used upon the costume as if this style of dress-trimming, now in constant vogue for years, had just entered the minds of our designers and modistes, and had but yesterday been added to their list of approved garnitures.

Buttons and belt ribbons are made to match the basket-woven braids which rival braids for trimmings. These braids are often made in dressmaker's rooms to trim costly suits, the cloth of which is cut in strips and woven with gilt braid and narrow velvet.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

There are at Harvard this year 11 candidates for the degree of A. M., for that of Ph. D. there are 30 candidates.

The scholarships of Newnham College lately awarded to ladies who had passed with credit the Cambridge Higher Local Examination.

The teachers of Louisiana have taken steps towards organizing a State Teachers' Association. A temporary organization has been effected, and the first meeting is to be held at New Orleans, at a time to be designated by the Executive Committee.

A large number of students have already entered their applications for admission to Mawrrhyn College. The buildings are nearly completed, and it is thought that the institution will be opened next year.

It is said that the only three men in the United States who have received the three degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Literature, are Pres. Barnard, of Columbia, Pres. McCosh, of Princeton, and Prof. Wilson, of Cornell.

The applications for admission to Mr. Ruskin's new lectures at Oxford have become so numerous that it has been proposed to hold overflow meetings in other rooms, whereto the the Professor's discourses may be transmitted by telephone and there interpreted by receivers.

The Russian Government, in view of its relations with Asiatic nations, has decided to open early in 1885 two linguistic schools, expressly for training interpreters. The languages to be taught are Chinese, Manchurian, Calmuk, Tartar, and other Mongolian and Central Asian tongues.

It is stated that in France the majority of the church organists are blind. They have been educated at the National Institution for the Blind in Paris. There are between 30 and 40 institutions for the blind in the United States, and many printing presses for the production of books for their use, the establishments at Boston and Louisville being very complete.

Mrs. Bryant, the first lady who has taken the degree of doctor in mental and moral science at London University, has just received as a gift from her friends and pupils her doctor's gown and cap. Thus attired, she might act as a realistic illustration for "The Princess." But she is something more admirable than that—she is a wise and gentle woman.

L. W. Day, Assistant Superintendent of the Cleveland schools, received a most cordial welcome on his return after a prolonged absence from his post of duty on account of ill-health. A reception was tendered him by the teachers of the City at the Y. M. C. A rooms. After refreshments, Supt. Hinsdale delivered an address of welcome and of congratulation on Mr. Day's recovery, to which Mr. Day responded in a neat little speech. Besides the large number of teachers present, there were also members of the Board of Education and numerous citizens.

The Department of Superintendence of the National Teachers' Association will hold its next session in New Orleans on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, February 24, 25, and 26, 1885. The officers of the department for the current year are: President, Le Roy D. Brown, State Commissioner of Ohio; Vice President, Supt. McAllister, of Philadelphia; Secretary, W. O. Rogers, of New Orleans. Arrangements are being made for a large gathering of prominent educators from all sections of the country, and the occasion promises to be one of great interest to the friends of education. Additional interest will be imparted to this meeting by the presence of the grand exhibit of school work in the Exposition.

Few like gray hairs, except on other persons If your hair is turning gray restore it to the hue of youth by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

A Georgia Wife's Bargain.

The Athens, Ga., *Banner* tells how a man's wife made a trade with him and thus gave the section a good preacher. It says "he went to preaching just to keep out of the war, and after the war was over, he had got to be such a good one he kept on. His wife was a Baptist and he was a Methodist, and she told him if he would go to preaching and keep out of the war, that she would join the Methodist Church. The trade was made, and since that time he has been a big Methodist preacher."

When lips receive a rosy flush,
And teeth become a dazzling white,
Beneath the efforts of the brush,
When SOZODONT is used aright;
The mouth becomes sweet, pure and warm
And the fresh breath an odorous charm.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James Payn's "Recollections" have gone into a second edition in London.

Mr. Lowell is thinking of publishing his Birmingham addresses and one or two other speeches in a neat volume.

Miss Jewett's "Country Doctor" is now in its seventh thousand.

"A Country Gentleman" is to be the title of the new serial story by Mrs. Oliphant, which will be begun in the January number of the *Atlantic*.

The Temperance Society of Paris offers a prize of 2,000 francs for the best work on drinks, both temperance and alcoholic.

The Scribners have renewed their copyright on N. P. Willis's novel of "Paul Fane."

Mr. Andrew Lang's "Princess Nobody,"—written to match Doyle's illustrations—will soon be published here by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Prof. Cowden, it is said, has been wonderfully fortunate in getting hold of fresh materials for the Life of Shelly, which he has now in preparation.

Gen. Beauregard's paper on "The Battle of Bull Run" in the November *Century* has caused such an extraordinary demand that a new edition has been found necessary.

Julian Hawthorne is soon to appear in England with a new volume entitled "Mercy Holland and Other Stories."

G. W. Cable is finishing his brochure on "Creole Songs," which will embrace the musical scores and instrumental accompaniments.

G. W. Carleton & Co. expect to issue very soon the "Recollections of Fifty Years among Authors and Publishers," by J. C. Derby, whose coming excites much interest in the trade.

The Locke Publishing Company, Toledo, have now in press, "Social Etiquette," which is a series of familiar talks upon the subject, written by Emily S. Bouton, author of "Health and Beauty."

Max O'Rell's new book, "The Daughters of John Bull," is to be brought out in English, by Richard Saalfield, of this City. Twenty-four large editions were exhausted in one week in Paris.

A few hitherto unpublished verses will be inserted in the forthcoming edition of Charles Kingsley's poems which is to be brought out by Macmillan. Mrs. Kingsley is preparing a book of "Daily Thoughts" selected from her husband's writings.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have made arrangements with Lieut. Shufeldt to publish a popular narrative of his adventures in Madagascar. The volume will be entitled "The Land of Sinbad the Sailor," and will be handsomely illustrated.

Journalism is in a flourishing condition in the little Kingdom of Greece. At this moment there are 122 printing houses, which produce annually about 1,000 different works. Nearly every Village has its newspaper. In Athens there are 54 political papers.

Cassell & Co. intend to republish monthly in this country their illustrated, unsectarian Sunday magazine, *The Quiver*. The first American edition will be that for December. Serial and short stories and attractive miscellany appear in its pages as well as theological assays.

Mrs. Kroeker, the daughter of Freiligrath, has lately prepared the first English translation of Clemens Brentano's fairy-tales. These have long been the delight of German children and will probably become equally dear to English-speaking readers. Brentano was the brother of Bettine, the child-friend of Goethe.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has written his autobiography, and it is shortly coming out in England under the title of "Reminiscences of a Literary Career." The volume will contain a portrait of the author. Miss Jay, Mr. Buchanan's sister-in-law, the young lady who will appear at the Madison Square Theater next week, in "Clancarty," is the author of that charming novel, "The Queen of Connaught."

A letter purporting to give a description of an eye witness of the execution of Queen Mary, will be published at the end of the present year. It has been found in a manuscript book among the papers of Lord Elibock, the Judge, who died in 1793. The book is all written in one hand, apparently in the first half of the 18th century, and the account of the execution is a copy of a letter sent by special desire. Lord Elibock's father managed the affairs of the Duke of Perth and of other families devoted to the Stuart cause, and it is conjectured that the document now discovered is a copy of a letter written by a member of one of these.

Through the munificence of the German Emperor, the Royal Library at Berlin has just been enriched by an extensive collection of ancient Arabic literature, comprising 1,600 works in 1,052 volumes. The oldest of these manuscripts dates from 1058 A. D., perhaps earlier, and is called the Kitab El-falahe, or book of agriculture, by the celebrated Ilen Wahshijje. The collection was purchased from the Leyden firm of Brill, who procured it from the Swedish Orientalist Dr. Landberg, a traveller in Syria and Egypt. Prof. Ahlwardt, of Greifswald, a famous Arabic scholar, being sent to Leyden to examine the manuscripts, pronounced them to be most valuable.

A Case in Illustration.

The Treasury returns show that in 1883 there were imported into the United States buttons to the value of $4,223,161. All of these buttons could be, and under proper protection would be, manufactured in this country. A single illustration will prove this and show the consequences of want of protection.

The principal point for the manufacture of pearl buttons 10 years ago was Birmingham, England. Mr. Woodruff, a manufacturer at Auburn, N. Y., went to England, studied the manufacture, engaged a number of skilled workmen and established a steam pearl button factory in Auburn. The business developed until he employed 250 persons, with a monthly pay-roll for wages of $10,000, or an average of $40 a month, whilst the average for similar work in Birmingham was $20. This was done under protection of a duty of 30 per cent.

The tariff act of 1883 reduced the duty 5 per cent. A system of undervaluation by the importers secured another advantage of 15 per cent., leaving the protection practically but 10 per cent. The Morrison bill threatened a reduction of 20 per cent. on the rate established by the act of 1883. The Auburn factory was closed and the workmen went back to England. Mr. Woodruff, in explaining the cause of his abandonment of the industry, said: "The trouble in this country to-day is not over-production, it is over-importation. If the duty on buttons were placed at 50 per cent., the number of button factories in this country would be doubled, and the number of hands employed would be four times greater than now. Buttons are manufactured in this country, but not so many as are imported."

Two hundred and fifty people were employed in this one factory and $10,000 paid out monthly in wages. These 250 people, while making buttons themselves, gave employment to a great number of others. The greater part of the $10,000 a month they received was spent for food, clothing, house-room, fuel and the minor necessaries and comforts produced in this country. The American farmer, miner, weaver, carpenter, shoemaker and other workmen were directly benefited by their wants, and the money they earned by button-making to supply them. The factory closed, the wages stopped, the distribution of the money ceased, and the loss fell, not on the button makers only but on all the industries that had supplied their wants. The skilled workmen brought from England returned there. American farmers who had no foreign competition in supplying them with every description of food at Auburn, must compete for this custom at Birmingham with the farmers of all the world, and from the price obtained must suffer a deduction of the long transportation and profits of numerous middlemen, and then can sell only their wheat and pork. The other American industries can sell the returned English button makers nothing.

The case of the 250 button makers would be multiplied a thousandfold by the substitution for the Republican protective tariff of a Democratic tariff "for revenue only" or "exclusively for public purposes." Every industry would suffer like the pearl button makers at Auburn.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

RECENT LITERATURE.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.—Comprising its antiquities, biography, geography, natural history and literature, with the latest researches and references to the revised version of the New Testament. Over 800 pages, with eight colored maps and 440 illustrations. By William Smith, LL. D. Revised and edited by Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet, authors of "Select Notes on the International Lessons." Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.

The authority of Dr. William Smith's dictionary of the Bible as a standard work of its kind is fully recognized in the Old and the New World. Its many volumes, however, make it not easily manageable and less desirable, except for the more elaborate study of the subject, than a smaller work would be. The Rev. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet, therefore, have accomplished a useful labor in abridging the larger work and adapting it to the requirements of Sunday school teachers. Under the above title, they have prepared a book of 818 pages, containing the substance of Dr. Smith's production. The body of the work is his, and the addition consists chiefly of the results of later research.

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR. By Albion W. Tourgee. Fords, Howard & Hurlburt, New York.

"An Appeal to Cæsar," is an earnest plea for the education of the negro as the only means of avoiding a great National calamity. Judge Tourgee gives ample statistics to show that "16 years hence each of the States lying between Maryland and Texas will have a majority within its border; and we shall have eight minor republics of the Union, in which either the colored race will rule or a majority will be disfranchised." He therefore concludes that the negro has entered National politics as a potential and important factor, and the question arises, What shall we do with him? To this the author believes there can be but one reply: Educate him. Judge Tourgee discusses carefully the problem of ways and means, advocating that an adequate educational fund be distributed by the National Government, on the basis of illiteracy, to school districts in which free primary schools, with a specified average attendance, shall have been in active operation for a specified period. The argument throughout is eloquent and conclusive. "An Appeal to Cæsar" is a book that every thoughtful citizen should ponder.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The November number opens with an article by William A. Hammond, M. D., on "The Relations Between the Mind and the Nervous System." "German Testimony on the Classics Question" is adduced from many authorities by Frederick A. Fernaid. "What is Electricity?" is discussed by John Trowbridge, and "Pending Problems of Astronomy," by Prof. C. A. Young. There is the usual nutritious extract from Herbert Spencer, this month, on the "Origin of the Synthetic Philosophy." "The Future of the Negro in the South" is handled thoughtfully by J. B. Craighead. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

OUTING AND THE WHEELMAN.

In the November number J. A. Fraser goes "Wheeling Among the Aztecs" through several illustrated pages. Frank H. Converse takes "A Scamper in the Nor'west." R. B. Metcalf writes about tennis; J. H. S. describes "A Winter's Cruise in a Cat Boat." "Stolen—A Bicycle" is by Edward B. Getze. There is an appropriate "Yachtsman's Song," words and music, by L. F. A. The monthly record gives a complete account of what is going on in the wheelman's fleeting world. Published at Boston, Mass.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The November number of this charming little monthly, is a model of what a magazine for the youngest class of readers sdould be. There are as many pictures as pages, and, being from original designs, and engraved under direction of George T. Andrew, they have artistic merit. This magazine is now reprinted in Great Britain. [Boston: Russell Publishing Company.]

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

It is only necessary to give the table of contents for November of this most excellent magazine to insure its being read: "Unsuccessful Candidates for the Presidency of the Nation," by Martha J. Lamb; "An Old Colonial College," by Prof. C. F. Richardson; "Button Broinnett," by Charles C. Jones, Jr., L. L. D.; "California's Golden Prime of Forty-Nine," by Charles Howard Shinn; "Historic Homes—Ochre Point," by Mrs. Esther Wheeler. Original Documents—Minor Topics—Notes—Queries—Replies—Societies—Book Notices. Published at 38 Lafayette Place, New York City.

THE SUPERFLUOUS GIRL.

What Is to Be Done With the Surplus Female Population.

A recent number of the London *Globe* lays down the proposition that "the question what to do with our boys shrinks into insignificance when contrasted with the corresponding question of what is to be done with our girls." It is by no means a new proposition, but the *Globe* presents some fresh and interesting figures by way of re-establishing it. Notice was given a few weeks ago of 20 vacancies in the London Post Office that were to be filled by women; and women desiring the places were summoned to undergo a competitive examination in arithmetic, handwriting, and dictation. The result was that as many as 1,400 women presented themselves for the ordeal. A few months earlier 500 girls, of ages ranging from 18 to 20, underwent a similar examination for a similar number of vacancies.

Here we have a total of 1,900 women on the one hand, and not above 40 places on the other. That is to say, 1,860 of these applicants were superfluous. Commenting upon these facts, the *Globe* declares that the matter becomes more complicated the further it is examined, since the girls already employed as clerks necessarily displace an almost equal number of young men. Now, what is to be done about it? Is this one of the social problems that are destined to baffle mankind for all time? Is the superfluous girl, like the poor, to be always with us? To answer in the affirmative is to take issue with one of the greatest of philosophers, for he has written that "Nature makes no mistakes." And yet everything that is necessarily superfluous is a bad mistake. But it is by no means certain that all of the 1,860 girls who failed to secure the positions in the London postoffice were so many necessary superfluities. They were not needed in that particular field of effort. But were they not needed some place? The chances are that as the 1,860 disappointed ones walked out of the post-office, tearing their hair and gnashing their teeth, 1,860 citizens of London were engaged in similar painful exercises because of their inability to obtain cooks equal to baking bread "such as mother used to bake," or parlor maids equal to dusting without breaking the china that came over with the Conqueror, or governesses that understand the fine art of bending the twig without deforming it.

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A Norther.

An old Texan being asked by a stranger to describe a norther, said:

"I'll tell you what it is, stranger, a norther puts in the quickest work of anything you ever saw. You see that lake down there (pointing to a beautiful lake about a mile distant); last Spring, in the latter part of March, I was fishing in the afternoon; the sun was shining, and it was as warm almost as the middle of summer. The fish were jumping up all over the lake, and they were biting splendidly. A shade came suddenly over the lake, and I thought I smelt a strange smell that often precedes a norther. I immediately turned away from the lake and looked toward the northwest, and I saw a small dark cloud passing like lightning and knew I must hurry home. After looking a short time at the cloud I turned and looked at the lake, when, to my astonishment, the lake was frozen over and many fish were lying on top of the ice. The fish had jumped up, and the lake had frozen over so quick they could not get back. Stranger, maybe you think that is stretching things a little, but I'll tell you a norther can beat anything but lightning, and it can hurry that up mightily."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE As a Brain Food.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

For the Blade.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY L. W.

Much is and has been said concerning a future state of existence after we are through with all pertaining to this mundane sphere, and out of the much argued subject are evolved hundreds of religions, the followers of each peculiar sect maintaining and trying to prove that theirs is the only true and reasonable view upon the subject. Also, most religionists seem sure of a future existence and expect an advancement therein; some, that they will enjoy greater blessings, enjoyments, etc.; some have all their desires fulfilled; some a more advanced state, greater knowledge; and again, some seem to expect a season of constant holiday, a sort of roundelay of pleasure, a hurrah of singing and music, and no work. By the way, I would like to ask of such, who manufactures these musical instruments? It would be asking too much of the Great Creator if He must furnish them, and if He does not there must be work done there.

By far the greater portion of believers in futurity think an advanced state of existense is the correct belief, and I will not deny it, as it seems a rational theory, for if we do not advance what is the use and reason of existence? Certainly there must be a progression. Darwin thought of the human race, it may be, yet I think the same of the immortal part, and in common with the acknowledged faith of many theologians, I am of the opinion that we may have in that stage of advancement an additional sense of which we are not in need in the present stage of existence, and the application of which we have no conception whatever. Here we cannot imagine where an additional sense could, with economy be bestowed, simply because this existence does not demand it. Assuming this to be a fact, then, that we are in a state of progression, is it wisdom or reasonable to believe that the Creator starts us out fully equipped with five full senses? I think not. It cannot be deemed irrational to presume that the economy of "progressive existence" demands a more primitive condition than that, and that life begins with but a *one sense condition*—feeling being without doubt the primal sense, as it is the base of all the others.

And in connection with this subject, I would like to ask any thinking person if he cannot remember, away back in his mere infancy, a vision of a past existence, a remembrance of some place, or surroundings, not exactly describable, because different from present forms and sciences. I do. I remember when a mere child those mind driftings, and they reverted to a ruder scenery and surroundings than I have found in all my travels since.

In the BLADE of August 14, is an article, "Our Inherited Memories," speaking of this same matter, although the writer takes a somewhat different view of it than I do, yet any one reverting to his own childhood experience, and awakening and concentrating his full brainial force upon the subject must admit, after putting this and that together, that "if there is a future state of existence, there must have been a pre-existent state."

No. Our inherited memories are the lingering links of a past existence, is my firm belief.

Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 a year for both publications, the Magazine, under its enlarged and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of gold colored picture cards sent to any one for 10 cents. Address C. Gilmore, 213 N 8th street, St. Louis, Mo.

TALK OF THE TODDLERS.

It is is reported that when little Chrissie Conkling used to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread," his little companion, Tommy Platt would add: "Meat, too."

To a little Brooklyn girl belongs the credit of having identified the mysterious "man in the moon." "Oh, come and look at the moon, papa," she exclaimed the other evening; "there's a photograph of Ben Butler in it."

When little Willie L—— first heard the braying of a mule in the South he was greatly frightened, but after thinking a minute he smiled at his fear, saying: "Mamma, just hear that poor horse wiv the whooping cough!"

"Mother, did George Washington sleep standing?"

"What a curious question, my child! Why do you ask it?"

"Because he was never known to lie."

"Ma, is it wicked to play marbles for keeps?"

"Yes, my son; it is very wicked."

"Willie Grim wanted me to play; but I wouldn't."

"That's right. I am proud that you had the courage to refuse."

"I told him it was wicked and led to gambling, and he called me a booby."

"Well, never mind."

"Oh, I don't. I matched pennies with him and came out seven cents ahead."

Parasites in Mackerel.

Every little while some physician or scientist, anxious for a sensation or desirous of bringing his name before the public, enunciates some new and startling theory or statement which the pres gives wide publicity to without thinking of the hurt which may be done to legitimate and deserving industries. A case in point is the recent statement of an English scientist that mackerel were infested with parasitic worms which he suggested as a possible or probable cause of cholera. The statement attracted much attention and seriously affected the fishing interest. A Mr. Sayer, of London, who was interested in fishing industries, forwarded specimens of the mackerel to Prof. Huxley who answered that it was perfectly true that mackerel, like other fish, are more or less insested by parasites, but that it was not true that they would be injurious even if swallowed uncooked and alive, and added:

"It is to be very much regretted that the food supply of the people should be diminished, and that the fishing population should be robbed of the fruit of their labors by the authoritative propagation of statements which are devoid of foundation; and if you think the publication of this letter will be of any use to the public and to the fishing interest, it is at your service."

* * * * Delicate diseases, affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Philadelphia's Beautiful Women.

The complexion of the women in Philadelphia—I speak of those under 30—is as soft, clear and roseate as a child. An intelligent physician here, conversing with me on the subject, said the reason that Philadelphia women were handsomer than the women of other Cities was from the fact that they did less lacing. Lacing, he said, compresses the liver, so that its functions are deranged, and the bile, instead of legitimately aiding digestion as it should, is thrown into the venous circulation, producing the sallow complexion so common among our American women. The female gymnasts and equestriennes are noted for their fine, clear complexion, which is attributable to the fact that their profession precludes lacing. Again the women here do more walking than they do in almost any other City on the Continent. In this they resemble the English women, who are noted the world over for their beautiful complexion. Not only this, but the exercise of walking rounds the form, and for contour of face, complexion and figure our women are unexcelled.

Away Off on Chinese Geography.

"You no talkee no muchee mole 'bout English newsplapee puttee Chicago in Velmont and Niagala Fall in San Flancisco," said a flat-eyed, saffron-hued linen destroyer.

"What's the matter now, John?" asked the gentleman who was after his wash.

"This New York plapee say the Flench takee Yen-ping on Lake Cha-oo, in the plovince of Tong-tse-ting. Yen-ping, tlee thousand miles from Cha-oo and Toong-tse-ting is the name of a mountain, not plovince. Melican newsplapee fool."

The Camp Fire.

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

November 1, Renick, Randolph County, Mo—Organization not recorded.

November 6, Little Santa Fe, Mo—4th Missouri and 5th Kansas Cavalry, and Kowald's Missouri Battery.

1862.

November 1, Philomont, Va—Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Gen. Pleasanton.

November 2, Snicker's Gap, Va—Batteries of the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

November 2-3, Bloomfield and Union, Loudoun County, Va—Cavalry advance of the Army of the Potomac.

November 3, Upperville, Va—Cavalry advance of the Army of the Potomac.

November 3, Rawles' Mills (also Little Creek), Williamston, N C—24th and 44th Massachusetts, and 9th New Jersey, and New York and Maine Batteries.

November 3, Bayou Teche, fourteen miles of Brashear City, La—Union gunboats Kinsman, Estrella, St. Mary, Calhoun, and Diana, and 21st Indiana.

November 3, Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo—5th and 6th Missouri Cavalry.

November 5, Lamar, Mo—8th Missouri and 8th Missouri Militia Cavalry.

November 5, Manassas Gap, Va—Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Gen Averill, advance of Army of Potomac.

November 5, Barbee's Crossroads and Chester Gay (also Markham), Va—Cavalry Brigade, Army of the Potomac, Gen Pleasanton in command.

November 5, New Baltimore, Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap, Va—Cavalry Brigade, Army of the Potomac, commanded by Gen Bayard.

November 5, Greenville Road, Ky—8th Kentucky Cavalry.

November 5, Nashville, Tenn—16th and 51st Illinois, 69th Ohio, 14th Michigan and 78th Pennsylvania, and 5th Tennessee and 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

November 6, Leatherwood, Ky—Capt Ambrose Powell's command.

November 6, Garrettsburg, Ky—8th Kentucky Cavalry.

1863.

November 1, Washington, N C—Organizations not given.

November 1, Fayetteville, Tenn—4th Indiana Cavalry.

November 2, Brazos de Santiago, Tex—Troops of the 13th Corps.

November 3, Centerville and Pine Factory, Tenn—A mixed command under Lieut-Col Scully, 10th Tennessee.

November 3, Grand Coteau (or Bayou Bourbeax, or Carrion Crow Bayou), La—3d and 4th Divisions, 13th Corps.

November 3, Colliersville, Tenn—Cavalry Brigade, 16th Corps.

November 4, Lawrenceburg, Tenn—14th Michigan Mounted Infantry.

November 4, Moscow, Tenn—Cavalry Brigade, 16th Corps.

November 4, Metley's Ford, Little Tennessee River, Cavalry of the Army of the Ohio.

November 5, Mill Point, Pocahontas County, W Va—14th Pennsylvania and 3d West Virginia Cavalry.

November 6, Kincaels, Tenn—Troops not stated.

November 6, Rogersville, Tenn—7th Ohio Cavalry, 2d Tennessee Mounted Infantry, and 2d Illinois Battery.

November 6, Deep Mountain, Va—14th Pennsylvania, and 2d and 5th West Virginia Cavalry, 8th and 10th West Virginia, and 28th Ohio Volunteers, and Battery B, West Virginia Artillery.

1864.

November 1, Black River, La—U S Colored Heavy Artillery.

November 1 to 4, Union Station, Tenn—10th Missouri Cavalry.

November 3, Vera Cruz, Ark—One company of 46th Missouri.

November 4-5, Johnsonville, Tenn—11th Tennessee Cavalry, 43d Wisconsin, and 12th U S Colored Troops.

November 5-6, Big Pigeon River, Tenn—3d North Carolina Mounted Infantry.

November 5, Fort Sedgwick, Va—2d Co rps Army of the Potomac.

Aid in Getting Pensions.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I have never written for the CAMP FIRE yet, but with your permission I will come with a cedar rail. I was but a boy when the war broke out. I did not go until 1862, and was in the Lexington retreat on the campaign after Bragg fought at Stone River. I was afterwards captured while on the raid with A. D. Streight. After that I was never permitted to go direct to the front. I guarded prisoners at Indianapolis, did garrison duty at Nashville, afterwards guarded railroads in Northern Alabama, was stationed for awhile on the Tennessee river, and from there I was detailed to go and nurse in the hospital at Decatur, Ala. I nursed for 29 days, or up to the time of the fight there in October, 1864. For this purpose I write this letter, thinking that I may be of some benefit to some of the boys in procuring a pension, although I cannot remember but one or two names.

W. F. NEWHOUSE,
Argos, Ind. Co. D, 73d Indiana.

The Fight at Tupelo.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I have been thinking for some time of bringing some fuel to the CAMP FIRE, and renewing my acquaintance with the boys in blue. If we cannot meet by the camp fire as of yore, we can through the medium of the pen, and the, kindness of the editor, bring to remembrance things not forgotten, but not often thought of. I noticed in your issue of the 25th an article from one of the 4th Iowa Cavalry boys, in which he speaks of the battle of Tupelo, Miss. Well do I remember the morning of July 14, 1864. Just at day dawn our advance pickets were fired into, and then skirmishing commenced. We captured some prisoners; they said Gen. Forrest told them that it would only be a "breakfast spell to clean the Yanks out, for there were nothing but hundred-day men and negros." So they went into the fight without their breakfast, the prisoners said. But Forrest did not find Sturgis there. He found A. J. there, and he stayed while Forrest crawfished back, leaving his killed and wounded on the field. Wm. Forrest, a brother of the General, was killed that day. Then on the 15th and 16th we warmed them up again.

I would like to be where I could vote for Blaine and Logan at the coming election, but I have no fears but that they will be elected.

Company B, 4th Iowa, let us hear from you again.

S. A. YOUNG,
Co. H, 3d Iowa Cavalry.
Inyan Kara, Wyo.

A Florida Confederate.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Yes, we wore the gray and surrendered our arms on April 7, 1865, at the high bridge on the Appomattox. We had eaten parched corn for several days, but the boys whom we had fought divided hard tack with us until we met the supply train and were bountifully fed by being allowed to approach the wagon and fill our long-empty haversacks with enough to last us to Burksville Junction, where we arrived on the 9th, and were well fed and held until paroled on April 14, by W. Smith, Major and Provost Marshal of the 2d Division, 9th A. C. The Captain who was officer of the guard at Burksville the day we arrived, belonged to a Connecticut regiment, I think, and was indeed a kind enemy and a good man. He allowed me to pass the guard and visit the spring with him. On our return to the camp we called at headquarters, and he gave me an overflowing glass of old applejack, which revived me very much. I have often wished to meet him again, and would be glad to hear from him. He worked with the square, and had in his bosom a kind and generous nature. He gave me much to eat aside from my regular ration. I hope that he has prospered well, that he may live long, and whenever called upon to lay down the square, plumb and level, that he may be found worthy to enter the temple not made with hands. We hope the boys who wore the blue may prove true to Blaine and Logan, the advocates of the party which has done so much to elevate humanity. A few who wore the gray are with them. OLD CONFEDERATE.

Archer, Fla.

McCook's Raid Below Atlanta.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I am glad, after 20 years, to have the privilege of bringing a small bundle of sticks to the CAMP FIRE. I write to correct some mistakes that Comrade John Donahoe unintentionally made about the McCook raid, and how we came out of the Rebel lines on that memorable evening of July 26, 1864. His statements in the main are true, but I think he fails to give the honor to whom the honor is due. If I am not mistaken it was the gallant and brave James B. Brownlow who planned that escape, and it was he who told Gen. McCook that he did not intend to surrender his regiment. Gen. McCook desired Col. Brownlow to tell him how he intended to escape. Col. Brownlow told him to give him command and he would show him how; whereupon Gen. McCook yielded, and Col. Brownlow gave the command to all that desired to join him in the effort to break the Rebel lines, to follow him. Well do I remember the charge made by the Tennessee troops, headed by Col. Jim Brownlow (as the boys were wont to call him) and his regiment, the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, followed by the 4th Tennessee and others I do not remember; and well do I recollect seeing the regiments of Northern soldiers, with their stacked arms, ready formed in line to surrender, as we passed by them in the charge upon the Rebel lines. The charge was successful beyond the most sanguine expectations. We broke the line and passed out without the loss of a man.

All this was done after Gen. McCook had raised a flag of truce, as often as twice or three times, to capitulate. I always attributed our escape to the bravery and military skill of one of the most daring, gallant and chivalrous sons of Tennessee, Col. Brownlow, at the mention of whose name every old Tennessee soldier's blood is made to thrill in his honest, loyal heart, and beat in consonance with that of the millions of Republican voters who will vote in November for the illustrious J. G. Blaine and John A. Logan, of historic fame. I, too, like my comrades, will never forget my last mess of Government coffee on that raid; for when I was detailed to go on the skirmish line, leaving our horses behind, we did not proceed very far until the whole earth seemed to be covered with the Johnnies. We fell back in confusion, making for the nearest point to the Chattahoochee River, the Rebels giving hot pursuit. I distinctly remember, when I came to the river, of throwing my carbine as far as I could into the water, then taking a fence rail I tied my clothes on it and buckled my navy belt around all, and plunged in. I could see horses and men thick above me, some swimming, others sinking and rising again, others sinking to rise no more. It was a blood-curdling sight. When I got out on the other bank and shook myself, I could hear the Rebels talking on the other bank, then I pulled for distance. I lost my shoes in crossing the river. You cannot well imagine the foot-sore and hungry march. I had to keep up with the command on double-quick time; but I think that I am the only man, in the whole command, that undertook the task, that lost his horse. I traveled on foot until about 10 o'clock that night, and a comrade took me up behind him. I love that comrade for that act. But of all the dismounted men that undertook to make their way through the woods, I think every one was hunted down by the Home Guards with blood-hounds, and some died in prison. Some did not get back to the command until the surrender.

Let us hope that a better day is coming for the ex-soldiers. When Congress meets again, should it be Republican, then the soldiers may look for something; but if Congress remains Democratic, then we need not look for aid. But we do not think that Congress can ignore the claims of the soldiers much longer. At least it must repeal some of the stringent pension laws, whereby men cannot make the proof the Department requires.

J. C. ALLEN, Co. H, 4th Tenn. Cav.
Long Savannah, James Co., Tenn.

Chickamauga and the Siege of Chattanooga.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

You called some time ago for some sketches of the siege of Chattanooga. As I had the honor of being there at that time, I can tell something about it. But, first, indulge me in a few remarks that may throw some light on the movements of that most uniformly successful of all our armies. The writers of our histories have purposely, to curry favor, obscured the truth of events and facts, so that the idea prevails that the campaign ending at Chattanooga was one of disastrous failure, when, really, taking figures and facts, it was one of the finest campaigns of the war. Till 10 o'clock Sunday morning, from then till 12 at noon, it was against us. But from the arrival of Gordon Granger till night, it was certainly the finest fighting of the war. There stood "Old Pap" Thomas, like the very god of war, with the old 14th Corps, that had never been beaten in battle, Garfield was at his best, Granger was working a battery, while Steedman, like Hercules with his club, seemed to be everywhere. Our Division went in at noon Sunday with 200 rounds of ammunition per man, by 3:30 it was all gone, and men were running everywhere for cartridges. I made it my business from that time till night to furnish them. The Rebel dead lay in great heaps, and their boxes were full. I furnished thousands of rounds to our own regiment, and some to men of other regiments, so that I never could see what excuse any officer could make that his men had no ammunition. I found it plenty, and thought that I was paying them back in their own coin. At sunset we had full possession of the field. Garfield told our regiment we had "gained a complete victory, and the Rebels were in full retreat," which was so; but for prudential purposes we fell back to Chattanooga, held the town, and gave up the field. Hence it was called a defeat. If we had camped on the field it would have been called a victory.

The siege began September 22 and lasted about two months. The enemy turning our supply train in Sequatchie Valley, reduced the army to the very point of starvation. We stole the corn out of the mules feed boxes to parch, ate largely of acorns and wild fruits, ate the tails, feet, paunches, heads, brains and lungs of all cattle killed, and never thought of retreat. The two most notable events were when Jeff Davis came on from Richmond to finish up a victory for Bragg, and reviewed his men, but got scared out and went back to Richmond without his battle. As after Bull Run, the Rebel papers claimed that without Chattanooga Bragg was defeated at Chickamauga.

The other was the election of Brough as Governor of Ohio. The large vote cast for Brough showed that the old Army of the Cumberland felt fully able to face any army of equal numbers without any other Generals than those already on the ground. There was "Old Rosey," still the idol of his army; "Old Pap" Thomas, both the Ajax and Nestor among all our Generals. Garfield was fit for any command. Sheridan was a host in himself. Then came Granger, Davis, Rousseau and Steedman, who kept the cracker line open and made it possible for Sherman to take Atlanta. It was a shame, and intended for a disgrace, to put others over such generals just as the prize was in our grasp, and so near that a single plan was not changed, nor a single order revoked. I will put Rosecrans at Iuka, Corinth and Stone River, Sheridan at Cedar Creek, and the final move on Lee, and "Old Pap" Thomas everywhere from Mill Spring to his last and farewell review of the 14th Corps, against any that can be named, and feel sure of a favorable verdict.

T. C. LEWIS, Capt. 121st Ohio.
Plainview, Neb.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.

Logan's Grammar.

An old Democrat from Jackson County, Illinois, was in town the other day for the purpose of giving the managers a few points!

"If you want John Logan to carry the whole of Southern Illinois and Indiana a-whoopin' you'll just keep on making fun of his grammar. Now, John Logan talks the same language the rest of 'em do down there, and any man who says it ain't English will get into trouble. I'll explain what I mean: Just before the war a new school teacher undertook to correct the scholars in some of their expressions. Among other things, he said it was not good English to say that a man 'had went away.' When John Logan got back from Washington some of the old settlers asked him about it, and he said 'had went away' was proper enough. It might not do for an oration in Congress, but it was idiomatic, colloquial, and good sense, and it was his opinion that any man who said it wasn't had better went away pretty quick. That was enough. Every man and boy in the school district jumped on the teacher and drove him out of town, and from that day to this no one has fooled with our English. Now, you better let it alone. I want to see the old party win, and I'm giving you fair warning."—*Chicago Herald*.

A Mistake.

"Bridget, if Mr. Williams comes, admit him. Mr. Johnson may come. It's not his night, but he has been very affectionate lately and he's just in the state of mind to make a mistake."

Mr. Johnson rings the bell.

"Missis is very sorry, sir, but she says as how ain't your night."

GREENVILLE, CT., May 8, 1883.

"Was attacked with severe kidney disease. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY was advised, and one bottle completely cured me."—Chas. H. Alexander, Foreman Dye House, Shetucket Mills.

"I will certify to the truth of the above." —John A. Morgan, Druggist, Greenville, Conn.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness, Unequaled. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

TEA CLUBS With every order for $10 worth of Tea we give a 46 piece English White China Tea Set, or a Decorated English China Tea Set of 32 pieces, or a 11 piece English Chamber Toilet Set. With a $12 order we give a Maroon, Pink or Blue Band, Gold lined Chamber Toilet Set of 10 pieces or an English Decorated Tea Set of 44 pieces. We have Hundreds of other Premiums. Ill'd Catalogue Free. Agts. Wanted. GREAT EASTERN TEA CO., 333 & 335 Br'dway, Providence, R.I.

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but simply as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer these, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the Blade. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the Blade entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

* * *

Rhode Island is the only State that exacts a property qualification.

Sub., Burlington, Kan.:

Why was James Buchanan called "Ten-Cent Jimmie?"

We are not positive, but think he gained the title by giving 10 cents to a boy who went on an important errand.

R., Uniontown, Pa.:

1. Please tell me how to get discharge papers for a soldier who has lost them. 2. Give Gen. Rosecrans' address.

1. Write to the Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. 2. Gen. Rosecrans will probably be in Washington after the campaign closes. His home is in San Francisco.

Reader, Toledo, O., writes: "I notice a query in your columns: 'Did T. A. Hendricks vote for a negro for City Marshal of Indianapolis?' The facts are these: In 1878 Wm. Christy, a colored man, was nominated for City Marshal on the Democratic ticket, being placed in nomination by Wm. H. English. As a ruse to catch the colored vote it was an entire failure, and it so offended the fire-eaters and the Irish Democrats that he ran fully 1,000 behind the rest of the ticket. It is presumed that for reasons of party policy Mr. Hendricks voted for him."

Pres., New Matamoras, O.:

Who was the author of "Arabian Nights entertainment?"

The origin of the work—where and by whom written—is involved in mystery. They were first made known to Europe by Antony Galland, a French Orientalist, and published in Paris from 1704 till 1717. Galland stated in his dedication that it was a translation from the collections of an unknown Arabian author. A new English translation, by Edward William Lane appeared in 1839.

L. H. O., McConnellstown, Pa.:

1. What was the Fortune Bay difficulty? 2. Who are the Walloons? 3. Why was Washington called the American Fabius?

1. Illegal interference by Englishmen with the American fisheries, for which the United States demanded $103,000. 2. A Romance population, over 2,000,000 in number, living in Belgium, chiefly in the region extending between Liege, Mons and Arlon, and in adjoining parts of France. They are of mixed Gallic and Teutonic blood, the former largely predominating. The Walloon Church is that part of the Reformed Church which was expelled from the Catholic Netherlands at the time of the rise of the Dutch Republic. Its members settled chiefly in Holland, or emigrated to America, forming several congregations in New Netherland (New York.) 3. Because of his success in retreating and saving his army.

J. W. B., Aurora, Mo.:

1. Do the citizens of the Swiss Republic have to be naturalized as other foreigners do, who come to the United States from monarchical governments? 2. Did Gen. Marmaduke, candidate for Governor in Missouri, kill in a duel the Confederate Gen. Walker? 3. Did Pres. Buchanan disregard the 10,000 majority of the people of Kansas against the Lecompton Constitution, with slavery in it, and recommend it to Congress in a message, stating that "Slavery is established already in Kansas as much as in Georgia and South Carolina?"

1. Yes. 2. Think not. Gen. W. H. T. Walker was killed in the second battle at Decatur, Ga., July 22, 1864. He was born in Georgia in 1817, served in the Florida and Mexican wars, and was noted for reckless courage and frequent wounds in battle. He resigned from the Union Army December 20, 1860, and was immediately made a Major General in the Confederate Army. 3. He sustained the Territorial Government, which had issued the call for the Lecompton Convention. In this view he was supported by the action of the Supreme Court, which had decided that slavery existed in Kansas, under the Constitution of the United States, and that the people therein could only relieve themselves of it by the election of delegates who would prohibit it in the Constitution to be framed by the Lecompton Convention. The Free State men refused to recognize the call. They had no confidence in Gov. Walker, the appointee of Pres. Buchanan, and his proclamations passed unheeded. The President of the Convention forwarded the document to Pres. Buchanan, with an official request that it be submitted to Congress. This was done in a message dated February 2, 1858, and the President recommended the admission of Kansas under it.

W. J. L., West Overton, Pa.:

1. Please state how many voters there are in the United States that cannot read the names on their ballots. 2. Is the demand for school teachers increasing or diminishing? 3. Where can I get a good paper devoted principally to education? 4. Is there a law in Massachusetts compelling children to go to school?

1. 1,278,311. 2. Increasing. 3. School Journal, New York City; School Journal, Lancaster, Pa.; Teacher, Philadelphia, Pa.; Teacher's Journal, Wilkesbarre, Pa. 4. Every person, having under his control a child between the age of 8 and 14 years is required to send it to school at least 20 weeks annually, under penalty of a fine not exceeding $50. Cities and Towns must provide truant schools, and appoint truant officers, who shall cause the confinement for instruction of habitual truants between the ages of 7 and 15 years.

E. H. M., Tracy City, Tenn.:

Please give the population of the world by countries as per last census taken:

The following shows the population of the principal nations according to the last census taken. China, Morocco, Siam and Turkey being estimated:

Argentine Republic	2,400,000	Italy	28,452,639
Austria-Hungary	37,741,413	Japan	36,700,118
Belgium	5,520,009	Mexico	9,389,461
Bolivia	2,000,000	Morocco	6,370,000
Brazil	10,108,291	Netherlands	4,060,792
Canada	4,324,818	Norway	1,806,900
Ceylon	2,728,160	Paraguay	293,844
Chili	2,400,396	Persia	7,000,000
Chinese Emp.	434,626,000	Peru	3,050,000
Colombia, U. S.	2,951,323	Portugal	4,550,699
Egypt	17,419,980	Russian Emp.	98,336,100
Denmark	2,096,400	Roumania	5,376,000
Ecuador	1,146,000	Servia	1,700,211
France	37,405,290	Siam	5,750,000
Germany	45,194,172	Spain	16,625,860
Great Britain and Ireland	35,246,633	Sweden	4,565,668
Greece	1,979,423	Switzerland	2,846,102
India, British	252,541,210	Turkey	25,036,480
		Uruguay	447,000
		United States	50,155,783
		Venezuela	2,075,245

H. J. F., Lebanon, O.:

You would greatly oblige myself and other readers if you would give a short history of the manufactory of paper.

Among the numerous materials of which paper has been made are acacia, althæa, agus, aspen, bamboo, banana, basswood, bean vines, blue grass, broom, buckwheat, straw, bulrushes, cane, cattail, cedar, China grass, clematics, clover, cork, corn husks and stalks, cotton, couch grass, elder, elm, esparto grass, fern, fir, flags, flax, grape vine, many grasses, hemp, hop vines, horse chestnut, indigo, jute, mulberry bark and wood, mummy cloth, oak, oakum, oat straw, osier, palm, palmetto, pampas grass, papyrus, pea vines, pine, plaintain, poplar, potato vines, rags of all kinds, reeds, rice straw, rope, rye straw, sedge grass, silk, silk cotton, sorghum, spruce, thistles, tobacco, wheat straw, waste paper, willow, and wool. The first paper was probably made in Egypt from papyrus, a species of reed. The ancient Mexicans used a kind of paper prepared from the maguey plant, which resembled the Egyptian papyrus, and took ink and color well. The Chinese were the first to form from vegetable fibre the web which constitutes modern paper. They used the inner bark of several trees, especially the mulberry, the bamboo reduced to pulp by beating, rice and other straws, silk, cotton and rags. A description of the process of converting rags into paper is given in answer to another correspondent.

Reader, Kentland, Ind: Write to the Governor of the State.

D R., Orville, O.: Write to M. K. McGrath, Jefferson City, Mo.:

N. B. B., Kansas Station, Ia.: The Blade has published all the facts connected with the Credit Mobilier business, and cannot spare the space to republish.

C. B. S., Hillsdale, Ind.:

What was the price paid for slaves when they were first brought to this country in 1620?

From $100 to $500.

G. W. H., Cuyahoga Falls, O.:

1. Give a recipe for a liquid glue which would always be ready to use. 2. What will remove ink and leave no stain? 3. Give method by which I could take several copies of a letter, without re-writing it.

1. Fill a glass jar with broken-up glue of best quality, then fill it with acetic acid. Keep it in hot water for a few hours, until the glue is all melted, and you will have an excellent glue, always ready. 2. If you will state what kind of ink, and the article, from which you desire it removed, a more satisfactory answer could be given. Printing ink can be taken from any article by means of ether or oil of turpentine. Pure benzine will also have a similar effect. There are dozens of recipes for removing writing ink stains. 3. A good copying ink may be made from common violet writing ink, by the addition of six parts of glycerine to eight parts of the ink. Using only five parts of glycerine to eight of the ink it will copy well in 15 minutes after it has been used. With fine white copying paper the ink will copy well without the use of a press. Magic copying paper: To make black paper, take lamp black mixed with cold lard. Red paper—Venetian red mixed with lard. Blue paper—Prussian blue mixed with lard. Green paper—chrome green mixed with lard. The above ingredients to be mixed to the consistency of thick paste, and applied to the paper with a rag. Then take a flannel rag and rub until all the color ceases coming off. These sheets, alternated with writing paper, and written on with a solid pen, produce two or three copies of a letter at once.

P. K., Laramie, Wyo.:

Please give me the process for converting rags into paper.

In making paper from linen and cotton rags, these materials are first sorted and cut into small pieces. This is principally done by women, each of whom is provided with a large knife to cut the rags. When cut, the rags are thrown into five or six compartments in a large chest, according to their qualities. The finest linen rags are used for the best writing-paper; but cotton, as well as linen rags, are used for printing paper. In the next process the rags are washed, and afterwards bleached by the action of chlorine, either as a gas or in the form of a bleaching-powder (chloride of lime). The washed rags are then subjected to the action of a revolving cylinder, the surface of which is furnished with a number of sharp teeth or cutters, so placed as to act against other cutters placed beneath the cylinder. For several hours the rags are kept immersed in water and subjected to the action of these cutters till they are divided minutely and reduced to a thin pulp. During this process chloride of lime is mixed with the water, which renders the pulp perfectly white. The pulp is then transferred to a large vat, and is ready to be made into paper, either by hand or by machinery. From the vat the pulp is made to flow into a wire frame or sifter, which moves rapidly up and down, so as to hold back any knots or unsuitable substances. The strained pulp then passes over a ledge in a regular and uniform stream, flowing upon an endless web of wire gauze which presents an uninterrupted surface several feet in length. The movement of the web is so regulated as to determine the thickness of the paper; while to the entire web a shaking motion from side to side is given, which not only serves to spread the pulp evenly, but also assists in draining the superfluous water through the wire gauze. The pulp, by this means, solidifies as it advances, and before it leaves the web is pressed by a roller covered with felt; it is then taken up by an endless web of felt, forming an inclined plane. After this it is seized by a pair of rollers, between which it is pressed; then passing up another inclined plate of felt, it is again pressed between the rollers. The pulp is thus converted into paper, and by passing it over the surface of several smooth cylinders, heated by steam, it is rendered dry and smooth. From this process it is wound on a reel, dry and smooth, and ready to be cut off for use. In the improved machinery, the pulp is introduced upon the wire web at one end of the machinery, and delivered in the state of perfect paper at the other end in the space of three or four minutes.

The table below is republished, in answer to numerous inquiries. In addition to the votes cast for the three candidates named, there were 10,305 cast for Neal Dow, Prohibitionist, and 707 for John W. Phelps, Anti Secret Society candidate. Dow got his largest vote Ohio, 2,642, and next in New York, 2,177:

STATES.	Popular vote.			Elect'ral	
	Garfield.	Hancock.	Weaver.	Gar f'ld	H'n c'k.
Alabama	56,178	90,687	4,642	...	10
Arkansas	41,661	60,489	4,079	...	6
California	80,348	80,426	3,392	1	5
Colorado	27,450	24,647	1,435	3	...
Connecticut	67,073	64,417	868	6	...
Delaware	14,150	15,183	......	...	3
Florida	23,654	27,964	......	...	4
Georgia	52,648	102,522	481	...	11
Illinois	318,037	277,321	26,358	21	...
Indiana	232,164	225,528	12,986	15	...
Iowa	183,904	105,845	32,327	11	...
Kansas	121,520	59,789	19,710	5	...
Kentucky	104,550	147,999	11,498	...	12
Louisiana	37,994	65,310	439	...	8
Maine	74,039	65,171	4,408	7	...
Maryland	78,515	93,706	818	...	8
Massachus'tts	165,205	111,960	4,548	13	...
Michigan	185,190	131,300	34,795	11	...
Minnesota	93,903	53,315	3,267	5	...
Mississippi	34,854	75,750	5,797	...	8
Missouri	153,567	208,609	35,045	...	15
Nebraska	54,979	28,523	3,853	3	...
Nevada	8,732	9,611	......	...	3
N. Hampshire	44,852	40,794	528	5	...
New Jersey	120,555	122,565	2,617	...	9
New York	555,544	534,511	12,373	35	...
N'th Carolina	115,878	124,204	1,126	...	10
Ohio	375,048	340,821	6,456	22	...
Oregon	20,619	19,948	249	3	...
Pennsylvania	444,704	407,428	20,668	29	...
Rhode Island	18,195	10,779	236	4	...
So'th Carolina	58,071	112,312	566	...	7
Tennessee	107,677	128,191	5,916	...	12
Texas	57,893	156,428	27,405	...	8
Vermont	45,090	18,181	1,212	5	...
Virginia	84,020	127,976	139	...	11
West Virginia	46,243	57,391	9,079	...	5
Wisconsin	144,397	114,634	7,980	10	...
Total	4,449,053	4,442,035	307,306	214	155
Plurality	7,018			59	

Since the election of 1880 the changes made in the Congressional apportionment brings the electoral vote up to 401, as follows:

New England States.

Maine	6	Connecticut	6
New Hampshire	4	Rhode Island	4
Vermont	4		
Massachusetts	14	Total	38

Middle States.

New York	36	Maryland	8
New Jersey	9	West Virginia	6
Pennsylvania	30		
Delaware	3	Total	92

Western and Northwestern States.

Ohio	23	Iowa	13
Indiana	15	Missouri	16
Illinois	22	Kansas	9
Michigan	13	Nebraska	5
Wisconsin	11		
Minnesota	7	Total	134

Southern and Southwestern States.

Virginia	12	Louisiana	8
North Carolina	11	Texas	13
South Carolina	9	Arkansas	7
Georgia	12	Kentucky	13
Alabama	10	Tennessee	12
Mississippi	9		
Florida	4	Total	120

Pacific States.

California	8	Colorado	3
Oregon	3		
Nevada	3	Total	71
Total of College			401

N. D. R., Artesia, Cal.: We do not think the report has been published yet. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

A. G., Coultersville, Pa.:

Do you know of the existence of any anti-tobacco societies?

No.

G. L. D., Brownsville, Mo.:

Is there any premium on 10 cent pieces of 1821?

Quoted at 15 cents.

S. A. S., Morristown, Tenn.:

How many miles of railroad in the United States before the war? How many miles have been built since?

Miles in operation in 1860, 30,635; in operation now, about 118,000.

Reader, Tiffin, Ia.:

Please inform me where I can obtain the proceedings of the Chicago Convention of 1884.

Do not know. If you had filed the Blade you would have had a report of all the important parts of the two Conventions.

A correspondent at Leominster, Mass., sends a list of comb manufacturers of that place, including A. W. Williams, Joel Smith, B. F. Blodgett, W. D. Earle & Co., T. V. Cook, D. L. Howe and A. W. Blood. This is in answer to an inquiry from Montello, Wis.

A. E. F., Earleton, Kan.:

Is it true that in Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts a man having less than $200 worth of real estate is not permitted to vote?

From Pole to Pole

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, Ralph Y. Wingate.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masern, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1883.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. Boden, Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

E. E. B., Hartford, Kan.:

To what extent is the telephone patented? Is the principle so patented that a person inventing and using one for private purposes lays himself liable to prosecution?

An article in our news columns, in regard to the great telephone suits, just decided, gives all the information we possess on the subject.

W. P., Carrollton, Mo.:

Please inform us how the Ohio Legislature stands now, and if a United States Senator is to be elected this coming Winter.

Senate—Republicans, 11; Democrats, 22. House—Republicans, 45; Democrats, 60. The present Legislature has already elected H. B. Payne (known as Coal Oil Payne) as Senator, who will take his seat March 4. Sen Sherman's term does not expire till March 4, 1887.

X. Y. Z., Windsor, Ill.:

Has there ever been a bill introduced in Congress to pension Confederate soldiers?

There was a bill introduced to pension Mexican war veterans, which would have placed a great many rebels on the pension rolls.

A. T., Ironville, O.:

A native of Germany left with a passport before he was of age and came to this country and was naturalized. If he returns to Germany will he be subject to military duty?

Not unless he remains two years, in which case he is presumed to have renounced his naturalization.

E. H., York, O.:

1. Give a brief sketch of the life of John Ruskin. 2. Please state the recognized standard in short-hand.

1. He is the son of a London merchant, from whom he inherited a large fortune. After graduating in 1842, he devoted himself to the study of art, and to water-color painting. In 1843 he published "Modern Painters," which attracted great attention. This was followed by numerous other publications. In 1869 he was elected Professor of Fine Arts in the University of Oxford. In 1871 he gave £5,000 to endow a master of drawing in the Taylor galleries, Oxford. He has published several courses of lectures to artizans and others, and in 1871 he began a series of monthly letters to workingmen. Besides his numerous writings, he has engaged in or announced various schemes for the benefit of different classes of society. 2. There is no recognized standard, as each school has its own favorite.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[Note—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their former as well as their present address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the Blade mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the Blade and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing 30c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.

Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.

Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Barr.

Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.

Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed W. Y. Smith.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.

Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.

Letter containing $1, to pay for seven copies, dated at Deer Creek, no State.

Letter containing 60c, dated at Elmwood, no State, signed Isaac D. Taylor.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Lowell, no State, signed W. W. Worcester.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Mineral City, Ind., no name signed.

Letter containing 25c, no date, signed D. P. Van Horn, per I. Black, P. M.

Letter containing 20c, no date or name.

Letter containing 25c, no date, signed Wm. Crothers.

Letter containing 35c, dated at Smithville, Va., no name signed.

Letter containing $1.60, no date, signed C. B. Streitberger.

Letter containing 25c, no date, paper to go to Edwin Ricker.

Letter containing 30c, no date, signed D. M. Redman, paper to go to John Black.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Caseville, no State, signed F. Crawford.

If E. B. Hamaker, P. M. of Chesterville will give his full address the matter will be looked into.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed F. F. Blair

A list of 15 names, no date, no order.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Bangor, no State, signed A. L. Bourne.

Letter containing 25c, no date or name.

Letter containing 30c, postmarked Ripley O., no signature

Letter containing 25c, dated at Boyleston, Ill., no signature.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed Ed. T. Denson.

Letter containing 25c, no date, order or name.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed Geo. B. Thompson.

Letter containing $1, dated at Peele, no State signed Charles Sly.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Lemore, Cal., no signature.

Letter containing $1, dated at Livermore, no State, signed J. H. Conley.

Letter containing $3.50, paper and watch to go to David Zyner and H. Blade, Medina, no State given.

Letter containing $1, dated at Dow, Wabash Co., Ind., no signature.

Letter containing 20c, dated at Guilford, no State, paper to go to L. W. Thrail, signed L. L. Rowland.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Garrett, signed C. Boon.

If G. E. Mathews, of Georgetown, will give his full address the matter will be looked up.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Piasa, Ill., no signature.

Letter containing 90c, dated at Colebrook, no State, paper for D. Chambers, signed George Taylor, P. M.

Letter containing $3.30, no date, signed G. D. Campbell

Letter containing $1, no date, signed Isaac D. Leslie.

Letter containing $1, dated at Burbank, no State, signed Jos. Kidd.

Letter containing $1, dated at Beloit, no State, signed James F. Murray.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed L. H. Devoe.

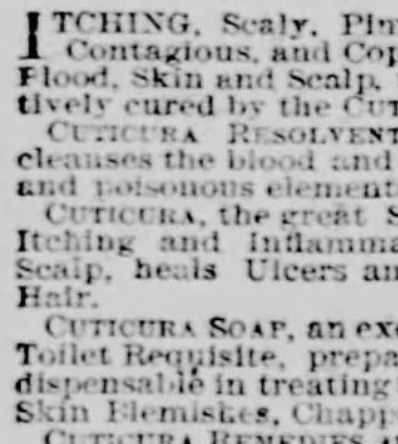
Parties remitting money or express order should always give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their name and address in full.

What is a "Tass?"

A correspondent writes of a "tass," which is a familiar measure of land among the natives of Nassau, Bahama Islands; "Three or four times men talked to me about a tass of land. I tried to think of all the forms of land measuring I could, but could find no word capable of being corrupted into a 'tass.' In reading the Nassau *Guardian* the other day, however, I came across an advertisement of the sale of a piece of land 'containing about two tasks." That made it plain at once. In the old slave times each man was given a task—a certain piece of land to cultivate for a day's work, so many feet square. And that custom of measuring land had outlasted the slave days, and the darkies have just dropped k from the end, because it is a trifle easier to say tass than task."

Our Debt to the Shakers.

It is not generally known for how much in our domestic economy we are indebted to this peculiar sect of religionists called "Shaking Quakers," remarks an exchange. More than half a century ago, they originated the drying of sweet corn for food, and they first raised, papered and vended garden seeds in the present styles. From their first methods of preparing medicinal roots and herbs for market, sprang the immense patent medicine trade. They began the broom-corn business. The first buzz-saw was made by Shakers at New Lebanon. This is now in the Albany Geological Hall. The Shakers invented metallic pens, first made of brass and silver. All distilled liquors were abandoned as a beverage by the Shakers 60 years ago, and during the past 40 years no fermented liquor of any kind has been used, except as a medicine. Pork and tobacco are numbered among the "forbidden" articles.


ECZEMA OF SCALP.

CUTICURA A POSITIVE CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF Skin and Blood Disease, FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited Contagious, and Copper-Colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with loss of Hair, are positively cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

Cuticura Remedies are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood depurent, a rational cathartic, and a superb anti-bilious specific. It rallies the failing energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels and organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MUSIC.

New Music Books!

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By L. O. Emerson. For High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries and Colleges. A book of 160 large octavo pages, containing 82 harmonized songs of the highest character both in words and music; also Vocal Exercises and Solfeggios, and directions for Vocal Culture. The publishers are confident that this will be a most satisfactory book.

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For Common Schools. Endorsed by Christine Nilsson, Theo. Thomas and others. Any school music teacher will be at once captivated by the charming genial character of the songs, which are 84 in number.

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Just the book needed by every choir that has short anthems or sentences to sing. A fine collection of 79 such pieces. Highly approved by those who have examined it. Price, 80c.; $7.20 per dozen.

Any book mailed for retail price.

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WHAT 26 CTS. WILL DO. In order to secure new customers, we will send 100 choice Embossed Pictures, 4 German Dolls' Heads, 1 elegant Birthday Card, 8 imported Chromos, 25 pretty Album and Reward Cards, 1 Album of 75 colored Transfer Pictures, 100 Selections for Autograph Albums, 10 Odd Games, half dozen new style red Napkins, 1 pack Puzzle Cards. All the above goods by mail, postpaid, for 26 cts. in stamps. MASON & CO., Southville, Mass.

GOSSAMER GARMENTS FREE.

To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends we will send postpaid two full sized Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Wearing Apparel as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25 cts. to pay postage, etc. WARREN MANUFACTURING CO., 9 Warren street, N. Y.

4% LONG LOANS; Principal need never be repaid so long as interest is kept up. Personal security only for interest. Honest poor or men of moderate means can send 6 cents for particulars, loan forms, etc. Address T. Gardner, Manager, Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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A genuine Ready Mixed Paint in 63 beautiful shades. They are made of the Purest Materials adapted for the purpose.

They are the Best. Try them.

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We will send FREE of CHARGE, samples of Dress Goods, Silks, Velvets, White Goods, &c., to any part of the U. S. TWO IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENTS and can quote prices of anything from paper of pins to the finest SILK, including Carpets, Boots & Shoes, Clothing, &c., and guarantee prices the lowest. TOLEDO being midway between the Oceans, is one of the very best points to order from. We are filling MAIL and Express orders daily to Texas, California, EVERYWHERE. TRY US. Kid Gloves, Laces, H'd'kfs and such goods all go by MAIL nicely. We will be pleased to have your ADDRESS. Correspondence solicited. Refer to Toledo Blade. Write.

FRED. EATON & CO., Toledo, O.

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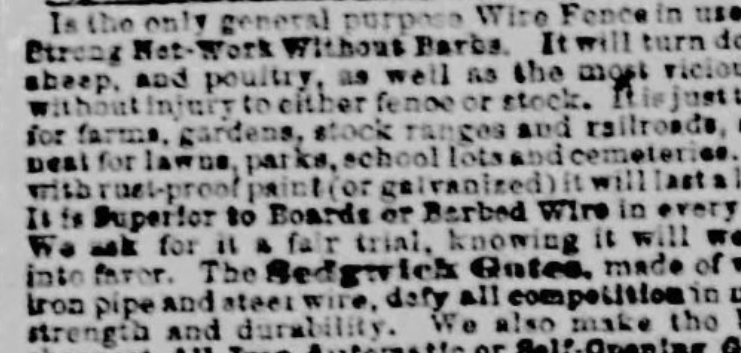
Homes IN Texas AND Arkansas

Low price; long credit. Rich agricultural and grazing lands, producing wheat, rye, oats, corn, cotton, grasses and all the choice fruits; near schools, churches and railroads. Cheap land excursions every month. For maps of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, with all information, address JNO. E. ENNIS, Pass. and Land Agent Missouri Pacific Ry. Co., 109 Clark street, Chicago, Ill. J. A. GRANGER, 24 Summit street, Toledo, O.



Sedgwick Steel Wire Fence

Is the only general purpose Wire Fence in use, being a Strong Net-Work Without Barbs. It will turn dogs, pigs, sheep, and poultry, as well as the most vicious stock, without injury to either fence or stock. It is just the fence for farms, gardens, stock ranges and railroads, and very neat for lawns, parks, school lots and cemeteries. Covered with rust-proof paint (or galvanized) it will last a life-time. It is Superior to Boards or Barbed Wire in every respect. We ask for it a fair trial, knowing it will wear itself into favor. The Sedgwick Gates, made of wrought-iron pipe and steel wire, defy all competition in neatness, strength and durability. We also make the best and cheapest All Iron Automatic or Self-Opening Gate, also Cheapest and Neatest All Iron Fence. Best Wire Stretcher and Post Auger. Also manufacture Russell's excellent Wind Engines for pumping water, or geared engines for grinding and other light work. For prices and particulars ask hardware dealers, or address, mentioning paper, SEDGWICK BROS. M'f'rs. Richmond, Ind.

Manhood Restored.

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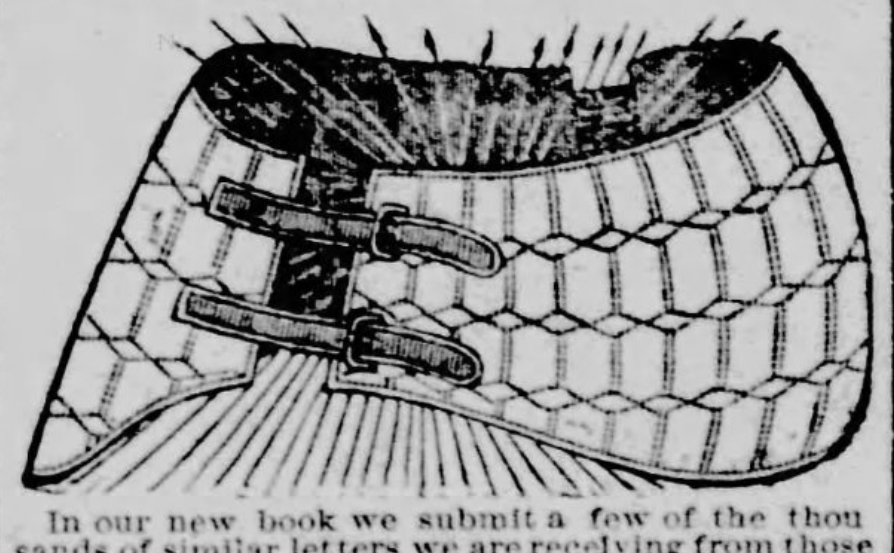

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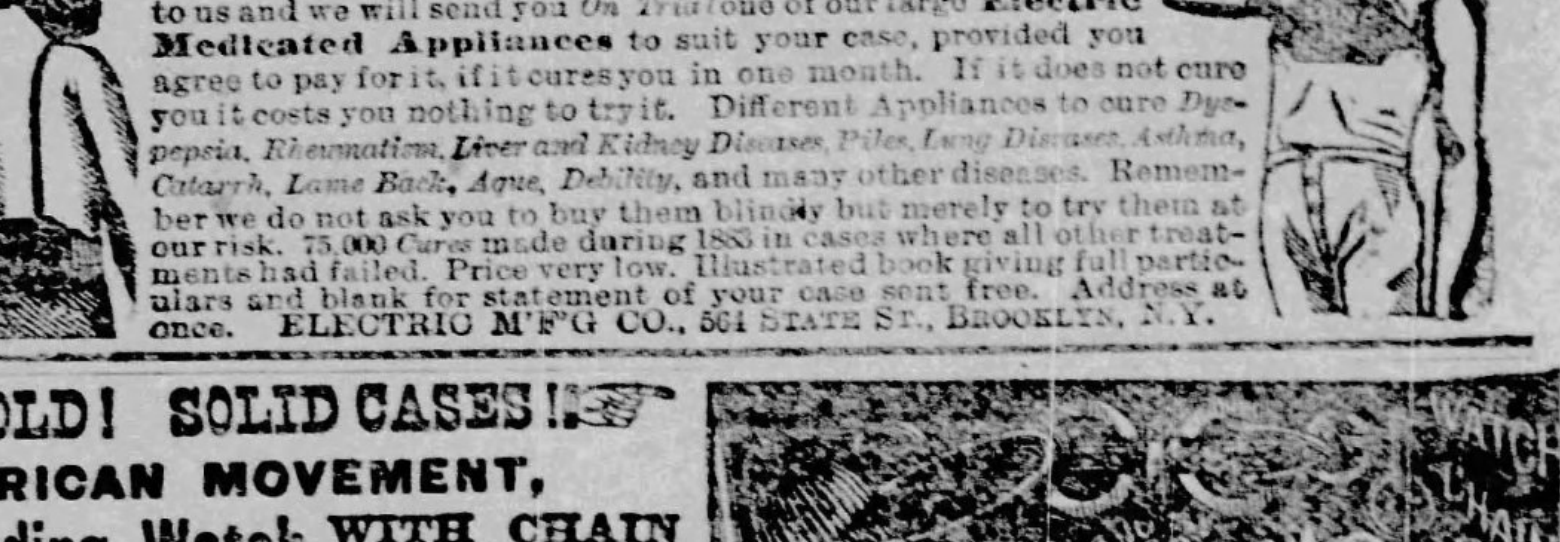
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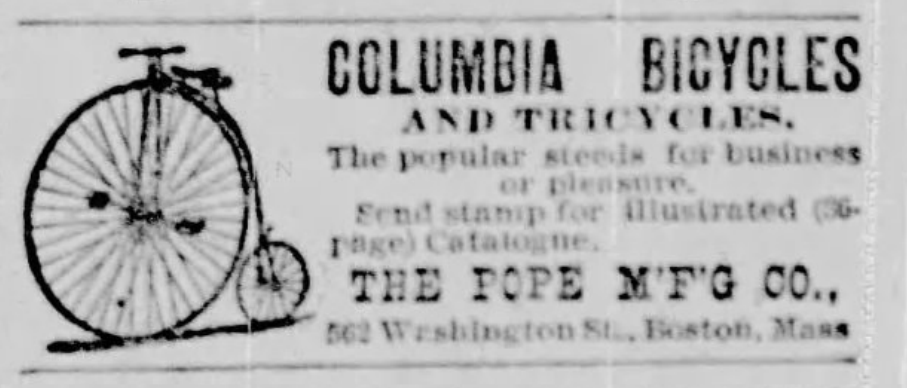
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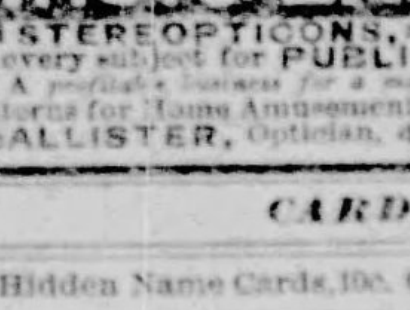

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, Nov. 6, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second Class Matter.

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Circulation Last Week, 191,000.

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The price of the BLADE is only $1 a year. Those who desire it for a shorter time may subscribe for three months for 30 cents. Clubs of Four for three months 25 cents each. Try the BLADE and you will need no other newspaper reading for the Winter.

Remit at once, and when you remit send us the names of as many of your friends as you remember, to whom we will send specimen copies.

THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS.

The Aleutian Islands, which are part of our Alaska purchase, are several hundred in number, and extend westward from the peninsula in a chain nearly 1,000 miles in length. While many are small, some of them are as large as the smaller States of the Union. They are in the same latitude as England, lying between the parallels of 62° and 55° north, and as their shores are bathed by the great "Kuro Siwo," or Japan current, a warm ocean current precisely analogous to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic, their climate is very nearly the same as that of England, with abundant moisture and luxuriant vegetation.

The noted Arctic explorer, Lieut. SCHWATKA, proposes to use them for cattle raising, for which they are peculiarly adapted. They are not so far from our Pacific coast as to be deprived of a market. They contain about 5,000,000 acres, half of which is supposed to be well adapted to cattle raising. The life of a cattle king there will be in many respects more isolated than on the ranches of Colorado or Nebraska, but will be more independent and secure. Lieut. SCHWATKA has had enough experience in that region to know something nearly what it can be made to do, and he has induced capitalists to give him abundant backing. If he succeeds, there will have been made a beginning at settling and utilizing this territory which will more than repay us for its purchase.

SEND US NAMES.

Send us the names of your friends to whom we may send specimen copies. No matter where they are—East, West, North or South, send them in. The BLADE is the only paper that can claim a purely National circulation. It goes to every State and Territory in the Union, and to almost every Postoffice. It is as popular in Maine as it is in Texas, and is read with as much avidity in New York as in Washington Territory. We want all the names we can get.

THE arrangements for the establishment of an Irish colony in Utah are all but completed. A tract of 100,000 acres has been secured, and all that is wanted now is that the water rights should be guaranteed. Mr. JOHN DILLON, late M. P. for Tipperary, who accompanied Mr. PARNELL through this country, has thrown himself into the scheme with great vigor. At first it was intended that the settlement should be devoted exclusively to Irish immigrants. That scheme has been abandoned now. All poor people of all nationalities will not only be welcomed, but will be assisted until they obtain a footing, and be allowed to pay for the land they occupy "as soon as they can."

SOME figuring has been done by the *Insurance Chronicle*, which is not reassuring to the people living north of the Ohio and east of the Missouri rivers. It shows that the lightning strokes for 1882 and 1883 were confined to that portion of the country, and that the centers of electrical disturbances were in New England and the Northwest. Very few occur in the Southern States. The Summer months were those in which they were most frequent, 65 per cent. taking place then.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been favorable to the agricultural interest, and active progress has been making, no doubt, in finishing up the fall plowing and sowing, while the conditions for maturing corn and picking cotton have been excellent. It is reported that the official estimate of the corn crop has been fixed at 1,820,000,000 bushels, of wheat 519,750,000 bushels, oats at 570,000,000 bushels, and barley at 50,000,000 bushels. The corn crop exceeds the previous maximum yield by 66,000,000 bushels, wheat by 15,750,000 bushels, and oats by 20,000,000 bushels.

THE New York banks have reduced their reserve resources slightly, but the latter are $32,734,800 greater in amount than a year ago, their deposits are $8,601,700 greater, and their loans are $31,830,800 less. With the present surplus those banks could increase their liabilities by about $125,000,000 without impairing the standard reserve; and it would seem probable that, with comparatively settled conditions, they will pursue hereafter a more liberal policy in assisting the interior trade, by rediscounting for their interior correspondents.

THE general market for securities has been sluggish and values have been sustained for the most part only by the strength of holders. A firm and advancing market in this line must obviously depend either upon speculation or upon liberal profits from trade or investments, or both, but all these factors have been absent. Consequently, while holders have found their dividends decreasing they have been unable to sell, except at considerable sacrifices, and most of such properties are being held "for better times."

ONE of the marked features of the political campaign this year has been the intense interest taken in the result by the business community. Business has been dull, awaiting election day. "After the election is over" has been, for a couple of months, the time set for a revival of activity in all branches of trade, for the payment of debts, and for the beginning of the long-expected boom.

THE iron market exhibits a little improvement in some departments, with slightly firmer prices. The steel rail market has attracted a great deal of attention. While rates at Pittsburg are $28 to $29 per ton for small lots, yet the scarcity of orders for late winter and spring delivery has led the Lackawanna company to accept a contract from the Canadian Pacific railroad of 10,600 tons at $26.75 per ton. It is believed by some that prices will go still lower.

THE mercantile disasters of the past week are considerably below the average for some time. According to *Bradstreets*, they amounted to 205, against 234 the previous week, and 195 during the corresponding week of last year. This excess over the corresponding total for the same date in 1883 is the smallest that has been reported for many months, though the same week last year showed a sudden rise over the previous weeks of that season.

THE cholera is progressing slowly in Southern Europe, and considerable alarm is said to be felt in London in regard to its progress. The greatest vigilance is exercised there, and advised upon this side of the water, as there is scarcely a doubt but that it will be with us next year.

A LIVELY fight has been in progress in the British Parliament over Lord SPENCER, the Viceroy of Ireland. An effort was made to expel him, under a vote of censure, from the office, but it failed utterly. The House of Commons sustained him by a vote of five to one. It is thought this will be certain to cause the Parnellites to oppose the Franchise bill.

THE trouble between the French and Chinese is still in progress, notwithstanding the French papers assert that there is no war. Blockades and naval fights, and sanguinary land conflicts, however, are certainly not strong evidences of peace. The Chinese assert that in spite of the blockade in Formosa troops and war material are being landed, and the fleet has been ordered to the Formosan coast to aid the defenders of the island. Chinese troops are also being massed near Pekin. The French, on their side, are preparing to send two additional cruisers and five gunboats from Toulon to China. A revolting part of the business is the wild rage of the Chinese, which has led to the destruction of Catholic churches and chapels in the neighborhood of Canton, and the torture and murder of many Catholic converts.

HITHERTO the Spanish Government has taken little part in the scramble for African colonial possessions that has kept other European nations busy lately, but it has now decided to change its policy. The expedition exploring the West Coast of Africa sends back such favorable reports that the old Spanish settlements at Guinea and Fernando Po, so long neglected and almost forgotten, have become objects of interest and emigration thither is to be encouraged, and a shipping line to be established. Large tracts of lands have been purchased on the Mediterranean shore near Morocco and Spanish colonies are to be established there. Spain will hereafter vote with Portugal in sustaining the latter's claim to African territory. The Congo Conference is to meet in Berlin, Nov. 12.

IT has been rumored during the past week, and in fact a circumstantial account was given of the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi, and the taking of Gen. GORDON prisoner; but the English War Office at last accounts had received no confirmation of the report, and it is probably a canard. Were it true the result would be likely to be the downfall of the Gladstone Ministry. The people are intensely excited over the matter and the general feeling is that England has been insulted, and therefore the Mahdi must be crushed. However, England is apt to feel insulted; so it may all effervesce without any different policy than has been maintained.

THE fighting is still going on over the Franchise bill in the British Parliament, and but little progress has been made during the last week. The policy of the Tories and Irish members at the present session is clearly that of obstruction. Doubtless the object is to prevent the measure reaching the House of Lords until late next month, and to have it declared there too late to have it acted upon before the holidays. This will give a chance for a cry that the special session has all been wasted.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the efforts which are being persistently made to open up a new trade route between Europe and Siberia by the North Sea. Siberia is one of the richest countries in the world, and may yet be the granary of Europe.

THE result of the present election in Germany does not seem to promise a great deal for the future success of Parliamentary Government there. BISMARCK will, doubtless, be able to hold his own as he has hitherto, and emigrants will come to the United States in as large numbers as heretofore. This state of things will probably continue so long as BISMARCK lives and retains the iron will for which he is remarkable.

RUM IN POLITICS.

Those who are disposed to treat the Whisky and Beer interest as a mere passive nuisance, something that is annoying to all and dangerous to some, need to be instructed as to what it is and what its pretensions really are. It is not a mere nothing, the effects of which are to be felt only by those who are its direct victims. We wish to make it plain that the liquor interest, the great Beer interest especially, is less dangerous to the individual than to the community at large, that the people who are without the appetite are just as much or even more interested in destroying the traffic than those who are. The habitual drinker ruins himself and his family, but the evil does not stop with him and those immediately connected with him.

A brief history of one piece of legislation in Ohio is sufficient to illustrate our meaning.

Two years ago the Legislature of the State of Ohio passed the Scott Law, which taxed liquor sellers $200 annually. Inasmuch as this Legislature was Republican, politically, the ire of the Brewing interest was directed at that organization. The Brewer has no politics. He cares nothing for Banks, Tariffs, Internal Improvements, or anything of the sort. He has a profit on Beer of from $1 to $2 per barrel, and all the interest he has in politics is to insure the continuance of the business, the making of as many consumers of beer as possible, and the privilege of selling to them week-days and Sundays, unrestrained by law.

The Democratic party were not slow to take advantage of this step on the part of the Republicans. They met the Brewer at a secret meeting, and this bargain was made:—

The Democracy agreed to permit the Brewers to dictate the nominations for the Legislature, and the vacancy on the Supreme Bench of the State, that the law should be either repealed or declared unconstitutional.

The Brewers agreed to organize the saloon-keepers in the interest of the Democracy, and to furnish all the money for campaign purposes.

The bargain was carried out by the Brewers to the letter. They raised more money for campaign purposes than had ever been used in a State election, and the Republicans, not anticipating this new element in politics, were caught napping. HOADLY was elected Governor and the Democratic candidate for Supreme Judge and a Democratic Legislature were elected.

The Democracy were loth to carry out the infamous bargain. The Democratic Legislature balked immediately, and tried to compromise on something less than a repeal of the law, but the Brewers would accept nothing less than what they had bought and paid for. The Brewers and the Legislature quarreled all the Winter, and the Legislature adjourned without doing anything.

The Brewers were firm and uncompromising. Before the October election this year they reminded the Democracy of their breach of faith by abstaining from active interference, giving them warning of what would happen in November if the bargain was not carried out. The only way left to do it was by the Supreme Court, and the villainous compact was consummated the latter part of October.

A partisan Supreme Court, elected by the Brewers for the purpose, declared the Scott law unconstitutional, which decision not only frees the brewers from any further interference, but compels the counties to refund the money already collected, which aggregates, in the State, something over $3,000,000!

What we want to impress upon our readers, is the fact that beer and whisky is a power which, as parties are divided and are likely to be, holds the balance of power in all the States, controlling not only the legislative and executive branches of the State governments, but the judicial. They control the political actions of the thousands of saloon-keepers, whom they own body, soul, boots and breeches; they have millions of dollars and the most lucrative business in the world at stake, and they are utterly and entirely without interest in matters political except as it effects their peculiar traffic.

Ohio stands before the world as a State whose Executive, Legislative and Judicial departments are the mere instruments of the liquor interest of the State, elected by this interest, under a bargain to carry out its behests. It is not the farmers, merchants and manufacturers of Ohio who control the government of the State; it is the Brewers and their satellites, the keepers of the saloons. One interest governs the State of Ohio.

Is the interest that makes criminals and fosters criminality the fit repository of the law-making power?

Is the interest which is at war with law and order, with the schools and churches, the proper one to govern a country, the existence of which depends entirely upon the intelligence and virtue of the people?

Is the interest that is hand-in-glove with crime, which is the fountain-head of everything that is debasing and degrading, the interest that thrives only upon crime, and which is the parent of disorder, the interest to control the Government?

In Ohio it has seized the Legislative and Executive departments, and has forced its way upon the Supreme Bench. For the first time in the history of the State, a Judge has been elected, not to construe law, but for the specific purpose of destroying a law. For the first time in the history of the State a partisan decision has been made, by a Judge whose election was in pursuance of a bargain.

If this is done in the green tree what will it be in the dry? If this can be done in one State why not in the Nation? If Ohio can be captured by the Brewers, what State is safe?

There is but one way to curtail the power of this fiendish interest, and that is to kill it. There is no intermediate way. To license it is to give it as much power for evil as ever, and to make a crime legal and respectable. To attempt any restraint is to give it the sanction of the law. Absolute Prohibition is the only way to rid the country of it. To do anything else is to nurse it, and give it the power to protect itself. The only thing to do is for practical men to take hold of a movement the object of which is to kill the traffic.

The time has come for good citizens to consider these matters. The political questions are settled for the next two years, and now is the proper time for the consideration of this, the most important question that has come before the people since the destruction of slavery. The time has come for good men to ask themselves whether they are willing to delegate the power that is vested in them to the Gin-mills and Beer-shops of the country? The time has come to join issue with this one power, and determine whether the decent sentiment of the country or one interest, and that the lowest, shall control the destinies of the Republic. In brief, the time has come to do something toward destroying this monster which aims at the control of the country.

The BLADE, last week, outlined the only way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

TO TEMPERANCE MEN.

Will the friends of Temperance be good enough to send us the addresses of the active Temperance men in their localities, and for that matter anywhere in the United States. We want as many as possible, and as soon as possible.

THE RACE QUESTION IN AMERICA.

We have received from the author, J. B. MANSFIELD, of Effingham, Kas., the first 70 pages of his forthcoming "Sketch of the Political History of the United States." This gentleman views the subject in a new light. He regards the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth as each the seed germ of a nation, their colonists being the representatives of the two elements of English population, or rather of Northern Europe; that of the South was of the titled aristocracy, that of the North of the untitled class. These two were in Europe on opposite sides of religious, industrial and political questions, and from the colonies they planted in America have grown up two distinct peoples of the white race, having nothing in common but their nationality, each prejudiced against the other, and both engaged in a perpetual struggle for domination of their common country.

To these two great differing races was added the negro. The South is peculiarly adapted, in climate, soil and productions, to become his habitat, and there he has thriven and multiplied. So geographically the Union is divided into two sections, the one dominated by the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic race, the Celtic and the Negro races occupying and controlling the other.

Judging from the small portion of the entire book before us, the author works out the historic facts in a very creditable manner, and shows clearly the phases of the struggle between the two opposing forces after they were arrayed against each other under opposite political party names. The race question in American politics is attracting much attention at present, and Mr. MANSFIELD has apparently worked out a new line of research upon this subject. We shall, when we receive the completed work, again refer to the matter; for the question as to who shall rule the Union bids fair to soon become as important as it was in the four years from 1856 to 1860, the elections of the latter year resulting in the overthrow of the Celtic people (using the term "Celtic" in its widest sense and not as synonymous with "Irish"), after nearly sixty years' continuous control of the Government, and in the return of the Anglo-Saxons to power.

TO OUR CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIBERS.

The time of those who subscribed for the campaign expires with this number. There are many thousands of them, and we have a strong desire for them to continue with us. They have read the BLADE some months, and can form some idea of what it is. It is true that we have devoted more space to politics than we liked, for the political interests involved overshadowed everything else; therefore we do not wish to be judged by the issues of the past five months. Now that the fate of the country is settled for four years we can make the BLADE more acceptable to all the members of the family. We shall have more space to devote to topics that interest all. We shall enlarge the various departments and add many new ones which we have in contemplation. In short, we can make the good old BLADE better than ever, all of which we pledge ourselves to do.

We ask you to renew your subscriptions at once, so as not to lose a number. A complete file of the BLADE is of great value, and will increase in value every year.

Send in your subscriptions immediately.

THE campaign just closed has been the most enthusiastic ever known in this country. Even the old men who remember vividly the tremendous campaign of 1840 for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," are willing to admit that the intense energy, the vast meetings, the enthusiasm of the people, during this year's canvass puts even the HARRISON campaign in the background. The boys of to-day will refer for years to the "great BLAINE campaign," as their fathers have hitherto done to the HARRISON campaign.

CAMPAIGN subscribers whose time expires with this issue will receive the paper unbroken if they remit immediately. We shall save the plates of this week, to be able to send it in the future to those who want regular files. Remit at once. We want to continue every one of our campaign friends. The BLADE is the largest and cheapest, and we believe the best, paper published, and we want its influence widened every year.

GEN. GRANT says that since it has become known that he is writing a series of articles for the *Century*, which are afterward to be printed in book form, he has had letters from all over the country from ex-soldiers who want to canvass for the book when it is published. This seems to be rather a good scheme—to have ex-soldiers canvassing for a history of the war written by their General.

OUR RED PENSIONERS.

During the past year it has cost the National Government an average of $7 each to feed and clothe the Indians. This is a good showing, and indicates that the administration of the Indian Bureau's affairs is marked by strict economy. But this $2,000,000 per year, or thereabouts, which it takes to furnish food and clothing for the red wards of the Nation, by no means represents their entire cost to us. The chief use of the United States army is to preserve peace on the frontier, and the cost of each private soldier is over $1,000 a year. But while Commissioner PRICE admits this, he is also hopeful that it is possible to render them self-supporting. He thinks that the Indian is quite capable of a much higher degree of civilization, and that the solution of the vexed Indian problem is to raise him to this plane as speedily as possible. As a means to this most desirable end, he warmly advocates the extension of the work of the Indian schools, approves the establishment of Indian courts, with native officers, and desires the Government to extend a helping hand to those who are desirous of making a start toward becoming independent through their own industry. No one will dispute the soundness of his position. The present policy is a degrading one. Uncivilized man is a lazy animal, and to furnish him with his food and clothing is to do the very thing which will prevent him ever rising to the social scale. To turn him loose with the injunction, "Work or starve," would not only be cruel, but would defeat its own object. The Indian wouldn't work, but he would steal; and as soon as the tribes set out on a marauding expedition, an Indian war would begin. The result would be that the redskins would be captured, and, as prisoners, be fed and clothed by the Government. The adult Indians, as a rule, are hopeless cases. The children must be taken in hand, educated, taught to labor, to form habits of industry and prudence, and be given a start in life when they reach years of discretion. In one generation the troublesome problem would be solved, and solved in the only way possible, short of extermination. The coming session of Congress, the Presidential question being disposed of, should turn its attention to this great work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians.

AN EXTRAVAGANCE.

Foreigners severely criticise the cooking in the United States. Particularly do the French find fault with the way in which the meat is disposed of. Cooks coming from that country into the households this side of the water are astonished at the waste in this one direction. They do not allow one mouthful to be thrown away. Even those parts which the American housewife pronounces utterly unfit for use, they will contrive to turn into wholesome and palatable food. Necessity has taught them the art, and it is astonishing what a difference it makes in the daily expenses.

We are a nation of meat eaters. In many houses this article of food is to be found upon the table in some form three times a day, and the majority are not satisfied without it. Even the day laborer must have his juicy roast and tender steak as often as it is possible to procure it, and his meat bill is the large item in his weekly expenditures. Nothing but the best and therefore the highest priced part of the animal will do, and when this is considered, it is no wonder that the cost of living is so great. Looked at fairly, it is actually an extravagance for which there is no manner of need.

An interview with a leading butcher not long ago developed some interesting facts in this direction. He said that it was rare that anything but the choicest pieces were called for even for making soup, although shin beef was the very best for that purpose. This fact was one of the reasons why beef is so high. The carcasses are bought by the pound, and just as much paid for the poorer parts as for the best. If, therefore, the former is not saleable at fair figures, the price of the latter must be proportionately greater.

There is no question but a part of the fault lies in American cooking. House wives do not know how to prepare these inferior pieces properly, and hence do not buy them. Could they acquire the skill of the French cook, and be willing to take the requisite trouble to make these cheap pieces into nutritious food, the cost of living in this one thing would be materially diminished. The great trouble is the learning how. It is true that American men and women are more extravagant than any other people in the world, but the time is coming when greater economy for the masses will be a necessity.

A school of Cookery should be connected with the public schools in every town in the country. It should form a part of the industrial education of every girl, and the teaching should be thoroughly practical and in the direction of health and economy. It should be as compulsory as arithmetic or writing, for its importance in every way is greater. With a proper understanding of the matter, the saving to the nation annually, in the single item of meat, would pay the additional cost of such schools.

THE WAY TO PROHIBITION.

Organize a Prohibition League in every State, irrespective of party. Divorce Prohibition from partisan organizations. Let Republicans and Democrats opposed to Rum join hands in a movement against Rum supremacy. Elect Legislatures pledged to the submission of Prohibition amendments to the people. These Legislatures will submit the amendments, the people will ratify them at the polls the year following, and the work is done.

This is the way to Prohibition, and the only way. Half the States in the Union may free themselves from the Rum and Beer curse within three years, if this method is adopted and followed. Practical men must take hold of the movement and practical methods must be adopted. This is the practical method.

WHEN you remit for the BLADE for the coming year, secure the subscription of your neighbor. We want to widen the power for good for the BLADE as much as possible. It takes no time or trouble to get another subscriber, and $2 is as easily remitted as one. And send us the names and Post office address of as many of your friends as possible.

ONE evidence that they have some health officers in New York who are determined to do their duty is the fact that a wealthy real estate owner there has been fined $500 this week for allowing his premises to become unclean.

HISTORIC GROUND SOLD.

Harper's Ferry, of historic fame, has been sold for the sum of $32,110, a mere song, when it is considered what a fine piece of property it is, and more especially when all that makes the place memorable is called to mind.

As far back as 1794 it was selected as a place for the location of the National Armory, and with WASHINGTON's approval the Government bought 25,000 acres of land and the splendid water power of the Potomac at this point. Shops were erected and the manufacture of arms was begun for the supply of the army.

Later on, JOHN BROWN made the place prominent by the attempt to gain possession of the arsenal with its 100,000 stand of arms, preparatory to his contemplated arousing of the blacks in Virginia. Everybody is familiar with the story of this grand, but futile from its very inception, effort to start a revolt among the slaves which would lead to their freedom all over the country.

Then came the breaking out of the rebellion and the movement of the secessionist Governor of Virginia to gain possession of this important point, a movement in the main successful, for though the force sent against it was too strong for the commandant to resist, and he retired after setting fire to the buildings and hauling away some of the most valuable of the machinery, yet there was considerable left which the rebels removed to Richmond, while they established a camp at Harper's Ferry and concentrated between two and three thousand troops there.

After this there was more or less fighting and fluctuation of movement around the place. It was evacuated when Gen. PATTERSON crossed into the Valley, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, re-occupied by the rebels after the defeat, and held by them until BANKS moved, in March, 1862, towards Richmond. Gen. LEE recaptured it and took nearly the whole garrison of 12,000 men, with a large amount of arms and stores. From this time until the close of the war it had varying fortunes, and in the small fights that took place in and around it, the place suffered materially.

It is a great pity that the Government has allowed it to pass out of its hands. With its grand location, its magnificent natural surroundings, its historic associations, it was property that should have belonged to the Nation. Instead of that it has been sold for a paltry sum by a Democratic Congress and will now be used as a site for car shops and a paper mill.

MORMON PEONAGE.

Mormon immigrants are coming every week from Europe, ignorant of the fact that they are bending their necks voluntarily to accept a yoke almost as galling as that of actual slavery. The immigrant is a stranger, and the Morman hierarchy "take him in." They have an organization called the "Perpetual Immigration Fund Society," which is one of the wheels within the wheels of the monstrous Mormon iniquity. The Mormons at large is taxed to support this society, aside from the tithes they pay to the church. All the best Government lands in Utah have been taken up by the Mormon Church, at the regular price, and it is sold out in farms to these ignorant immigrants at four or five times its original cost. These new-comers being poor, it is sold to them on credit, with heavy interest. The immigrant is allowed to buy only a limited area, regulated according to the size of his family and his ability to cultivate it. His supplies for his first year's crop he receives from the co-operative store, which is another of the inside organizations of that sink of iniquity, the Mormon Church. A high price is charged for these, with interest, of course. At the close of the unfortunate slave's first year, along comes the tithe-gatherer, and takes one-tenth of all his crops for the support of the Church. Then the bill and interest for his year's outfit must be paid, and then the agent collects his fare from Europe to Salt Lake—and he is charged first class prices, although the steamships and railroads only charged emigrant rates. The difference is pocketed by the inner ring of Mormon rascals. If these harpies leave the poor settler anything, the land agent gets it on the purchase price of his farm. Then he must buy his next year's provisions on credit at the co-operative store, and pay interest, as before. Year by year the process goes on, until the load of debt is lifted—if it ever is. The crushing out of that plague-spot of our civilization is one of the most imperative necessities of the times.

FARMERS' GRIEVANCES.

Two questions of much interest to the farmers of the Northwest are discussed in a letter in *Bradstreets*. The first is the alleged injustice they receive at the hands of the elevator men. These elevators, set up along the railroads, receive and "grade" the wheat. They are owned either by the railroads or by select syndicates of inside railroad men. Their dictum as to the grade of the wheat is absolute, and the lower they grade it the cheaper they get it. Hence the farmer complains constantly of an injustice from which he has no appeal except at competing points, where there may be rival roads or rival elevators. The second matter is the alleged arbitrary and often excessive charges for the transportation of wheat, especially at points where there is no possible competition.

The only feasible remedy for the first which has so far been suggested is for a system of State inspectors of grain and the issue of negotiable certificates to be given by elevators when grain is received, calling for a similar quality of wheat. This, it is said, is very likely to be the outcome of the elevator troubles.

As to the question of freight rates, the quarrel bids fair to grow constantly worse. The Legislatures of these States may be provoked into compelling the roads to adopt a "mileage rate," thus regulating the price entirely by the number of miles hauled—at which we may expect a cry about injustice, abuse, and destruction of property. But such a provision is only operative on the lines within one State; and the poor farmer may be skinned alive by a rate tariff which gives him a low rate to the State line, and a high one from there to the lakes or the seaboard. This question is one for National legislation, under that clause in the Constitution which gives the Congress power to make laws regulating commerce between the States.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

This valuable book is now having an enormous sale. Every family should have a copy. See advertisement of Locke Publishing Company on last page.

The Election.

The Returns Slow in Coming In--Blaine and Logan Probably Elected.

The returns of the Presidential election so far are not decisive enough to say who is the chosen head of the American people. Both parties are claiming the Union with vehemence. The situation changes with kaleidoscopic quickness, but the most reliable data in our possession at this writing are as follows:

The following states are the ones which are claimed by both parties, and those which are still in doubt:

The "Solid South," with its 153 electoral votes, is for CLEVELAND, except that MAHONE claims Virginia's 12 electoral votes for BLAINE.

Indiana's 15 electoral votes are in doubt.

Michigan, 13 electoral votes, is Republican by a small majority.

Wisconsin, 11 electoral votes, is doubtful. Returns are scattering, and slow in coming in.

Minnesota, 7 electoral votes, is now conceded to the Republicans.

Illinois, 22 electoral votes, is claimed by the Democrats, but the returns do not bear out their claim.

California, 8 electoral votes, is in doubt.

Nevada, 3 electoral votes, is Republican.

New Jersey, 9 electoral votes, is Democratic.

Massachusetts is Republican, with its 14 electoral votes, while the 6 of Connecticut are doubtful.

All the other Northern States are sure for BLAINE, and the Democrats lay no claim to any of them.

The total electoral vote is 401; necessary to elect, 201. The above figures give doubtful 40, CLEVELAND 162, BLAINE 210—and elect them.

If the later returns do not change the vote of the states now claimed confidently for BLAINE, he is the next President.

The BUTLER vote is much smaller than was anticipated, and cuts no figure in the result. It is smaller than that of ST. JOHN.

We are confident that triumph awaits us, and that fuller returns will show the election of BLAINE and LOGAN. The returns are slow in coming in from some of the States, by reason of those who also voted for a full list of State officers, as well as Congressmen, and the count is long and tedious.

We think GROVER CLEVELAND is beaten.

SILURIAN PREJUDICES.

In strong contrast with the action of the Trustees of the Toledo Manual Training School, admitting girls to an equal share in its advantages and benefits, is that of the Faculty of the Adelbert College in Cleveland. In an editorial discussion of the matter the *Herald* puts it in a strong light.

It would seem as if the members of the Faculty belong to a century ago, so little and narrow is their reasoning. One argument is that the present course is not adapted to girls, and yet, as is well known, the girls have always kept up with the boys in these studies declared not suited to them. The *Herald* says:

> Looking at the figures showing the standing of the two sexes during the past year, it would seem that the Faculty, in arranging the course exclusively for boys, made a mistake and fitted it to the capacities of the girls instead.

Then another very weak argument is that some of the topics in literary studies are not proper for free discussion before mixed classes. The absurdity of this is at once evident. Either the Adelbert College must lay claim to greater purity than any other institution in the country, or else these studies are excluded from the latter, as the difficulty has not been met with elsewhere.

Why argue the question? Why does not the Faculty come out and declare that it is simply the old time prejudice against allowing girls a higher education? Why not at once admit that they are fighting the advance of the more liberal ideas of the present days, which gives to a woman an equal intellectual chance with man? Protesting in the manner they do, the weakness of the ground they stand upon is evident, and also shows their fossilized condition. It will be strange if their protest—not joined in by the President, who is decidedly in favor of co-education—has any influence whatever upon the action of the Trustees.

Toledo is fortunate in having no such Silurian prejudices to contend with in her new enterprise. The same liberality which has characterized its beginning, will, no doubt, go with it in its future, and whatever improvements are made will look towards the benefit of the one sex as much as towards that of the other.

IT hardly seems possible that any country can beat the United States just now in the number of its political parties, but Germany is ahead. At the last election there, no less than 10 organizations elected members to the Reichstag. Some of them were named: Imperialists, German Liberals, National Liberals, Social Democrats, Center, Conservatives, The People's Party, Guelph, Alsatian, Poles.

THE London *Times* is energetically finding fault with the way in which the mail service to the United States is conducted by the British Postoffice. It contrasts it sharply with the American plan of dispatching the mails by the swiftest steamers, and demands a change for the better.

THE British Parliament spent a good deal of time in discussing the present hard times in England. And yet that is the country where the Democrats' boasted Free Trade panacea for all evils has been in operation for long years. The condition there is infinitely worse than in the country.

PROF. HUXLEY, who has been sick for some time and sojourning in Italy in order to recover his health, is now reported as rapidly improving, and will soon be able to return to his scientific labors.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The bakers of Paris refuse to consider a request by the Prefect for a reduction in the price of bread.——The Episcopal Diocesan Convention at Baltimore elected as Bishop of Maryland Rev. Dr. Paret, now rector of Epiphany Church, Washington.——In the 20 years ending in 1883 the lottery players of Italy turned into the Royal Treasury $275,000,000. Count Cavour called the lottery "the tax on fools."——The Presbyterians of New York State are endeavoring to get control of Hamilton College, which has been promised them on condition that they raise an endowment fund of $500,000 for the institution. Up to the first of last July they had paid into the treasury of the college $57,799.——George T. Jackson, President of a cotton factory at Augusta, Ga., is confessedly a defaulter. The Investigating Committee estimates the steal at from $60,000 to $100,000.——F. J. Moses, formerly Governor of South Carolina, having been jailed in Detroit for swindling a clergyman, nearly succeeded in hanging himself in his cell. When cut down he was black in the face, and had lost consciousness. On recovering he was sentenced to 90 days in the house of correction. His attorneys expect to get him pardoned on the plea of insanity.——A wealthy Englishman has made a curious bet with a Swiss mountaineer. The latter wagers that he can make the tour of Europe on foot, visiting every country, inside of 10 months, starting January 1, 1885. The wager is for £1,000 and expenses.——The Order of the Legion of Honor, founded by Napoleon I. in 1804, has on its rolls at present 17 lady knights, and of this number nine are Superiors or Sisters of Orders which attend in hospitals.——Duke Gwin, ex-United States Senator and now a man of venerable appearance, is in Washington. It is said that he is the agent of M. De Lesseps, and that his business at the Capitol is to keep an eye on persons who seek Government aid for the Nicaragua Canal.——The Presbyterian Synod of Ohio declared in favor of prohibition.——Included in the latest list of victims of cholera at Naples is the name of an old woman aged 103 years.——Fredericksburg, Va., has laid claim to the distinction of being the burial place of Edward Heldon, one of the pall-bearers to William Shakspere.——Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff, C. J. Faulkner, died at Martinsburg, W. Va., Saturday, aged 78.——Blondin recently performed on a tight rope stretched across the river Arno at Florence for the benefit of the cholera sufferers. The sides of the bridges commanding a view of the performances were covered with cloth and parts of the shore were also screened, in order to prevent people without tickets from entering the enclosures provided for spectators.——A Vermont paper mentions 16 persons who have died in that State within three years at 100 years of age or over. The oldest was William Masters of Maidstone, who died last year at the age of 111 years and two months.——The experiment of sending frozen beef from Australia to England has not been as successful as the venture with mutton. Beef contains so much water that it is very unsightly when thawed after being frozen, and a large percentage of the flavor is lost through the drawing off of the juices.——Another attempt to prohibit the sale of tobacco in any form to minors under 16 years of age is being made in Vermont, a bill to that effect having been introduced into the Legislature.——The first number of the Hartford Courant was published 120 years ago last Thursday, and it claims from that day it has never missed a regular issue.——A short time ago a San Francisco dentist agreed to fill a person's teeth for $17.50, but when the work was completed charged $22.50. The individual refused payment, and the dentist removed the fillings by force. The patient brought suit for damages, and has just been awarded $217.50 and costs.——Prince Crosby, supposed to be more than 104 years of age, died recently at Fishkill, Conn. He was formerly the slave of Enoch Crosby, who figured as Harvey Birch in Cooper's novel, "The Spy."——The only three survivors of the battle of Stonington, Conn., are Charles O. Williams, of Stonington, aged 89; Henry Denison, of Ledyard, aged 91; and Col. George L. Perkins, of Norwich, aged 96.——During the year ended Saturday the National banks withdrew from the Federal Treasury $17,930,318 deposited to secure circulation. At the present rate of redemption the 3 per cents will disappear by June, 1886.——Last year an aggregate of 156,000,000 tons of coal were brought to the surface in Great Britain. The number of tons devoted to various specific objects were as follows: Paper making and tanning, 930,000 tons; water works, 2,191,000 tons; breweries and distilleries, 2,817,000 tons; railways, 3,130,000 tons; steam navigation, 4,605,000 tons; gas works, 9,300,000 tons; coal exported, 14,393,000 tons; iron and steel works, 46,350,000 tons; domestic use, 26,918,000 tons.——The Director of the Mint has prepared a statement in regard to the present money circulation in 39 countries of the world as compared with the circulation as reported a year ago, which shows a decrease in the gold circulation of about $52,000,000, an increase in the silver circulation of $41,000,000, an increase in paper circulation of $10,000,000. He attributes the loss in gold circulation to a reduced production and to the increased use of that metal in ornamentation and the arts.——Sen. Dolph, of Oregon, proposes to ask the grand jury at Annapolis to find indictments for murder against the hazers who caused the death of Cadet Strong by rolling him down-hill in a barrel.——Pres. Arthur went to New York Monday, and Tuesday voted the Republican ticket, as usual.——For the first time in the history of the Democratic party in New York, Beecher's sayings adorned some of the banners carried by the Tammany braves, Saturday night.——The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Commissioner of Patents has the exclusive right to decide for himself whether or not a patent ought to issue, and the Secretary of the Interior has no right to review such decisions.——Public debt decrease in October, $8,307,192.——The great Plenary Council of the Catholic Church convenes in Baltimore November 10.——Alexander B. Cooper, mining speculator of Oakland, Cal., failed. Liabilities, $200,000; assets unknown.——The date of the opening of the New Orleans Exposition has been changed to December 16, because the previous date was on the opening of Congress. Entries may be made until December 1.——Cloudy weather and rain prevailed over the greater portion of the United States Tuesday.——A heroic bronze statue of Garfield has just been completed at Wurtemberg, on an order from San Francisco.——James B. Parke, prominent in the iron business at Buffalo, who mysteriously disappeared three months ago, returned with a statement that he was rendered half insane by business troubles and took a trip to Europe.——In the supplementary elections in Germany, Saturday, for members of the Reichstag, the Liberals were victorious, including Liebknecht. Ninety-seven ballots are yet necessary.——The fall of Khartoum and the murder or capture of Gen. Gordon, have been announced in Paris newspapers. The British Foreign Office, on the other hand, says it still holds Khartoum.——Many Ohio Democrats voted the Republican ticket Tuesday, to rebuke the Supreme Court for its partisan decision declaring the Scott liquor tax law unconstitutional.

A POINTER for our Free Trade friends: The British Postmaster General says that "the condition of English workingmen has not improved during the last fifty years."

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

Correspondents writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

III.

The next idea which girls and women must get rid of is that they can command good wages without thorough preparation for their work. It is an absolute truth without shadow of change or variation, that not only is there no royal road to knowledge, but there is none to success in anything that is worth the winning. It may sometimes seem that there is. We hear of windfalls of fortune. Now and then some one emerges from obscurity into a blaze of glory apparently without effort. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred a great deal of quiet hard work has been done; a wealth of energy expended to bring about what so dazzles you and the rest of the world.

That, however, is neither here nor there. These are exceptional cases, happening not much oftener than the lightning strikes. They do not bear in the least upon the great mass of struggling womankind, to which the majority belong. They will not give you food and clothing, nor help you in the struggle for them, if that becomes necessary.

You are to remember this: The more avenues of employment opened to women, the greater the competition to be met. When you begin to do labor that men have always done, the results of your attempt must be placed side by side with theirs, and judged accordingly. How can you expect without careful training and attention to every detail to equal them in facility and perfection, and so be entitled to the same wages? What right have you to demand to be hoisted at once to the top of the ladder without having climbed the intervening rounds? Why should poor work be received by your employers and paid for the same as good, simply because you are a woman? There is neither rhyme nor reason in it, and yet women do expect it.

The trouble is, too much help is looked for. The habit of dependence is so strong, of being regarded as inferior and weaker and therefore in need of propping up, so ingrained into woman's very nature, that it is hard to separate it from her life when it becomes necessary.

Some time ago I wrote to "Fannie Field," whose excellent writing upon practical subjects pertaining to the farm and poultry raising have made her name familiar, asking her to write something upon the latter subject which would help women who were anxious to be self-supporting. Her reply was to the point, and though the letter was a private one, her illustration of the discouragement which comes to those through this disposition, who are trying to help women to independence, struck me so forcibly that I must reproduce its substance here.

After kindly consenting to do what I asked, she added that the frequent failure of efforts in this direction reminded her of one of her childhood's experiments. She had a doll which was to her the embodiment of all that was beautiful, except that it would not stand or sit alone. Grieved at this one lack in her treasure, her childish brain puzzled over a remedy. At last a bright thought struck her, making the little heart glad. Could she have the patience to hold her up long enough, the little semblance of a baby might get sufficiently strong to be independent. She settled herself to the task, and for two long hours dolly was supported in an upright position. Aching arms were not allowed to interfere with the attempt, but then it seemed as if the little figure must stand, and the prop was slowly drawn away, when down went dolly, all in a heap, not a whit better or stronger for this expenditure of effort. This humorous illustration of a truth struck me very forcibly, as doubtless it will you who have given the matter thought and attention.

It is to avoid this hopeless collapse that is too often the result of a woman's attempting to enter some given field of labor, that I am so anxiously urging the necessity of thorough preparation in something that may be made a life work. Study it with a will to master its details, no matter what it may be. Make the trite old saying that "whatever is doing at all is worth doing well," your watchword, and then you can fearlessly enter the lists against competitors. The world always needs good work, and it will pay for it, without stopping to ask whether the worker be a man or a woman. It is true, as I said before, that there is yet a little disposition to underpay women, but while some of it has its outgrowth in the feeling that they are the weaker both physically and mentally, a part is because they are not expert laborers, and therefore produce poor results. The former sentiment is fast passing away, and when skill, gained by careful preparation and experience, takes the place of slip-shod methods, the pay will always be determined by the outcome and not by sex.

Let every woman who undertakes to do work where she competes with men, go to it with this one thing firmly fixed in her own mind: Not to expect or desire any favors because of her sex. She has left the drawing-room for the workshop of the world. To fill her place there worthily, she must do what is required of her just as well as it can be done by those who compete with her or she will surely be pushed to the wall. Her employer simply regards the quality of the work which he pays for, but the fact that it is a woman who has done it, does not enter into his judgment or make him willing to give wages that are not earned. She must expect—more than that—she should be ashamed not to do what would be required of a man in the same position. She must not look for any better treatment than would be accorded to him, and must be ready to be held equally responsible for the performance of her duties. She must live up to hours, must not dawdle, nor demand by word or look to be treated as if made of china, while those around her are of clay.

While I say this to you, and say it emphatically—for it is the Scylla upon which so many women's labor ships go down—I do not for one moment want you to understand me that as a woman you will receive no consideration, that you will be jostled as men jostle each other, that your ears or eyes will necessarily be shocked by rough words or actions. Conduct yourself as a true woman should, minding your own business, doing your work punctually, regarding the right of others always, and claiming no favors or exemption on the score of sex, and my word for it you will have no cause to complain. I speak from personal experience, extending over several years. During that period I have passed several times each working day through a room where are some 20 men at their labor. Into the room where I am writing men are passing in an out constantly. I am the only woman employed upon the editorial staff. In all of those months stretching into years, I have never been treated with aught but uniform courtesy, kindness and real consideration. My sense of propriety has never been shocked by an oath uttered in my presence when passing among these busy laborers. All may not be—I know they are not as fortunate in their surroundings as I have been—and yet I am sure that no woman need hesitate to engage in any work which she can do through fear of rude treatment from those around her, providing she is earnest of purpose, industrious in her labor, and maintains her womanly dignity.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pretty Bedroom Curtains.—Get enough of the best cheese cloth, cream colored, for the windows, two widths for each window, and just long enough to touch the floor. Hem the top and bottom, and then stitch bands of peacock blue or crimson canton flannel across top and bottom, the number to depend upon the width of bands. Loop back with bands of the same. Of course these will not do up well, but in a room that is not used a great deal, they will look nice a long time without it, and they are so inexpensive that a change can be often afforded.

Emery.—Get an acorn cup, gild it over, and then cover your wornout emery with crimson cashmere, put knots of gold colored silk over it, and glue it into the cup.

Wall Decoration.—A very unique thing is a flight of blackbirds upon the wall. Draw upon paper a bird upon the wing; or get the picture of one. Cut this out for a pattern. Then get black paper, or cloth is better, and cut out as many as you like, only graduate the size, having them grow smaller and smaller. Paste them on, the larger ones the lowest, and the very small ones the highest, close to the ceiling. Imitate as closely as possible the way that blackbirds look when flying in the air. In the one we saw the larger birds came about a third of the way down. The effect upon the white wall was exceedingly pretty.

Picture Frame.—I saw a request some time since in the HOUSEHOLD for directions for making pretty frames for pictures, and have waited to see if some one who had experience would not write them, but they have not, so will give you directions which I have. I have never used them myself, but believe them correct: For 2 lbs. of putty add 2 teaspoonfuls coach varnish, 2 of dammar varnish, and 1 of Japan dryer, and add burnt umber to darken to the required shade. Use linseed oil to soften, as the umber will make it dry, add the putty. After it is ready it should be as soft as for glaziers' use. Pound and work until the umber is worked evenly through the putty. If it is to be laid aside for any length of time before using, put in water and it will not become hard. Now you have the putty ready, and you must have some molds, so get some nice grape leaves and oil a shallow dish; lay the leaves wrong side up in the dish. Dissolve plaster of paris in water until it is of the consistency of sweet cream, and pour over the leaves; let stand a few hours and remove from the dish. Any pretty design can be taken with putty and cut in shape the same as above.

Now take your frame—pine is as good as any—oil it over with linseed oil, then spread on evenly with a case knife, the prepared putty, and make perfectly smooth by rubbing with the hand. Put a border around the frame, then take a piece of putty and flatten out as large as your leaf; lay on the mold and press carefully to get all the impression of the leaf in the putty. Remove, cut your leaf, leaving a stem, and lay leaves on the sides and ends of your frame, and put a bunch of grapes on each corner.

To make the grapes, take a piece of putty the shape you wish your bunch to be, only much smaller, and lay across the corner over the seam where the frame is joined, then mold little balls of putty in the hand and cover entirely over as near to imitate a bunch of grapes as you can. Now take a very small piece of putty, and, by rolling between two cigar box-covers you can make pretty tendrils to lay between leaves, and in all spaces left vacant where they will look pretty, and, if any time you have trouble about the leaves sticking to the putty on the frame, apply a very little oil with a feather to the spot where you wish your leaf to stick. When complete, lay away and let dry thoroly, and then varnish with coach varnish, two coats, and I am sure you will have a pretty frame and cheap. If your putty sticks to the molds, clear all off with benzine, and a little linseed oil or turpentine will clean your hands.

Here is also a good recipe for cleaning black walnut furniture: Take ½ pt. warm strong coffee, and 1 tablespoonful boiled linseed oil; apply with a flannel cloth, and polish with a dry cloth, flannel is best. This will make your furniture look almost new again.—MRS. A. F. I.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c short crochet.

Narrow Lace Edge.—Cast on 6 stitches. 1st row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—o twice—k 2. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—o—k 4. 4th row—Cast off 2—k 2—o—n—k 1. If wanted wider, cast on 8 stitches and o. n. twice, that is, 1st row—s 1—k 1—o—n—o twice—n— o twice—k 2. 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n—k 1. 3d row—sl 1—k 1—o—n—k 7. 4th row—b 3—k 4—o—n—k 1. For still wider cast on 10 stitches and o. n. twice with the above.—HOUSEKEEPER, Morris, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Breakfast Cap of Hairpin Trimming.—Make a hairpin of stout wire with the prongs an inch and a half apart. A heavy wire knitting needle bent round a broom stick is just right. Take Barbour's linen thread, ecru color and fasten it to the round part of pin, holding the pin in the left hand, prongs upward. Take a steel crochet hook in your right hand, form a loop or stitch on the needle. Pass the handle of the hook over the right prong and turn the pin over once so the thread winds round it from right to left at the side farthest from you. Catch the thread as it winds round and draw it through the loop on the hook.

Put the hook under the thread of the left of center, take up the thread and draw it through, then through both loops on the needle, pass the handle of your hook over the right point of pin, turn the pin over, and proceed with the crochet-work in the center as before. When the hairpin is filled, slip the loops, and take up a few loops near where you are working.

Make about two yards of the trimming, cut one strip long enough to go loosely around the head, and about five other strips about half the length of this to go lengthwise over the back of the head.

Take embroidery silk and crochet the five strips for the back, together thus:

Make a chain of three, then take up your loops on one side of the strip, taking the silk on the hook, draw it thro all the loops at once. Three chain, and catch four loops of the other strip of trimming and draw silk thro them all as before. Join the whole length thus, alternating from one strip to the other. After the five strips are joined, join the strip that goes round the outside in the same way. Run in an elastic around the inside of the last strip, run a narrow ribbon over this, making a large looped bow on the top of the head. If any do not understand this, address me, and I will try to make it plainer.—CLARA M. MORSE, Jefferson, N. Y.

Correspondence.

A HOME-MADE HOME. — (I.) How I did enjoy reading Miss Bouton's letter in the BLADE of September 25. I read it over once and thought it was so good that I read it over to the "gude man," and I just feel like reading it again. I am glad she encourages a taste for decorating, for what would some of our poor little homes be if we did not contrive some way to beautify them? And while we are talking about homes, let me tell you what I think a home is; it is not merely a place to stay when you get tired of staying away, but where you would rather stay than any place else in the world, and where you enjoy yourself so well and feel so happy that you can hardly persuade your self to leave even for a short time. But as I started out to tell you about our home-made home, I must begin by first letting you know how it looked when we moved here two years ago. The house was (and is yet) a miserable little plank building filled in with brick and ceiled over head with boards, the whole having been whitewashed a good many times, so often in fact that every time I swept the ceiling I had to clean everything in the house. The yard and garden were worse even than the house if that were possible.

Indeed it was very æsthetic all around and I suppose Oscar Wilde would have gone into ecstasies over it, for sunflowers put forth their golden blossoms from one end of the lot to the other, and the fragrant ragweed and Spanish needle grew so luxuriantly that they obscured fence, well, and a good part of the house, and while my hands went up, my heart went down, and with poor health and four little ones, you may imagine I was slightly discouraged.

Well, being naturally hopeful I went to work with a will. And right here let me say that I am not writing this to tell you what wonderful things I have done, but to encourage others who have little time, little strength and little money. Husband helped me nights after 9 o'clock and we papered. I had always had good luck making paper stick by putting glue in the paste, so I fixed it that way, and in less than a year had the pleasure of seeing it delightfully festooned all over the room. I said I never would whitewash the ceiling again, so cleaned it as well as I could by sweeping and let it go. With the children's help I got the yard cleaned, after pulling, chopping and raking a great deal, and then what a magnificent bonfire we had. Mr. Blank (I will call him for short) got up early, (for he had to be in his place of business by 6), and while I got breakfast he made walks and such other repairs as we most needed; he set out a few trees and grapevines, the children put out raspberries and I set out vines and shrubs to beautify, and that is about all we accomplished the first year. "Not much," you will say. No, but still a little, and for ourselves, which is better than more on someone else's place.—CLARISSA.

SILK CULTURE NOTES.—There is a tendency in this country to raise silk worm eggs for sale. It is all wrong. However healthy our stock may have been in the past, the importation of foreign eggs, even those made after Pasteur's system, is apt to bring disease after a few generations. There are two kinds of seed after Pasteur's system. The "industrial" seed are made from such educations as have been found to have not more than 10 per cent. of diseased moths in a trial lot of half a kilogram of cocoons. Seeds for reproduction are made from educations found to be absolutely free from disease. Now, how can one of our silk-raisers grow seed unless he starts with absolutely pure stock? There is but one way to know an absolutely pure lot of eggs, and that is by microscopical examination of the moth which has produced it, and I take it for granted that the greater part of our country people who have thus far raised seed have never applied to it the crucial test of the microscope. It is much better to buy or otherwise obtain fresh seed every year. The Department of Agriculture is supplying such gratuitously this year. I am told that they will issue only those of the French annual yellow race from carefully selected eggs. Let everyone take advantage of their offer and help to spread over the country a pure seed. There are several dealers that can furnish such eggs, and once you are sure that they follow Pasteur's system you can safely buy of them.—MAGNAN.

DRESS REFORM.—Oh, Miss Bouton, how will our flat backs look, and no hoops or drapery to hide our clumsy movements? You know some of us are 50 years old and some weigh 200 pounds. I tried your plan. I wore out three Bloomer suits. They were all you claim for them, but when I had passed my 30th year I could not wear them. Then I tried several kinds of skirt-lifters, but they were a failure. Since then I have worn a suit that no one could be ashamed of.

For Winter I use waterproof, and for Summer I get the heavy blue and brown mixed cloth, used for men's overshirts. It costs 20 cents per yard, and does not get soft or lose its color. I cut the front double-breasted wrapper, the sides close and plain, but the back I cut 10 inches longer and lay three folds quite high up, but do not sew it in the seams.

I put a deep hem on letting the suit come just to the shoe top. Then for the fullness in the back I make buttonholes and button it in pretty drapery to broad straps that come up over the shoulders and fasten to the top of the corset in front, and the greater the weight on the straps the more it will lift you up.

I have a long plain skirt with an opening to fit around the drapery, and when my friends call I slip the skirt on over the suit and feel neat enough. I do not wear garters. I sew a strip of broad tape four inches long on each side the stocking and make six eyelets in each tape and lace them with narrow tape.

I do not drink coffee. My remedy for weak stomach and back is pounding them. This is what I do every time I change my dress. I throw my arms around me, both in the same direction, striking me about the waist as hard as I can, twisting the body at the same time. Try it, it will strengthen you.—O. E. M., Clinton, Ill.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL.—Miss Bouton's excellent remarks upon home adornment have elicited from me the following lines, which I present to the HOUSEHOLD.—M. IDA SMITH, West Hallock, Ills.

Make home beautiful, make home bright,
Cheerful and happy from morn 'til night;
Make home a home indeed, restful and pure,
A home for the soul, from the world to allure.

Let busy hands adorn the lowly cot,
Brightening and cheering the humblest lot,
Making the wilderness "blossom as the rose,"
Happy hands, busy hands, know no repose.

Entwining with thoughts of love every little nook;
Here a flower, there a bird, yon a pretty book.
Home is sweet, home is sweet, if we make it so
There lies the secret—learn, if ye would know.

USEFUL HINTS.—This Summer I have had a large bed of the loveliest French marigolds and zinnias, the latter grown from the seed sent from the Soldiers' Home grounds at Dayton, O. There were 25 different varieties. I am gathering my seeds now.

To the kind sisters who sent me wild cucumber seed last Fall I am late in expressing thanks. None grew, but it was probably my management and no fault of the seed.

To the lady who asks for ginger snaps, such as we buy, I will send a receipe out of the BLADE a couple of years ago, which I think excellent. 1 cupful of sugar; 1 cupful of molasses; 1 cupful of butter or drippings; 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water; roll into marbles and bake. The above is for "Blue Bell." Will anyone who has used salicylic acid in canning fruits or vegetables and has found it to be injurious in any way, report, either through the BLADE or to me direct. I have canned corn, beans, cucumbers, berries and tomatos with it, and since doing so have read that its use was condemned. Many of my neighbors, as well as myself, have used it this Fall in canning, and the question seems to be one of general interest.

I have read Miss Bouton's "What to Wear" with interest, and will tell the sisters what I have found to be a comfortable home dress, and one we can wear all day, if we choose. For a skirt, cut some colored fabric, just as we used to our gabrielle dresses, skirt and waist all together, with or without sleeves, buttoning in front. For dresses, Mother Hubbards, the width gored front and sides to avoid unnecessary warmth and amplitude. Make plain without any skirt trimming and loth, garments short enough to allow the free use of our feet. A loose belt of the same when not wearing an apron will be a convenience.—MRS. L. D. SNOW, Muskegon, Mich., Box 1,521.

Inquiries.

Can any one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what is meant by the asterisk or star, so often used in patterns for crochet work and knitting?—A PERPLEXED SISTER.

It means repeat from that point. Thus, if you say p 1—k 3—n * ot—k 2—p 1, then you would go back and ot—k 2—p 1 a second time.—ED.

Will some one please tell me how to clean fly marks from gilt frames and brass gas chandeliers? Also, how to obtain a "Guide for Silk Culture," and the price of same? Also, where one can dispose of fancy work to advantage?—MRS. M.

Write to Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for "Guide to Silk Culture."—ED.

Will you please answer through the HOUSEHOLD if it would be proper for a hostess to read a selection of her own free will and choice, after tea, given, say at 6 or 7 o'clock, in a small town? Would not this be a good plan for a tea? To request each one to favor us with a piece of music, a song, recitation, or reading? Make the request in the invitation. As a matter of course, asking those that sing to sing, those that recite, to recite, and so on. This for a small party after tea. If any try it, let me hear how they like the plan.—YELLOW PANSY.

There is no reason why she should not, although it would be in better taste to have others join in the entertainment. Your plan is very good. Carried out it will make a most delightful evening if all will join in the affair heartily.—ED.

I would like to ask the readers of the BLADE a Bible question. Where is the longest verse in the Bible found, and what book, chapter and verse?—L. M. BARNES.

The moths have made their appearance in my Brussels carpet. Will some of the kind readers tell me the surest, quickest way to get rid of these pets?—AUNT EMMA.

Will someone please send a cure for bronchitis, also tell of a healthy climate for one affected?—MRS. SARAH C. ALDEN, Prattburg, Stafford County, Ks.

Will someone please give some instructions about the raising of canaries? How to care for the young birds, etc? Also how cool the room may be allowed to get without injury to the birds?—A READER.

Will some one tell me how to make chocolate creams and caramels?—R. S.

Please publish in your next issue the address of Nellie Lincoln, the silk worm culturist.—ELLA BRILL, Galton, Douglas Co., Ill.

Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, 6,654 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.—ED.

Will some sister give recipe for making soup of beef, cabbage, potatos and beans, (separately)? Next, I want a recipe for making crabapple butter, and one for apple jelly. And lastly, I want directions for making tidy and hand bag of seine twine. In giving directions please explain how to make each stitch as I know nothing about it.—E. M.

Answers to Inquiries.

Lack or excess of moisture at the roots will cause geranium leaves to turn yellow and decay. Coal gas will have the same effect. Perhaps "Golden Slipper" has been careless and let her plants get too dry, or else she has been too attentive and watered them too much.—OWL'S NEST, Chelmsford, Mass.

In "Inquiries" I find a man who says he is in need. If he will write to me and give his Postoffice I can tell him of a splendid place for such a man as he says he is, and he can make money.—WM. NORRIS, Parallel, Riley County, Kan.

In your columns I noticed inquiries for an ague cure; also for a catarrh cure. I have one of each, they may benefit some of your many readers. They have both been tried by friends of mine. Catarrh.—Three parts sub-nitrate of bismuth, one part acacia; use as a snuff as often as convenient.

Ague or Chills.—Break an egg into enough strong vinegar to float it, stir slightly and swallow. Repeat the dose three times a day for three days. I think if the friend who lives in the Kansas bottoms will try this she will bid farewell to the ague.—MISS LIZZIE HINMAN, Brentwood, Contra Costa County, California.

If Mrs. Howland will send me her address I will send her a cure for the ague. It costs nothing as no medicine is required, only faith enough to believe and perform the simple treatment.—EMMA HECK, M'Candless P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

To "N. A.," select good whole husks and commence with cob end of husk and braid toward tip, and when nearly to end of husk, lap on another, cob end up, and continue till enough is braided for your mat. Mother always sewed the braid up in a round or oval mat and lapped the final end under to the smooth side of mat and securely sewed it. The "traces" after the seed corn is broken off we always used so too. You can color your husk with aniline and make your mat pretty as well as useful. If you want coarser braid than one husk makes add enough to suit you.—TRANSPLANTED.

If "Nellie" wants a good, reliable baking powder, she will do well to try this recipe: 14 ozs. tartaric acid, 16 ozs. of soda, and 16 ozs. of flour. Mix well by sifting several times and spreading on a bread-board and standing in the sun, sifting again, and when thoroly dry put up in tight jars or cans. This makes about 5 pints.—COUSIN FLOSSIE.

Someone writes to know if there is not something she can use under her sitting room stove besides zinc. Certainly there is. Heavy oil cloth is infinitely better. Put heavy brown paper under it then tack it down carefully, and with all ordinary stoves there is no danger from fire. Then it is so easily kept clean. An occasional washing off with soft water soap suds, then warm milk and water, and drying with soft cloth is all that is needed.

In answer to some of the questions with regard to an outside garment for boys and girls of four and five years old, make them of plaid or striped flannel in dull colors, with plaited back and front. Have a light leather belt to wear passed under the large box plaits in front and back but over the vest. Put a pointed hood upon the back lined with gay silk. Gray and brown stripes are very stylish for such coats. They can easily be made at home with a little ingenuity.

For larger girls are long cloaks of plain brown, blue, or garnet cloth, shirred at the neck and waist in front and behind, and tied by a waist ribbon that is sewed in the side seams. The collar and cuffs are of plain velvet.—ED.

If "One that is in Need" will write to me I will tell him where I think he can get all the work he can do.—C. E. SHAFFER, Colesburg, Iowa.

Does "Fancy Work and House Decoration" give description of articles suitable for Christmas presents, and what does it cost?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

It does give a good many. It will be sent to you postpaid on receipt of 25 cents by Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

If the writer of the inquiry for a doctor who would come to a small Town in Kansas will send address—which was lost in the moving of the office—to the HOUSEHOLD, it will greatly oblige some dozens of persons who have written for it.—ED.

Recipes.

Tomato Pie.—Good Pies can be made of green or ripe tomatos. Take of the former about a dozen common sized ones, wipe and slice—par-boil in plenty of water until beginning to be soft. Turn off water—place in pie dish made ready with crust, rolled thin—add 4 table spoonfuls of vinegar, piece of butter size of walnut, heaping table spoonful of flour and a sprinkling of salt, same of black pepper, and a very small amount of ground cloves or other seasoning if preferred—half or two-thirds of a teacupful of sugar. Put on top crust—well pressed to the edge of lower crust to prevent juice escaping while baking. When ripe tomatos are used omit par-boiling. If too many are par-boiled for pies, they make good sauce by boiling with a little vinegar diluted with water seasoned with saltpetre and butter. Tomatos prepared in the last named way are just delicious to eat on warm biscuits.—MRS. E. BURGDORF.

Ginger Cookies.—Bring to a scald 1 cupful molasses, (New Orleans is best.) Stir in 1 tablespoonful soda, pour while foaming over 1 cupful sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful ginger. Beat all together. Add 1 tablespoonful vinegar, and flour enough to roll stirred in as lightly as possible. Grease tins for baking them.—A CONSTANT READER OF THE BLADE.

Ginger Cookies.—One cupful dark Orleans molasses; 1 cupful sugar; 1 cupful sour milk; 1 cupful lard; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 1 tablespoonful soda.—L. R. K.

Root and Bark Beer.—Gather a basketful of spruce boughs, sassafras roots, sarsaparilla roots, sweet fern, wintergreen leaves, black birch bark, black cherry bark, dandelion and dock roots. Have half a bushel basketful, and boil them in six gallons of water, with a handful of hops and a quart of wheat bran, for one hour. Strain through a sieve, turn in three quarts of molasses, and if very strong, add a gallon or two of cold water. When cool enough put in half pint of yeast, and when it begins to work, bung up the keg tightly. After two or three days it will be ready for use.—*Ex.*

"I have been afflicted with an Affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything to equal BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

WAITING FOR HIS FACE.

Affectionate Watchfulness of a Faithful Dog.

An incident in the life of a small, coarse colly dog was noted with great interest yesterday by residents in the vicinity of Oakland Station, on the Illinois Central Railroad. Early in the morning the dog followed its owner to the station, and after a vain attempt to board a train conveying him to the city took his seat on a bench outside the wall.

There all day the animal remained patiently awaiting his owner's return. The children in the neighborhood remarked the little fellow and made friends with him, but no coaxing of theirs could induce him to leave the bench. Several sympathetic women joined their efforts to the children's, but obtained only such thanks as a dog could give for their pains. He held up his paw to shake to several, looked wistfully with his large brown eyes, as if inquiring for his master, but refused to quit the bench.

Each train that passed the dog mounted on the wall and closely scrutinized, and seeing not the familiar face he looked for resumed his attitude of patient waiting. Food and water were taken to him, but he refused both. The afternoon gradually narrowed and the dog still waited and watched, and darkness fell and the lake breezes grew chill, still he clung to his post.

Business men, not a few of whom their wives and children had interested in the faithful animal, stopped to pat him, but no inducement could draw him from the bench. Late last night the dog was still there, listening with a wagging tail, to the praise of a man who declared he wouldn't take $100 for such a dog. He has been restored to his owner.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Sunday School.

Solomon's Sin.

LESSON 7, SUNDAY, NOV. 16, 1884.

Golden Text—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4: 23.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Kings 11: 4-13.

4. For it came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned his heart away after other gods; and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father.

5. For Solomon went after Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians, and after Milcom the abomination of the Ammonites.

6. And Solomon did evil in the sight of the Lord, and went not fully after the Lord, as did David his father.

7. Then did Solomon build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Molech, the abomination of the children of Ammon.

8. And likewise did he for all his strange wives, which burnt incense and sacrificed unto their gods.

9. And the Lord was angry with Solomon because his heart was turned from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice,

10. And had commanded him concerning this thing, that he should not go after other gods; but he kept not that which the Lord commanded.

11. Wherefore the Lord said unto Solomon, Forasmuch as this is done of thee, and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes, which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee, and will give it to thy servant.

12. Notwithstanding, in thy days I will not do it for David thy father's sake, but I will rend it out of the hand of thy son.

13. Howbeit I will not rend away all the kingdom, but will give one tribe to thy son for David my son's sake, and for Jerusalem's sake, which I have chosen.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

It came to pass, when Solomon was old, that his wives turned away his heart after other other gods (v. 4.) No man ever gets so old that he has outgrown temptation. It is a very common thing to say that if a man starts right, he will keep right, but there is no foundation in truth for that statement. It is safe to say that if a man starts right and keeps right, he will be right; but that is as far as we can go in prophesying confidently as to a man's outcome. It is not he that endures at the beginning, but he that endureth unto the end, who is to have the reward of endurance. It is all right to urge the boys and the girls to start right and to go on right, but it is well for the parents and teachers and pastors, even the aged members of the church, to have a care lest their heart and their ways are turned away from God even in their old age.

His heart was not perfect with the Lord his God, as was the heart of David his father (v. 4.) That doesn't mean that Solomon wasn't sinless; although this latter may have been said of him. It means that his heart wasn't wholly given to the Lord; that he didn't even propose to worship and serve Jehovah only; but that he divided up his heart among other gods, while he devoted a piece of it to Jehovah. David was a sinner. He had no sinless heart; but his whole heart, sinless as it was, was given to Jehovah. He never swerved from his fidelity to Jehovah, whatever were the temptations to idolatry. There was where he was superior to his son Solomon. Every Christian ought to have a perfect heart—a heart wholly the Lord's in this sense. He who would give a part of his heart only to the Lord is like Solomon, so far—although without Solomon's wisdom.

Solomon went after Ashtoreth, Milcom and Chemosh (vs. 5-7.) What a wicked man that Solomon was. Oh, no! We don't go after those divinities. Oh, no! We don't build high places to gods and goddesses with any such outlandish names as those. There is where we have the advantage of Solomon. But, after all, those names are not of so much account, as the things they signified. Those were the divinities of lust, and light, and power. Do we never turn away from God in pursuit of these objects of desire? When it comes to be a question between serving God wholly, serving God only, and being led away of lust, and being drawn after mere learning and knowledge, or being tempted to crave power, are we always sure to choose the Lord's service? If we are, then we have an advantage so far over Solomon. But, how is that?

The Lord was angry with Solomon, because his heart was turned away from the Lord God of Israel, which had appeared unto him twice, and had commanded him concerning this thing (vs. 9, 10.) This anger was not a matter of personal feeling as we commonly understand the word to imply. It was rather a conflict brought about by Solomon's action. The Lord had chosen Solomon to be his representative. He had put him on Israel's throne, as in charge of a garrison; enjoining it upon him to keep out the Lord's enemies from that citadel. Solomon had pledged himself to be faithful at this point, and had taken his post accordingly. Once fairly in power, he had opened the fortress gates to the enemy, and had actually assigned a portion of it, with arms and ammunition provided, to the very enemy he had been set to oppose. This brought him in direct conflict with the Lord, and unless the Lord would himself surrender to the enemy, Solomon and his new allies must be opposed by the Lord. The anger of the Lord is always against those who betray the trust which he commits to them; and so long as a man opposes the Lord, a conflict with the Lord is inevitable.

I will surely rend the kingdom from thee (v. 11.) If any one of the Lord's soldiers attempts to hand over to the enemy the citadel which the Lord has set him to guard, he will surely bring himself in conflict with the Lord; but he will not be sure to compass his own purposes, or to thwart the Lord in his purposes. A man can promise and can try, to betray his trust, so as to harm the Lord's cause; but he cannot accomplish all the injury that he hopes to do. If he were on the Lord's side, he could be sure of victory against the whole world, and hell also. If he turns against the Lord, he cannot have victory, even though all the world and hell also are with him in the struggle. The Lord will take his power away from him; but he cannot take any power away from the Lord.

Notwithstanding, in thy days I will not do it for David, thy father's sake; howbeit I will give one tribe to thy son for David my servant's sake, and for Jerusalem's sake, which I have chosen (vs. 12, 13.) We gain a great deal through others. We are gainers by a godly ancestry. We are gainers by the prayers and by the interests of those who love us. We are spared many things, because of God's love for those with whom we are linked, or whom we are set to represent. The legacies of a sacred affection are a precious possession. God recognizes them as precious, and we have reason to feel their preciousness. And if we are thus the gainers through others, ought not others be the gainers through us? If we will be wholly the Lord's the Lord will not only do for us, but will do for those whom we love, or who represent us. What an incentive is this to love and obedience and faith—Godward!—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

The Old Mullein Stalk.

The Mullein Plant of the old field contains a mucilaginous healing principle,—the Sweet Gum of the Southern swamps an expectorating one. Combined as they are in Taylor's Cherokee Remedy, Sweet Gum and Mullein, it presents the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds and Consumption. Send 2c. stamp to Walter A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., for little Riddle Book, which is for the amusement of the children and welfare of home.

How Coffee, Tea and Cocoa Affect Us.

Dr. James Fraser, in an Edinburg medical journal, gives the results of a series of experiments to determine the effect of the ordinary infused beverages, tea, coffee and cocoa, on the digestion of albumen. He finds that all retard digestion, except in four instances, namely ham and white of egg with coffee, and fish with cocoatina and with cocoa. Salt meats are less retarded in digestion than fresh. The retardation is greatest with cocoa, less so with tea and less so with coffee. Cream and sugar reduce the retarding effect of tea, but increase that of cocoa. He recommends as a practical conclusion that albuminoids, especially fresh meat, should not be taken with infused beverages.

—Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

No Time for Disrobing.

While returning from school one muddy day Tommy fell into the gutter, with the result that it was very hard to decide which was mud and which was Tommy. When he arrived home the following dialog occurred: Tommy—"Bo-o-o-o! I've fallen down!" Ma—"You bad boy! In those new knickerbockers, too!" Tommy (never at a loss for an excuse)—"Bo-o-o-o! I hadn't time to take them off when I felt myself going."

BOSTON IN 1862.

How Judge Russell Stole the Emancipation Proclamation.

There are some very thrilling events in the make up of local history, but which are not without a certain degree of importance. It is possible that the first public reading of President Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation in Boston may rank itself in this category, and the following is the history of the fact: The evening of the day on which the proclamation was issued at Washington a copy thereof came by telegraph to the Boston *Journal* office, and the same evening a meeting of Free-Soilers had assembled in Tremont Temple. While the night editor of the *Journal* was engaged in preparing the dispatch for transmission to the composition-room, Judge Thomas Russell entered the editorial sanctum, all out of breath, and inquired as to the truth of such a proclamation having been promulgated by the President, and was shown the dispatch sheets on which it was written. He begged the loan of them for a quarter of an hour, but this was refused, as being against all rule. The Judge then seized them, and ran with all speed from the editorial-room, followed by the night editor in pursuit, but was not caught. He reached the platform of the Tremont Temple, interrupted the speaking, and read the proclamation, when a scene of excitement followed which baffled description. Some talk was had about the proprietor of the *Journal* (Col Charles O. Rogers) having Judge Russell arrested for the theft, but this did not take place. This was the first time the proclamatiion was publicly read in Boston.

—25,000 copies of Judge Parrishes' renowned lectures on "Farm Law" have been ordered by farmers through F. M. Carroll & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., at $1 each,

A Man Without a Skull.

T. H. Woodall, of Hartsell, Ala., is 55 years of age and stands 6 feet. On the 22d of January, 1882, while alone in a room he was seized with a fit and fell into the fire, from which he was removed after having been fearfully burned. His head and face were almost consumed, and for days he lingered in torture so terrible that death would have been a relief. His friends had no thought of his recovery, but finally he arose from the bed upon which he had suffered so much. His head was hairless, his eyelashes were gone, and his face was terribly scarred. Some time after, Mr. Woodall's physician discovered that a section of the skull was loose, and was compelled to remove it. Other sections became loose and were removed, too, until the entire top of the skull was taken away. The sections were removed at intervals, and as a piece was taken away the opening was covered so as to protect the brain. Soon after removing the first section it was ascertained that a thin skin was growing over the skull in such a way as to cover the brain, and as sections were taken away the skin extended. The operation lasted a long time. It was performed with remarkable success, and to-day Mr. Woodall is walking around without any skull on the top of his head, while he carries the removed skull in a box. The top of his head is covered with cloth, and over this he wears an oilcloth cap, which protects his head from his hat. His left eye is sightless, but he sees from his right eye.

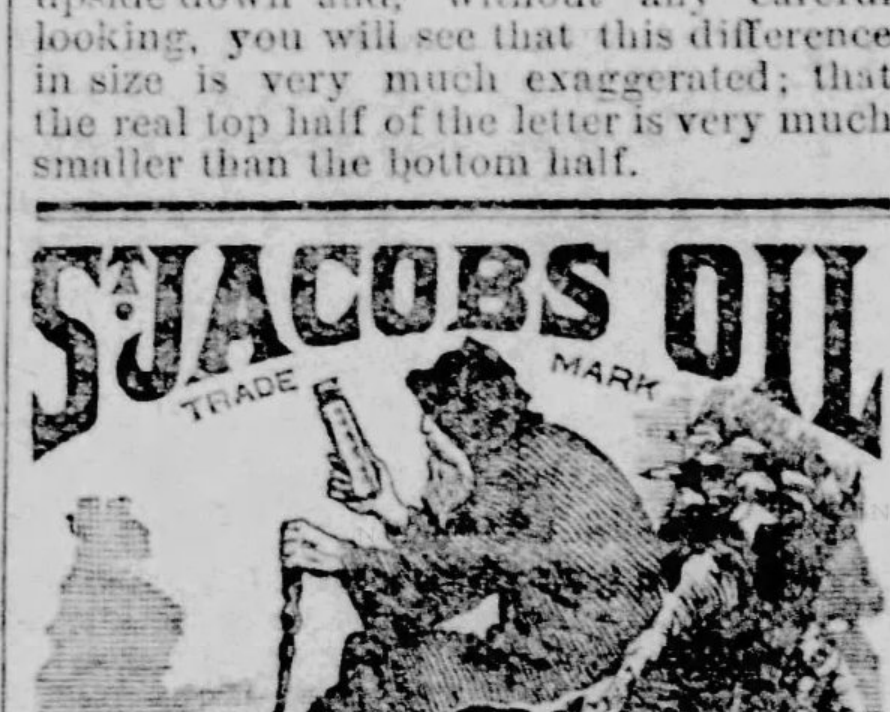
An Oddity of Law in Optics.

Here is a very singular illustration of the optical delusion which a change of position will sometimes effect:

Take a row of ordinary capital letters and figures.

SSSSSSXXXXXX333333888888

They are such as are made up of two parts of equal shapes. Look carefully at these and you will perceive that the upper halves of the characters are very little smaller than the lower halves—so little that an ordinary eye declares them to be of equal size. Now turn the paper upside down and, without any careful looking, you will see that this difference in size is very much exaggerated; that the real top half of the letter is very much smaller than the bottom half.



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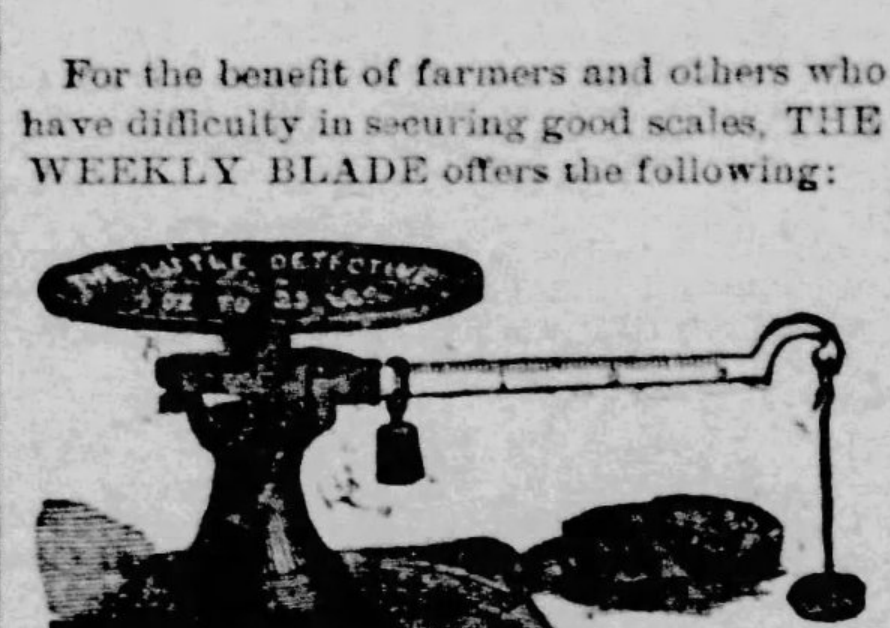

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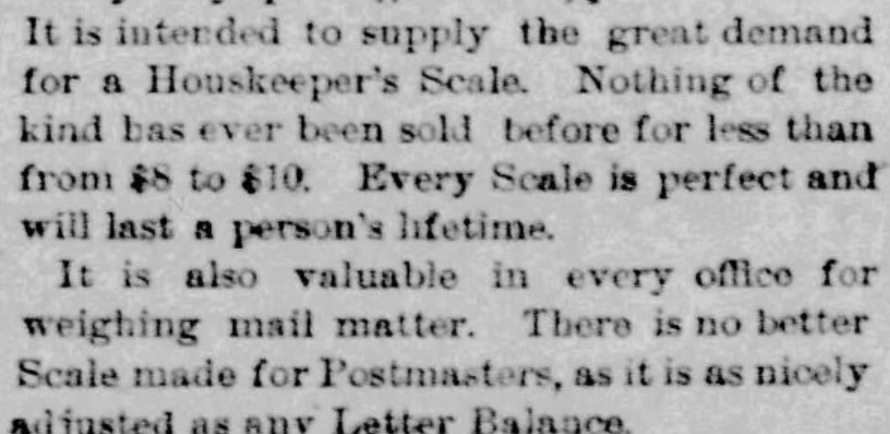

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Entertaining and Useful Books at About Half-Price.

Books that Everybody Wants and Should Have.

The publishers announce for the Fall and Winter season, a number of books which they consider of value to every well-regulated family, some of which they offer at a reduced price.

Please read the following announcement:

1. "Nasby in Exile."

This is a beautiful volume of nearly 700 pages, profusely illustrated by the best artists, being a record of travel in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, and other European countries, by D. R. Locke. It is one of the most entertaining and useful book of travel ever published, and had a enormous sale. The price was uniformly and invariably $3.50, but to close out the stock on hand, it has been reduced. "Nasby in Exile," by mail, postpaid, $2.

2. "Andersonville. A Story of Southern Prisons."

By John McElroy. No book published for years had so great a sale as "Andersonville," and it is selling rapidly now. It is the only authentic account of the horrors of the prison pen, written in a style at once truthful and graphic. Every soldier in the country should have the book. The original price was $3, but we have reduced the price. "Andersonville," sent by mail, $2.00.

3. "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes."

This collection of recipes is the best and most complete ever made. It embraces everything that a family should know, and is as indispensable in a family as a cook-stove. It embraces everything, the arts as applied to every-day life, medicine for the family, cooking, preserving, and in short, everything which the family should know. Its arrangement is such that anything wanted may be found in an instant, the indexing being on an entirely new plan. "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" by mail, $2.00.

4. "Health and Beauty."

By Emily S. Bouton, Household Editor BLADE. This is one of the most valuable books for women and girls ever written. No woman can afford to be without it, and certainly every girl budding into womanhood should have it. It is a treatise on the preservation of Health and Beauty, which is worth a thousand times its price to any woman. "Health and Beauty," by mail, $1.

5. "Social Etiquette."

By Emily S. Bouton. (In press, and ready for delivery December 1.) This is the series of papers on Social Etiquette, which have been published in the BLADE during the year, enlarged and re-written. It makes a beautiful volume of 300 pages, and will be found indispensable to all who wish to know exactly the usages of good society. The book is written in a familiar style, and is a sure and certain guide for those who have not had social advantages. It will be mailed in order of receipt of price. "Social Etiquette," by mail, $1.00.

6. "Bible Biography."

We supposed we were out of this most valuable book, but we discovered some 25 copies. The volume has been described in the BLADE, and is known to our readers. Every one desiring a practical knowledge of the principal characters in the Bible should have it. As the supply is limited, it will be well to remit for it at once. The original price of this book was $3.50. "Bible Biography," by mail, $1.25.

These books are admirably adapted for Holiday presents and at the prices will be found the cheapest and best attainable. They are all beautifully bound in cloth, and printed on the very best paper, and at the reduced price should sell by the thousand. Get your orders in at once, as the editions will be very rapidly exhausted.

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The BLADE has furnished thousands of its subscribers during the past two months with the Waterbury Watch. Out of the thousands sent not more than 100 have been found imperfect, and those have been promptly replaced as soon as they were returned to us.

Thousands of our campaign subscribers want a watch and want it now.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is $3.50, and it cannot be had anywhere for one cent less. It is impossible to get it anywhere for less than that money.

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Campaign and three-months subscribers can procure the watch now by remitting $3.50, and their subscriptions will be extended one year from the date of expiration. Thus, if your subscription expires December 11, 1884, we will on receipt of the price of the watch, $3.50, send you the watch and extend your subscription to December 11, 1885.

And further, campaign subscribers who send us $3.50 for the watch and the BLADE one year, *before November* 11, will receive, in addition, our beautiful portrait of JAMES G. BLAINE, the next President of the United States.

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Betting on Uncle Sam's Pile.

A gentleman called at the United States Sub-Treasury in New York and asked, with much eagerness, if it were true that there was more $50,000,000 in cash in the vaults of that building. He explained that he had made a little bet with a friend that there was not so much actual cash in any one building in the country. The inquiring stranger was informed that up to Friday night the amount of money in the Sub-Treasury was $140,401,900.

"But how much of that is in actual hard cash?" asked the stranger.

"All of it is in cash?" was the reply. "About one-half of it—$71,270,652—is in gold coin; $34,920,400 is in silver coin; $7,439,000 in gold certificates; $16,809,000 in silver certificans; $9,500,400 is the legal tenders; $105,657 in National bank notes, and then there are several hundred thousand dollars in minor cash items."

"Ah! um! thank you. I guess I have lost my bet," said the stranger, as he politely took his leave.—*N. Y. Times.*

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Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. A chemist will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia.

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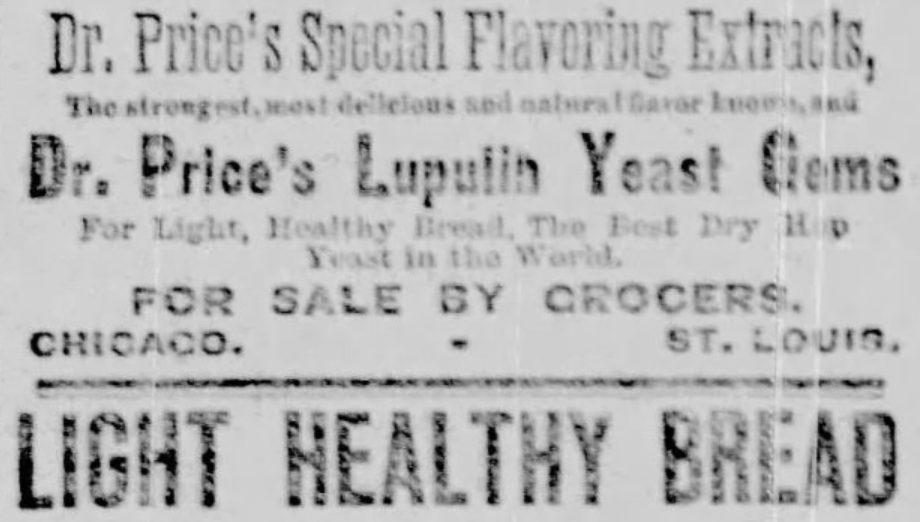

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LOCKE PUBLISHING CO.,

Our Young Folks.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY LAURA CARR.

"Come, try my new swing!" said a cunning old spider,
As she fastened a thread round a columbine stock,
To a trim little fly that lit down beside her
To brush off the dust while they had a short talk.

"See this, now! I touched with my foot that tall aster!
Now back—there, I jostled that lovely sweet pea!
O, such jolly fun! See, I go faster and faster!
Hey, little neighbor, there's room here by me."

"It can't be so nice to fly," he made answer,
While thoughtfully stroking his fair gauzy wings.
"Pah! flies! I've had them! they are nice! But, my friend, sir,
You can't till you try know the pleasure of swings!"

The spider and swing they went faster and higher;
The blossoms they nodded and all things looked gay,
And our charmed little fly soon lost all desire
Save just once to swing in that rollicking way.

"He'll come now, I know," said the cunning old spinner,
And her cruel eyes gleamed as she danced out of sight.
Then looking back slyly, she thought of the dinner
That plump fly would make when she had him all tight.

"She's gone," thought the fly. "Now I guess I will try it,"
And all in a flutter he hurried right in.
"Nice, isn't it, dear? Now don't deny it,"
And the spider sprang out with a horrible grin.

Whew! swoop comes a swallow! he's seized the derider,
And off to his nest in the barn-roof has flown!
So now little silver-wings laughs at the spider,
And swings if he pleases, or lets it alone.

—*Christian at Work.*

* * *

For the Blade Young Folks.

THE WHITE BLACKBIRD.

A Parable.

BY AMANDA T. JONES, AUTHOR OF "ATLANTIS," "A PRAIRIE IDYL," ETC.

"I cannot understand it," said Mother Blackbird, preening her feathers upon the edge of the nest, by the soft white light of a June morning. "Here is a brood any mother might be proud of; all glossy, black and beautiful now that clear daylight has come; but when I take one last look at them before going to sleep, and when I fly off at daybreak, one of them looks as pale as a pigeon. What can be the matter with him?"

Father Blackbird peered down from the bough where he also was stroking the dew from his coat. "Truly," said he, "I have noticed the same thing myself. Can it be that he is not ours after all?"

"Why, whose should he be?" sharply asked the dame.

"That I cannot say," said the father thoughtfully. "May not some strange bird have laid an egg in our nest while we have been roaming? But now that I look at him he seems pretty black. Perhaps he has a weakly constitution."

"That must be the trouble," sighed the little nest-mother. "He ought to begin to take exercise. As soon as the chicks have had their morning meal we must coax them out among the grasses."

So before the sun was very high you might have heard cooing, persuading voices and eager, chirping replies; till at last five little creatures, fluttering their feathers in uncertainty and quivering with excitement, all suddenly fell or flew (you could hardly have told which) down among the sweet-scented clovers.

At this the mother gave a shriek of mingled dread and delight, while the father shouted a hearty approval. Then there were high flights and low flights and sweet bird laughter, nearly the whole day long, in the glory of the white sunshine.

Was ever mother-bird so fortunate in her brood? Black they were—oh, very black! as birds should be; and they were glossy and strong in their wings and swift on their legs; in short, they were beautiful young Blackbirds as ever you saw, and all the birds of the field admired them.

But in the afternoon a dark shadow fell across the world. A great rain-cloud flung itself before the sun, and the father, mother and five little ones, huddled together and dared not sing another song, the shadow grew so deep, so very dark and deep.

Now, just when the rolling thunders made the strong trees tremble most, and there was the sorest need of comfort and sympathy, Mother Blackbird gave a shrill scream of horror and cried out:

"He is white! He cannot be one of ours after all. Who ever heard of a white Blackbird?"

At this there arose such a hubbub in the family that the noise of the tempest was quite lost in the confusion of it (at least to the bugs and beetles under the grass-roots near by;) for they all saw with their same eyes, and indeed, and indeed! the little creature looked so bright-colored, in all that storm-darkness, that you would not have known him for a Blackbird yourselves.

Then the father began pecking at him angrily, shrieking, "What do you mean, sir, by crowding yourself into the company of respectable people? You are no Blackbird, but a blinking owlet, or some such bad creature; and how do we know but that you intend to eat us all up, when you get bigger and have more appetite? Go away! We cannot have such a horrible one among us."

Then all these four brothers and sisters of this unfortunate birdling turned about and struck at him with their beaks and beat him with their wings, while the mother who had fed him so often from her own bill, did nothing but sob out: "I cannot have an owlet among my pretty brood. Drive him away before he disgraces us all."

And there was no help for him. All the while the air was growing darker, and truly the darker it grew the whiter gleamed the plumes of the young Blackbird, and the harder they struck at him and the louder they screamed: "Drive him away!" He is an owlet! We will not have him with us." So he was fain to lift his weary wings, and he partly ran and partly flew, until he found a secure hiding-place under a mossy stone, deep among the green ferns of the wood; and there he stayed until morning bemoaning himself because he had been beaten and buffeted and driven forever from all he had loved in the world; yes, from those he *would* love always and always, though they should hate him and hate him! For he was a white Blackbird, and they are more forgiving than black ones.

But no; I cannot say that he was really white. This was his color: it was so light that in the nighttime it looked white, and so dark that in the daytime it looked black. So I suppose a scientist would tell us that it was gray.

Now if a man has too much color—oh, dear, the trouble of it! We do not sit at the table with him; we do not like to ride by his side in the street cars, though he certainly pays his fare with the best. Some of us would tread him under our feet, whip him with strong cords, call him out of his peaceful home to shoot him as if he were a mad dog; but it is different among Blackbirds; too little color, there is just as much of an offense as too much is among us.

So alas! and alas! for the gray Blackbird!

The storm died away; the stars flashed out one by one and the sweet ferns breathed delicate odors abroad; but he only shrank closer under his sheltering stone, lest some wanderer of the night should see him and cry shame upon him for being so fair.

But by and by morning came, and this forsaken grayling crept out and began searching for food as well as he could, having no father or mother to teach him how. It was no very hard matter to find enough, for the bushes were loaded with berries—and he was not carnivorous (for he was a white Blackbird!) So he fared very well upon the whole. But often and often through that long Summer day, and many more Summer days, he heard the voices of his kindred shouting and singing and making love among the flowers; then he would hurry and snuggle down under a tuft of red clover, or some broad-leafed plant of the woods, that they might not catch sight of his terrible whiteness, and fall to reviling him as heretofore. For he did not understand that he was white only when the world was dark, and in the sunlight might even be mistaken for one of them.

All the same strength came speedily to the downy wings, and a richer and ever richer tide went flowing through the veins; and it is not in bird-nature to be always sorrowful. Our grayling began to sing.

There was no one to praise him. He sang because the music was in him and would ripple out, whether or no. Other birds had companions, with whom they gossipped and flirted and flaunted their feathers; but he was alone; and the throbbing of his heart shook out silver tremors of sound, and all troubles got caught in a golden tangle of melody, and his soul flew out of shadow and soared away as in a flame of ruby sunrise; and as for the grayling, he sang and he sang!

But because there was no one to chatter with, no voice to sing arias with him—soprano to his baritone—or alto to his basso-profundo, while he sang he thought strange thoughts as lonely people will, and dreamed wonderful dreams, such as would have made sober, every-day sort of sensible folk shake their solid heads and whisper that he was *non compos mentis;* which means to be either a fool or a philosopher, it does not matter which.

Fools and philosophers make the best of everything I have heard; and so did this birdling, for although it seemed that he had disgraced the whole nation of Blackbirds, he reasoned within himself that he could no more help being light-colored than they could help being black, and that he must try and not grieve about it.

I suppose there was something in the bird like a natural understanding of beauty; for he seemed at last to realize that to be white was infinitely better than to be black, though never so glossy and fine! And, after he comprehended this, he was continually longing to grow fairer and purer; like the pond-lilies, like the foam of mountain cataracts; like the glimmering mists of morning; like the great sun himself, that he could not see through all the dazzle of his bright clothing, but that he felt sure would show his face to him some day, all white and holy. Meantime he kept on singing and singing.

Ah, if he could only fly high enough, he thought, on over hills and piled-up crags, above the clouds, even beyond the sun himself, he might find white, white fields somewhere, with starry white flowers, and—here he trembled with the thought—could there be white birds there? If there were such, he felt certain they would not stab him with their bills, nor beat him with their wings, nor revile him because of his color.

"Only," he said, "I must be far lovelier than I am now. Perhaps if I keep always in the sunshine as the lilies do, I shall grow whiter."

So the grayling flew on, and sang on; and because every day he went a little higher than he had flown the day before, he grew hopeful of being one day able to soar higher than ever Blackbird had soared; so high that he grew giddy even to think about it. But that might have been because he was *non compos mentis!* So, to set his head right again, he would fall to singing and singing. And now all his songs were about that wonderful, far-off place and the whiteness thereof.

One noonday, when the clouds were all like snow in the wide, white radiance of a harvest sun, he flew singing up to the branch of an apple tree, with all his plumes spread out between the light and a certain farmer, who lay taking his rest under the green boughs. And the farmer was a stingy fellow who grudged a bird a few seeds now and then. "Ah, ha!" said he, "you are one of the black thieves that steal my corn!" With that a sharp stone went whizzing through the air, and struck our grayling so that he fell; and not being able at first to sustain himself in the air, he fluttered away and ran through long grasses and hid in nooks and corners, till the farmer lost all track of him, and went home to his dinner.

Now it might seem that the bird, for all his wound, ought to have rejoiced to find that he did look black after all (before a very bright light): for that might help him to win back the love of his kindred. But instead of that he went mourning away; for he felt that, since he had been so persecuted because of his whiteness, it was grievous to be mistaken for a thief because of his blackness.

Alas! and alas! for the gray Blackbird! His splendid dream was ended. For how would he hope to soar to the silver coasts of that Heavenly land, with a wounded wing? Yet his great longing for the sky would not let him keep to the ground; and there were sobs in his throat that must melt away in music, or he would die of them. So presently he arose, and quivering with pain though he was,—all the more because he was quivering with pain, he went on singing and singing.

If you had heard him then you might have thought him the happiest bird alive; and yet he was so hurt that he could not fly as high as the lowest bough of the lowest oak; so however tired he might be, he could not alight for rest, unless he stooped to earth again, which, as I have said, his ardent longing for the sky would not let him do. Sometimes the sound of his voice would thrill its way into the open doorways of the people's houses; then some child would lift its finger and whisper: "Hush! I hear singing," and some one, old or idle, would listen and say: "Yes, that is very sweet. There is Love in the voice."

But that the grayling never knew; nor did he know that sorrow and anguish, and love and longing were making him always whiter; although I cannot affirm that he was perfectly white yet.

At last, in his flying, he came to a deep, dense wood; and the trees thereof were so stately and tall, and so grand and gloomy in their tops, that they quite hid from him whatever of brightness the heavens yet contained. And there was frost in the air—sharp and biting; nor was any sound to be heard in all that wood, of chirping bird or whirring insect; and the shadow of it was like the shadow that lies forever along the borders of the Kingdom of Death.

All alone in the dark and cold, flying ever lower because of his failing strength, there came a moment when his wings brushed the face of a lost and way-worn man, who had laid himself down to die in despair of ever finding his way out of that mournful place. At this the man raised his heavy eyelids, and seeing what had brushed him, a hope arose in his heart, for he said: "This, surely, is some white bird of Heaven, sent to guide me back to the dwellings of man." So he arose and followed after the grayling who still kept flying and flying and singing and singing. So sweet was the voice of the bird that the man wept as he walked, saying: "He has learned his songs by the River of Life, and caught them from the harps of the blessed immortals, and I shall surely be saved because of the whiteness of this singer of Paradise; for otherwise I could not see to follow him through the dismal darkness."

But nothing of all this did the grayling understand.

Now, when the man had followed the bird a little while he saw, through the long sides of the forest, the glimmer of a lamp set in a cottage window, that it might catch the eye of just such forsaken wayfarers as himself, and he hurried on. And when he had reached the house, he knocked and was taken in and warmed and fed and cheered, as if he himself had been a messenger from the angels—as indeed he was, being poor and sick and in need of food, fire and shelter.

But the grayling had fallen at last. He lay quivering, dumb and gasping on the edge of a black pool that was fed from a secret spring deep under ground. Sometimes the waters beneath ran low so that the pool sank; then they would rise again, and fill the pool to the brim; though why they should run low and why they should rise again, no man could tell. But now the pool was rising. It touched the feet of the bird; it overflowed his wings. Whether he would or no he drank thereof; and it was cold—it was icy cold; and it was bitter—it was like wormwood. And when midnight had come the pool was full to the brim. In it lay the bird.

Afterward, there was a rosy and beautiful dawn; the chill wind ceased to blow, the frost changed to a silvery dew, and the sky was made white enough to hold the sun. Certain children came out to their play, and, as they played they sang.

In the midst of their song the youngest of them, lifting her golden head, whispered: "Hark! I hear music!" And when they had listened a moment they all heard. So they looked about, and again the youngest said: "There is a white bird flying straight up toward the sun; it is he who is singing." And they all saw him. And all those children said it was the very sweetest singing they had ever heard, and that the bird was the very whitest bird they had ever seen. "As white as a lily!" "As white as milk!" "As white as snow!" "As white as birds must be in Heaven."

He went so high that he was lost to their sight in that whiteness of the shining sky; but just before he was lost, the youngest of the children said, with awe upon her sweet face: "There comes a white bird down to meet him; and now it is soaring up again by his side; and now I see a great flock of white birds but they are all going up—none of them are coming down; and now they are so high that I cannot see them."

Some thought they saw that, and others were not sure. But a good old poet who had drawn near to hear their singing, stood still, looking Heavenward, and the tears were running down his withered cheeks. He had seen the birds and something more. I did not ask him what.

Now the youngest eyes and the oldest eyes, have the clearest vision. So for my part I have no doubt but the bird I have been telling you of is now singing and singing beyond the sun; and that he is truly white at last, and will be white always and forever, even under the brightest light that will ever shine.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster,
Making every burden light;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest
Cure for ills of this description,
But for those that woman's heir to,
Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating displacements, inflammation, morning sickness or tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

* * *

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was unanimously re-elected President of the Association for the Advancement of Women.

THE CELEBRATED

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE.

EASY RUNNING!

THE GREATEST LABOR SAVING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 25, 1881.

SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR. Read it carefully, as it may be the means of lightening your burdens, gladdening your hearts, and perhaps put you on the road to fortune. We trust, dear reader, that you will pardon us if we briefly refer to the WELL MERITED SUCCESS which has crowned our efforts in placing this great labor saving machine before the public during the past five years. We started out in good faith, and spent many thousands of dollars in advertising, fully believing that the general intelligence of the public would soon discover the great value of a device that REDUCES THE HARDEST BACK-ACHING WORK OF MAN, TO PLEASANT PASTIME FOR CHILDREN. OUR JUDGMENT HAS BEEN SUSTAINED, and with EXCELSIOR for our motto, we have marched steadily on, meeting and vanquishing all opposition, until we have not a rival left, and can truly say that WE ARE "MONARCH OF ALL WE SURVEY," in our field of labor. Last year we sold over ten thousand machines, and this year we expect to sell double that number. We ask you to kindly read our testimonials and the EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS WE OFFER TO AGENTS. We understand, and fully appreciate the value of good Agents. More than two-thirds our entire business is done through Agents, and it gives us great pleasure to know that, as a rule, THEY ARE ALL MAKING MONEY. WE WANT 500 NEW AGENTS THIS YEAR, and mean to have them if money making inducements will do it, and as soon as we find out WHO ARE OUR BEST AGENTS, we shall offer them GOOD AND PERMANENT SALARIES, as well as commissions.

HARD WORK MADE EASY.

Here is a farmer who, with his two sons, lives near by a market for his wood. His farm is yet largely "in the timber," and being of a thrifty turn, his aim is to make his wood pay the expenses of clearing his land. After trying wood choppers and then the cross-cut saw and finding that neither paid, he purchased two of our machines, and now makes a clear saving of fifty per cent. in the cost of getting his wood ready for market. The secret is this: His two boys were not strong enough to swing an ax with any great effect, neither could they stand the terrible torture of stooping all day over the old-fashioned cross cut. Hence he was compelled to hire *men* to do his work. Now, however, he has machines that his boys can work without fatigue, because they get out more wood in a day than did his two hired men, who cost him, beside their board, four dollars per day—that is, two dollars each.

The boy in the picture on the left is sawing up logs into twenty-inch lengths, to be split into stove-wood for family use. This is much the best and cheapest way to get out your fire-wood, because the twenty-inch blocks are very easily split up—a good deal easier and quicker than the old-fashioned way of cutting the logs into four-foot lengths, then splitting into cord-wood, and from that, sawing it with a buck-saw into stove-wood. We sell a large number of machines to farmers and others for just this purpose. A great many persons who have formerly burned coal, have stopped that useless expense since getting our machine. Most families have one or two boys sixteen years of age and up, who can employ their spare time in sawing up wood just as well as not.

The boy in the right of the above picture is sawing up cord-wood in a buck frame. You can very easily use our machines in this way, if you have cord-wood on hand that you wish to saw up into suitable lengths for fire-wood. A boy sixteen years old can work the machine all day, and not get any more tired than he would raking hay. The machine runs very easily, so easily, in fact, that after giving the crank half a dozen turns, the operator may let go and the machine *will run itself* for three or four revolutions.

FRESH HOME TESTINONY.

We have received in the past three years, and have now on file in our office, hundreds of unsolicited, but not unwelcome, testimonials, as to the sterling merits of the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machines. While we cannot publish near all the letters, yet we give herewith a few which speak volumes for the superiority of our machines, over any others now in the market. The fact is, so rapid has been the growth of the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine with the public, that it has already left its would-be competitors so far behind that practically they are out of the race. So much for the push and enterprise of its managers, and for the genuine merits of the machine itself. But read the testimonials and see for yourself what those who have used it have to say:

W. D. Hassett, Leavenworth, Kas., writes November 3, 1883: "The Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine I purchased while in your city far surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen. It yearly saves fifty times its cost in timber, money and muscle. In my timber I have one man sawing and one splitting, and they can work up from three to five cords of wood in a day, and not be as tired at night as to work two hours with the old-fashioned cross-cut saw. I have tried both, and speak from experience."

M. S. Seitz, Grand Rapids, Wood county, Ohio, writes March 9: "The Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine I bought of you has proven to be all you claim for it. I would not take double the price of it and do without one. My boy, fourteen years old, can saw as much wood in the same length of time as we both did with the cross-cut. It certainly is one of the great labor-saving inventions, and I want no horse power drag saw about me, as long as I can get one of your lightning powers."

Robert Moore, Portersville, Butler county, Pa., writes March 8: "I am well pleased with the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, and believe it to be the best Sawing Machine that has been invented. It runs so easy that my boy, fourteen years old, can saw with it as fast as two men with the old cross-cut saw. I think it a grand success, and would advise all who are in need of a saw to purchase the Monarch."

Henry Blencoe, Morristown, Rice county, Minn., writes March 1: "I received the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine in good order, set it up and tried it, and it works splendid, is truly a labor-saving machine, and needs no more recommendation than this: one man can work it easier, and saw more than two men can saw the old way."

Andrew Speasel, Newton, Ill., writes April 14: "I received the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, and I must say the saw gives me satisfaction. As yet I have not sold any machines, but I have the promise of six or eight, which, I think, will be disposed of this fall."

August Schnell, Loutre Island, Mo., writes March 7: "I have tried the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, and it works fine. I beat the best cross-cut saw in the neighborhood, also two of the best sawers. I can saw a two-foot log through in three minutes."

Joseph Zellers, Marshall, Clark county, Ill., writes January 22, 1884: "I like the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine very well. It runs as easy as my fan-mill. My little girl, eleven years old, sawed logs for staves as fast as my boy and I could split them."

Walter Feagan, Loogootee, Martin county, Ind., writes December 24, 1883: "I have given the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine a fair trial, and am well pleased with it. I hope I will have good success selling them."

J. A. Booher, Darlington, Ind., writes, April 23: "I received the Lightning Sawing Machine, and am pleased with it. The machine runs very light, and cuts fine. I have cut through a sixteen-inch log in one minute."

Roberts & Keeton, Lucky, Walker County, Ala., writes April 10: "We have received our Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, and are well pleased with it so far. Will send for *two* more machines in a few days."

N. D. Caldwell, Mineral Springs, Ark., writes March 2: "I received the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, and it works well. I would not take $50 for it if I could not get another."

Jas. W. Hamilton, Higginson, Ark., writes April 14: "I have given the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine a fair trial, and am well pleased with it. It saws both easy and fast."

WE have at great expense this year got out a handsome lithograph poster in five brilliant colors, with which we intend to supply all our agents. The cut shows how they should be put up, and also gives an idea of the interest and attention they will excite from all who see them. As soon as you have taken an agency, and sent us $25 for your sample machine, we will, if you are not able to do it yourself, hire a man at our own expense to thoroughly post your two counties with these elegant five-colored posters. This we will do in addition to our advertising offer in your county newspapers. On all these posters your name, as agent, and address, will be printed in bold type on the bottom. We have printed 150,000 of these elegant posters at the enormous cost of $5,000.

WE PAY AGENTS' ADVERTISING BILLS.

We have already spent $75,000 in advertising the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine in the leading newspapers all over the country, and during the coming season will spend many more. So that an agent taking hold of our Machine to sell it has something that has already been well advertised, and about which people have heard and want to learn more. This season, however, we have a special offer to make you, and that is to advertise the Machine

IN YOUR OWN TERRITORY.

As soon as you shall have purchased from us a sample Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, thus furnishing us with satisfactory evidence of your being a reliable and competent agent, we will then insert a two-inch advertisement of the Machine, to run six month, in five newspapers published in your territory. This we all do at our own expense, it not costing you a penny; your name as agent and your postoffice address will be inserted under each advertisement. This, you can readily see, is done for your direct and positive benefit, and will result in all inquiries being sent promptly and surely to you instead of ourselves.

The Money Agents Make Selling Our Machines

"How much can a smart, active agent make selling the Monarch Lightning Sawing Maching?" Of course there is a great difference in the business capabilities of men, and the best we can say is, that any reasonable wide-awake man can sell on an average, at least ONE Sawing Machine each day, a profit to the agent of $15 per day, and six days per week gives a total profit of $90. Many of our agents, living in timber districts, average TWICE, and even THREE times this profit. So that ANY MAN who wishes to get into a business that will pay him A HANDSOME WEEKLY PROFIT, JUST AS SURE AS THE SUN RISES, *may depend upon an agency in our business as just what he is looking for.* ORDER A MACHINE ON THIRTY DAYS' TEST TRIAL.

We produce this picture to illustrate a little incident that happened last Fall to one of our smart agents. An auctioneer had advertised a sale of miscellaneous goods on the public square of one of our western towns, and succeeded in attracting a large crowd. Our agent, who always has an eye to business, took advantage of the auctioneer's advertising and hauled some logs on the opposite side of the square, and just as the auctioneer had commenced his sale, our agent began to run the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine. In a few minutes the auctioneer was talking to the air while our agent was surrounded with an inquiring crowd, eagerly watching the operation of the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine. Finally the auctioneer came over, and patiently waited till our agent had distributed his circulars, and had taken several orders for the machine, after which the sale of goods went on. We mention this incident to show what a smart agent can do, also that the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine always commands attention. We want many more just such agents, and are willing to spend money for their own advertising.

SENT ON THIRTY DAYS' TEST TRIAL.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 1, 1884.

Our machine has given such universal and personal satisfaction to the thousands of purchasers during the last three years that we do not hesitate in making the following offer, namely: If the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, after thirty days' test trial at your own home, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, according to the recommendations of the Company in its catalogue and circulars that have been sent you, then the Company hereby binds itself to refund you every dollar of the money paid for such Machine. And such is our confidence in the remarkable merits of said Machine for sawing logs, etc., that said Company further agrees to remit you the money by New York Bank Draft immediately upon receipt of your letter expressing any dissatisfaction whatever, and proof that we have misrepresented said Machine.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the Seal of the Company is hereby affixed, together with the signature of the President, at the City of Chicago, this first day of October, 1884.

1883

MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO.
H. C. DEAN,
President.

Wholesale Prices

Remit us $25 cash for Sample Machine, elegantly painted, striped and varnished. We will give you the sole Agency for two Counties. You can buy the *next five* machines (after the sample machine) at only $10 each, and all machines you want after these first six, are only $15 each. This is another way we have to help our agents get started in business.

$125 a Month Salary.

WE want five Salesmen at once to travel for us. The first five men who send us $25 each for Sample Machine, we will hire one month on trial at $125 a month and traveling expenses. All salesmen found capable, after trial, will be engaged for the following four months at the same salary. The $25 sent us for sample machine will be immediately returned to all salesmen engaged on one month's trial. The chances are that the men who act on the above the *quickest*, are smart men, and therefore what we want for salesmen.

8,785 TESTIMONIALS.

We have 8,785 testimonial letters from farmers all over the country who bought and used our machine during 1883 and 1884. These letters, one and all, praise the machine as highly as we could wish.

This list was crowded out of the catalogue for want of space. We will send a printed list to all who send for it.

Will It Pay?—We answer it now for you, and tell you emphatically, *it will pay you.* It will pay you if you should not sell a single machine; but that is not probable; indeed it would be preposterous to suppose that in an entire county you could not sell a single machine. The fact is, you will readily sell dozens and scores of them. People must have wood, and a labor-saving machine like the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine, as we know from past experience, is bound to sell "like hot cakes."

Remember, too, that after you have ordered your sample machine and received your certificate as our authorized agent, we secure you your commission on any machines then ordered from your territory, even if the party ordering has not seen you at all.

Owing to the fact that the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine has been widely advertised throughout the Union, and even the Canadas, orders are certain to come in from parties in your county before you get to see them. In such case we credit you with the amount of your commission, to be applied on *your* orders as they come in.

THE MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE MANUFACTORY, CARPENTERSVILLE, ILL.

WHAT ENTERPRISE CAN DO.---The above engraving shows one of our large factories, where are manufactured in immense quantities the MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINES. This factory is located at Carpentersville, Ill., which is situated on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, about fifty miles from Chicago. Our other factory, and where other implements sold by us are made, is located at Hartford, Wisconsin. It was but a few years ago that the Monarch Manufacturing Company started in a small way, compared with the immense business it is now doing. It then employed but a few persons, and the money it then expended in a whole year would not now pay our advertising bills alone for a single month. As the reader will see from the size of our building, we now employ hundreds of men, whose wages amount to thousands of dollars every month, while our expenditures for advertising alone reach as high as $4,000 a month, or nealy $50,000 per annum. The cost for getting out this circular which you are now reading, and sending thousands of them all over the country, has cost us an item of nearly $5,000. But after all we shall prosper by it. For it is a well settled principle in business that if you have a thing to sell, no matter how good it is, you must let the people know it. We have determined that the people, the farmers of this country, shall know of the Monarch Manufacturing Co., and the machines it has to sell, and in this way and through our Agents, who of course profit by our liberal advertising, we hope to sell this year at least 10,000 more Monarch Lightning Sawing Machines than we did last. You can help us, and at the same time make money for yourself if you will only take an agency and begin work at once. Will you try it and see if we are not right? Elegant catalogue and poster free.

863 County and State Fair Premiums.

Our agents exhibited our machine and took eight hundred and sixty-three First Premiums and Diplomas at the County and State Fairs during the summer and fall of 1884; a most satisfactory showing, we think, and all sensible men will agree with us that the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine stands to-day unexcelled the world over. The walls of our offices are hung thickly with many of the handsomest Diplomas in neat frames.

$1000 Challenge

We hereby challenge the world that the Monarch Lightning Sawing Machine is the best sawing machine of its kind now in existence. We have put up and are willing to forfeit one thousand dollars in cash, in the event it does not, after a fair trial, prove to be the fastest cutting as well as the lightest-running machine in the world. The challenge is open to to any and all competitors, and the money is ready. If you think you have a better machine now is the time to test it.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Sawing Made Easy.

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

SENT ON 30 DAYS' TEST TRIAL.

For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of log-cutting—it is unrivaled. Thousands sold yearly. A boy of 16 can saw logs fast and easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 6 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All free. Agents Wanted. Big money made quickly.
MONARCH MF'G CO., (A) 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.
JOHN SMITH, Agt., Smithfield, Ohio.

AGENTS!!

We will hire a man to post your counties THOROUGHLY with our elegant five colored lithograph posters. We also will publish the annexed two-inch advertisement in five papers published in your counties. We do all this for you FREE. It don't cost you a cent. We know it will pay us big money in the end, because IT HELPS OUR AGENT to sell machines.

MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO.

OFFICES AND SALESROOMS,
206 South State St., Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such.

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one *trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Thirty Years Record. Endorsed by Physicians.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS LIVER BLADDER AND URINARY ORGANS DROPSY GRAVEL DIABETES BRIGHT'S DISEASE PAINS IN THE BACK LOINS OR SIDE NERVOUS DISEASES RETENTION OR NON-RETENTION OF URINE.

By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

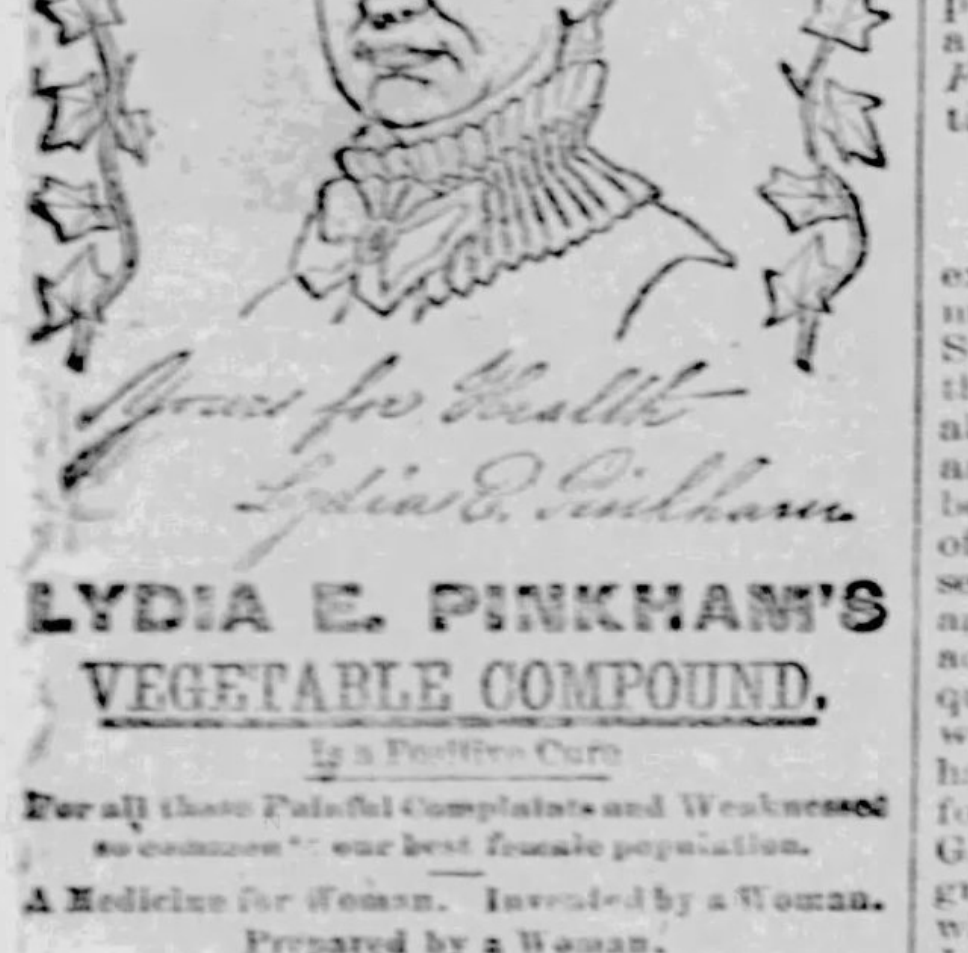
It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail.

It is prepared expressly for these diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. For sale by all druggists.

PRICE $1.25.

Send for Pamphlet of Testimonials.

HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

☞ It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

☞ Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. ☜

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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Editor Storey's Will.

A special to the Globe-Democrat says: "It is not improbable that when the will of the late Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, is made public on Monday next, it will be found the editorial direction and management of the Times will be entrusted to Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska. Mr. Morton and Mr. Storey have always been close personal friends. The proprietor of the Times had a high estimation of the Ator County statesman's journalistic ability. Some 10 years ago a will was drawn up by Goudy, as Storey's legal adviser, in which the latter named Morton as his successor. Whether that will is in existence now or not no one knows. During the years of Mr. Storey's mental decadence it is claimed he made a number of codicils and new testaments, none of which could stand if contested. If the will drawn by Goudy can be found it will undoubtedly take precedence over the rest; if not, a dispute seems inevitable. Mr. Morton being absent on a stumping tour of the State, it is impossible to learn whether he has personal knowledge of these facts, or whether Mr. Storey ever told him directly that he was to succeed him."

I Had a Dreadful Cough

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health *completely* by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

Frederick J. Allen, Vice President of the Young Ireland Society, and an employe of the Freeman's Journal, has been arrested for treason and felony. At a recent meeting of the society, Allen moved a resolution, which was adopted, rescinding the vote recently passed by the body expressing sympathy with the family of the late Alexander M. Sullivan, on the ground that the English policy of Sullivan recently was deserving of condemnation.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Answers to Inquiries.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

POTATO SEED—In reply to H. B. Good— Crush the balls and put the pulp in water a few days and the sound seed will settle to the bottom. Dry carefully, and early in the Spring plant in a hot bed or box in the house, and when the plants are three or four inches high, and the weather warm enough, transplant two feet apart in the open ground. The tubers will grow from one to two inches in diameter the first season, and the following season will produce potatoes of good size. I have saved a large lot of choice seed, and if any of the BLADE readers wish to raise seedling potatoes, I will gladly send them a packet if they will write to me and send two stamps. One packet of seed will produce a great variety of kinds. I have some very promising seedlings and am much interested in every attempt to improve this valuable esculent.—A. T. COOK, Clinton Hollow, N. Y.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

BLACK LEG IN CALVES.—Will someone having experience with black leg in calves tell how to treat it? What are the symptoms and what the cure?—H. HODGES. Keota, Keokuk Co., Ia.

MARL LIME.—I have a bed of marl lime on my farm, and have heard that it was good to make wheat grow. I want to know how to burn it, if it has to be burned, and when to apply it. Also, when and how to plant the runners of a grapevine so they will root. Also the time of year to cut oak grubs to kill them.—JAMES D. ANDERSON, Muir, Ionia Co., Mich.

Fall Plowing.

I am decidedly in favor of Fall plowing, only, however, with clay soil, and when the land is in proper condition, which means dry enough to set up with the plow, so that the elements may the better act upon it and the water soak away. It is better, if it can be done properly, to plow late in the Fall, even in Winter. In this last case some of the best results have been obtained; beside, the land may then be plowed when more moist and less stubborn, leaving it in a better condition for the elements to act upon it, particularly the freezing and thawing of Spring.

But there is some risk in trusting to the lateness of the season for plowing, as it may then be too wet. I am not among the theorists who hold that the frost will correct all. If the frost had this virtue, then all land plowed in the Fall in our northern climate would be mellow and in good condition to sow in the Spring, which every farmer of the North who works clay soil knows is not the case. Often the land in Spring remains wet and compact till late—too late sometimes for sowing—and too hard for the harrow to make much of an impression. Such is the soil that is plowed wet in the Fall; and the earlier it is plowed wet the worse, as it then hardens from the effect of the sun and wind, a condition which the frost cannot entirely correct. Plowed late, the drying and hardening do not take place. On the contrary, the water which occupies the ground is expanded by the frost, thus separating the particles, which remain so till seed time in the Spring, and, if put in dry enough, there will be a good seed bed with the chance of a good crop, if the land is sufficiently rich.

The point, then, is to plow when the land is dry, or sufficiently moist to cause it the more readily to crumble; and never plow when so wet that it settles down to a level approaching a bog, which is fatal.—*F. G., Fort Plain, N. Y., in Country Gentleman.*

Grape Culture.

Charles A. Green says he lately passed about 100 vineyards on the Hudson River, and they suggested to him the following thoughts: 1. The importance of elevation, the higher the better, where the grapes will ripen. 2. Planting only on dry soil; no vines will ever be planted in future on land where the water cannot run off. 3. Thoro cultivation—the soil kept loose and free from weeds with horse and hoe, and the Acme harrow is particularly recommended. 4. Thinning the fruit—overbearing preventing timely and even ripening, and doing permanent injury to the vines. Vineyardists take off at least half the crop, and get larger bunches, better quality, and higher prices in market. 5. Pruning close to avoid too many bunches, and attentive tying to the wires. 6. Manuring the washed mountain sides, which gives immediate results. 7. Choice of varieties—the old Concord being still most reliable, and it can be grown at half the expense of other sorts. 8. Careful assorting and attractive packing for market—packages with handles for purchasers to carry easily. Dealers sell more put up in from five to 10-pound baskets, than in larger quantities, which must be unpacked and pawed over. The above is the substance of a longer article in the last number of *Green's Fruit Grower*, and contains excellent practical suggestions.

Popular Fruits.

The question is often asked why certain excellent fruits are not more cultivated and more extensively raised by nurserymen. Such an apple, for instance, as the Melon or the Early Joe, is not commonly seen in catalog. The answer is very plain—they are poor growers. The Early Joe is a much better fruit than Early Strawberry or Sops of Wine, which form very handsome nursery trees, and so the latter are freely propagated and the former omitted. Red Canada, a sort of rare excellence in quality, is a rather feeble grower, while the Baldwin, of moderate flavor, but a handsome tree, is propagated a hundredfold more extensively. So with pears—the Giffard, an excellent variety, but a crooked grower, is far superior to the Buffum, which is absolute perfection in growth. Josephine de Malines would be widely cultivated if as fine a grower. Purchasers usually insist on having handsome trees, and nurserymen propagate freely those which will best suit them. They would graft such varieties of the pear as Winter Nelis, Giffard and others at standard height on straight stocks, if purchasers were willing to pay the cost of the additional labor required for their propagation and training.

Improved Farm Machinery.

The editor of the *New England Farmer* remarks:

While traveling over some of the large grain farms in New York State, where nearly all the work is done by horse power, and by labor-saving machines, we could not help having the question forced upon us—does farm machinery tend to the production of small crops upon our American farms? We certainly saw fields of oats that would pay but a small profit on the cost of production if they had been harvested by hand labor, as was the universal custom a few years ago. We saw a small boy, 13 years old, driving a reaper around an oat field, and doing the work quite as well as a man, while the other hands were doing the binding. The seed drill, the sulky plow, and several of the harrows may be driven by boys, and the temptation is strong to keep the machines at work upon large areas, because the land can be worked cheaply, while in many cases the preservation of the fertility of the soil so that it can produce large crops, seems to be lost sight of.

Machines enable farmers to go over a much larger number of acres than they could by the old sickle and cradle methods of harvesting, and they can also run their land out faster by the new than by the old methods. The machines ought to give the farmer more time to study his business, more time to think, more time to enjoy life, more time to make his family happy, and more time to devote to the education of his children.

The Use of Salt.

There is a small body of "reformers" who hold that the use of salt is the cause of many human ailments, as well as the diseases of our domestic animals. The necessity for salt in the human system was recognized in the ancient laws of Holland, which condemned criminals to be deprived of salt in their food, and they died in the greatest torture. Wild animals, especially deer, show that they regard salt as necessary, by traveling great distances in order to reach the "salt licks." Domestic animals show by the avidity with which they dispose of the salt at the periodical salting, that it meets a want of their systems. These manifestations may be regarded as proof that animals need salt, and that it was in some way beneficial. Physiologists tell us that the blood contains a large per cent. of salt, and that this is necessary in order to keep the blood in its proper condition.

The old custom requiring saleswomen in dry and fancy goods stores to stand all day long without rest or relief is being superseded by more humane rules in many of our leading business houses. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is highly praised by those who have not yet been freed from the old necessity for constant standing; and is a genuine blessing in every such case, as well as to the tired out housekeeper who must be on her feet all day.

News of the Week.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Owing to the reduction of postage from three to two cents, the expenditures for the postal service this year will exceed the receipts by about $3,000,000.

Gen. Bennet, Chief of Ordnance of the Army, reports that during the year 31,153 rifles, carbines and shotguns have been manufactured at the National Armory.

Friday the Grand Jury of Washington found an indictment against Col. Burnside, late disbursing officer of the Postoffice Department, charging him with embezzling $54,000.

Rear Admiral Phelps, who was recently detached from command of the South Atlantic station, has passed examination before the retiring board, and will be placed on the retired list of the navy early next week.

The President has appointed ex-Sec. Hugh McCulloch to be Secretary of the Treasury, and Sec. Walter Q. Gresham to be Circuit Judge of the Seventh Circuit, to succeed Judge Thomas Drummond, resigned.

Decrease of the public debt during October, $8,307,192; decrease June 3, 1884, $32,890,373; cash in the Treasury, $434,008,572; gold certificates, $120,313,320; silver certificates, $131,556,531; certificates of deposit, $17,855,000; refunding certificates, $264,800; legal tenders, $346,681,016; fractional currency, $6,974,279.

Maj. Powell, of the geological survey, in a special report to the Secretary of the Interior, says that the rumors of great coal deposits in the great Sioux Indian reservation are unfounded, and that a survey and examination of the alleged coal beds resulted in a failure to discover sufficient coal to warrant working them with a view of supplying the local consumption.

In his annual report the Governor of Idaho says the funded debt of the Territory has been practically wiped out. The population is stated to be 88,000, which should entitle the Territory in the Governor's opinion to be admitted to the Union as a State. The value of assessed property in the Territory increased 50 per. cent. over last year and is now placed at $9,380,000. The export of minerals in the last fiscal year was $7,000,000.

While the workmen who are engaged in disinterring the remains of the old Holmead cemetery, at Washington, were at work Friday, they took out a coffin which was in a fair state of preservation. It contained the skull and thigh bones of a female, and a letter, yellow and crumbling with age. It is dated October 9, 1815, and tells a story of unrequited love and devotion, which probably in life concerned the being there buried. The writer was evidently an uneducated man, however.

SEC. M'CULLOCH.

The commission of Hon. Hugh McCulloch as Secretary of the Treasury, was received at the Department on October 30.

BARKER'S WILD CHARGES.

Barker, who resigned his position in the Treasury in a spasm of indignation, according to his statement, because he would not be accessory to the gigantic frauds which he says were being perpetrated right under his eyes, seems in a fair way to get all the investigation he wants, if not more. If it is notoriety that he is after he is likely to get it, and that of a character not generally considered desirable. So far as Barker's wild charges against Judge Lawrence, the First Controller, are concerned, few persons have any idea that there is the slightest foundation for them. Judge Lawrence has expressed a desire for the most searching investigation, and while this is going on the alleged connection of Barker with fraudulent claims which did not get through, will also receive a share of attention. Barker is somewhat of a crank whose habits have given him an unsavory reputation in the Department.

PUBLIC DEBT STATEMENT.

The following is a statement of the public debt for the month ended October 31:

Interest bearing debt—	
Four and one-halfs	$250,000,000
Fours	737,691,550
Threes	201,519,250
Refunding certificates	264,800
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total interest bearing debt	$ 126,475,600
Debt bearing no interest—	
Matured debt	$ 12,547,885
Legal tenders	346,739,306
Certificates of deposit	17,855,000
Gold and silver certificates	251,899,851
Fractional currency	6,974,279
Total without interest	$623,468,436
Total debt	$ 1,842,491,521
Total interest	8,676,918
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	$ 434,008,572
Debt, less cash in Treasury—	
Oct. 31, 1884	1,417,159,862
Decrease during October	8,307,192
Decrease since June 30, 1884	32,890,372
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	$ 2,367,709
Debt on which interest has ceased	12,547,485
Interest thereon	266,235
Gold and silver certificates	251,899,851
U. S. notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	17,855,000
Cash balance available	149,892,391
Total	$ 434,008,572
Available assets—	
Cash in Treasury	434,008,572
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad Companies, interest payable by United States, principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	1,292,470
Interest paid by United States	63,009,504
Interest repaid by companies—	
By transportation service	18,876,062
By cash payments, 5 per cent. net earnings	655,198
Balance interest paid by the United States	43,568,252

BUSINESS MATTERS.

The People's Bank, Canton, Ill., owned by C. D. Coblett, has suspended. Liabilities, $100,000; assets, $50,000.

The imports of dry goods at the port of New York for the week ended Saturday were $1,519,000. The amount marketed was $1,518,000.

Schedules in assignment of the New York commission firm of A. G. Luders & Co. show liabilities of $406,030; nominal assets, $100,000; actual assets, $2,300.

The business failures for the last seven days, reported to R. G. Dun & Co., numbers 23 in the United States and 26 in Canada, against 258 last week, and 218 week before. The increase is noticeable in Pacific States, Western and Southern States and Canada.

The annual report of the New York Central Sleeping Car Co. in 16 States and Territories and the Dominion of Canada, made to the New York Railroad Commissioners, shows gross earnings of $1,591,000; expenses paid out, $884,000; net income, $707,000; operating cost for the year, exclusive of depreciation of cars and equipment, 55.6 per cent.

INDUSTRIAL.

The Washington Cotton Mill, Lawrence, Mass., after running all Summer at a total loss of $160,000, have shut down until there is some prospect of settling the tariff question. The mills employ 2,500 people.

The Mt. Vernon cotton mills at Woodberry, Md., have posted notices that the wages of operatives will be reduced 10 and 15 per cent. Those receiving the highest wages will be reduced 15 and the others 10.

On account of the shutting down of mills in Lewiston, Me., there is considerable distress among discharged operatives. Overseers of the poor, report applications for assistance have increased rapidly. Forty persons left for Canada on October 28.

At Petersburg, Va., a committee of citizens supply 225 families with the necessaries of life. Funds are raised by entertainments given for their benefit. The families were thrown out of employment by the shutting down of cotton mills in the City and vicinity.

A Little Girl Left to Die in a Cemetery.

As N. W. Jarvis, of Williamsburg, was walking in the Lutheran cemetery in New York, on his way to his son's grave, he heard a smothered cry that seemed to come from a mound over which drooped the branches of a tall weeping-willow, and noticed a movement among what appeared to be only a pile of withered branches and leaves near the mound. He stooped down and lifted the branches and saw a little girl lying on her face catching convulsively at the damp grass with her hands. Mr. Jarvis picked her up. Her eyes were staring, her tongue was extended, and her face was purple. A black fur-trimmed cloak was buttoned closely around her neck. Mr. Jarvis carried her to the house of the Superintendent of the Cemetery. He unbuttoned the cloak and disclosed a white handkerchief tied tightly around her neck. He untied the handkerchief and the child gasped once or twice and began to cry. A doctor was called, and she improved so that she was soon able to sit up. She is a pretty brown-eyed girl of three years. The child gave her name as Lizzie Engleman, and said she had been on a big ship with her father and mother. The supposition is that her parents took her to the cemetary, tied the handkerchief around her neck and deserted her, thinking she would soon choke to death. Red welts around the girl's neck and bruises on her head show how badly she had been hurt.

Jeff Davis and His Fellow-Conspirators Should Have Been Shot.

In a speech at the opening of the new headquarters of the Frank Blair Post, Grand Army of the Republic, at St. Louis, Gen. Sherman referred to the late war as a conspiracy, not a rebellion or secession. As his statements were rather extraordinary, a reporter sought the General to ascertain his views. He was met in his study and readily explained the remarks. He said:

"The men who instigated the war were conspirators, and should have been shot on the spot. Jeff Davis was in the employ of the Government, and when he sought to destroy it he was a conspirator. I saw a letter dated 'Senate Chamber, U. S.,' and signed by two Senators (Slidell and Benjamin), ordering the Governor of Louisiana to seize the Government arsenals. Was this not conspiracy of the most fearful nature? Jeff Davis sought to establish a Government of Southern gentlemen who would rule the masses. His desire was for a limited franchise—limited to land owners—the poor white in his estimation should be classed with the negro. Had he succeeded in his conspiracy he would have carried this out in the South, and then imposed it on the Northern States. He wanted to totally destroy this Government, and from its ruins build up a Southern plutocracy. This I know, that when once the Southern States had formed a confederation he had determined that they should not secede. His idea was not secession, it was destruction. The Southern States rebelled one by one and then confederated. Davis bent his energies to prevent their secession, and was willing to destroy one of them before it could be accomplished. I have seen a letter which he wrote to the Governor of one of the States, threatening that he would turn Lee's army upon it if it should attempt to secede from the Confederacy. From this it is evident that he did not believe in secession, but that he wanted the destruction of the United States Government and a dominant Southern Confederacy. It is well for you—it is well for me—that he did not succeed, as it meant our disfranchisement. His attempt was a base conspiracy, for which he deserved death."

The Mine Horror.

A Uniontown, Pa., dispatch of the 28th says: The worst fears touching the fate of the men who were imprisoned in the coal mine at Youngstown, four miles from this place, by the explosion of fire-damp, which took place there about 4 o'clock last evening, have been fully confirmed. Six of the miners were taken out last evening soon after the disaster. Two of them were found to be dead and two of the other four are so seriously injured that there is no hope of their recovery. This left from 14 to 18 men supposed to be still imprisoned in the mine. The exact number was not certainly known. The work of reaching these men was continued industriously throughout the whole night, and by this morning the dead bodies of 12 of them had been brought out and delivered to their friends and relatives at the mouth of the pit. This makes 14 dead in all, together with the four injured, accounting for 18 of the whole number supposed to be in the mine. Whether there are any more remains yet to be discovered, but it is believed that all have been found.

The scene at the mouth of the pit as the disfigured bodies of the dead were brought to the surface and given into the hands of wives and relatives, was distressing in the extreme and vividly recalled to mind the piteous wails of the bereaved families who waited at the opening of Leisenring mine last February for the bodies which they knew were coming lifeless to them from the uncompassionate bowels of the earth. It was a sad spectacle, indeed, and moved to tears the people who had been drawn to the place by the news of the disaster.

It cannot be stated now whether the explosion was due to carelessness of the Company or not. The miners allege that it was, but on the heels of a calamity like this, the first impulse usually is to attribute the blame to the Company. It is well known, however, that the Youngstown Company has always been very careful, and the knowledge that their mine was a dangerous one and predisposed to a generation of fire damp, made them more careful than ever. The mine was inspected every morning, and whenever the presence of fire damp was detected, it was the invariable order to deny the men admission to it until the gas had been expelled. This was the rule and the officials say it was rigidly enforced, but it was claimed by the miners that the company discharged a competent fire boss about two months ago, and have since employed in that capacity one who was not competent to determine whether the mine was safe or not.

Further Particulars of the Terrible Storm.

The following further particulars of the disastrous storms on the coast of Lower California, were learned on October 29, the news being brought by the Captain of the steamer Newbern, from Guaymas to San Francisco. He says the steamer Estado de Sonora, left Mazatlan Sept. 29; the first storm broke out on the following day; it raged with such terrific fury that the Estado was unable to put back; this supposed she rolled over and went down with 57 souls aboard; nothing was ever afterward heard of passengers or crew.

October 14 the Newbern passed a large quantity of wrecked stuff near the entrance to the Gulf of California; among it was a pilot house with a band attached; a lot of brasswork had been picked up by the natives of San Jose Island; they had stripped off all the wood part and burned it, leaving only the brass work; there were no marks on any of these, but it is believed they were all from the wrecked steamer. One of the brasswork was sent to Guaymas, for the purpose of identifying it. The Estado was commanded by Capt. Rode, nephew of Capt. Chas. Wilson, formerly Danish Consul in this City.

The second storm began October 7, and lasted three days. It was more violent even than the first. The only particulars are from Cape St. Lucas, as reported last night. There was such a tremendous sea running that the Newbern was unable to touch at the Cape. She passed through fields of loose candles, believed to be a part of the cargo of the schooner Dora. Out of all small coasters only one was heard of, a small sloop (name unknown) with five souls aboard, two of them were saved—a young boy, son of M. Greene, Manager at Cape St. Lucas, and a sailor. The latter held the boy 16 hours in his arms in the water. Of nine schooners lost four were the San Pablo, San Pedro, Cisne and Antonio. The names of five others are unknown.

Sec. McCulloch on the Legal Tender Decision.

The following extract from a letter by Hugh McCulloch, recently, in regard to the decision of the Supreme Court on legal tenders, will be read with interest since that gentleman's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury: "No one can read the debates in the Convention by which the Constitution was framed, without perceiving how anxious the statesmen of that day were that Congress should not, even by implication, be clothed with power to make anything but gold and silver money, or the debates in Senate and House, when the legal tender acts of 1862 were under consideration, without being struck by the manifest reluctance with which their advocates sustained them, even as a war measure in a great financial emergency. The book is especially interesting and valuable, in view of the recent decision by the Supreme Court, which unsettles what, up to that decision, had been regarded by the best legal minds of the country as the established law, and opens wide the door for one of the greatest calamities that can befall the Nation—the unlimited issues of Government notes, no matter how depreciated they may be, with the legal attributes of coin. The country is at sea upon a question of supreme importance to everybody in the United States, and in discussions which this decision makes unavoidable, this history of United States notes will be exceedingly helpful."

"Evolution" Downed.

The Presbyterian Synod of South Carolina, has been engaged for several days in the discussion of the Darwinian theory of evolution. The issue arose from the fact that Dr. Woodrow, one of the Professors at the Columbia Theological Seminary, with the avowed purpose of fortifying young ministers in scientific knowledge, had set forth the theory of evolution in a lecture, expressing his own belief in it in a modified form, and declaring it not inconsistent with Scriptural teachings. The discussion of Dr. Woodrow's position was warm and spirited, most of the leading divines participating. A settlement of the question was reached last evening, by the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Synod the teaching of evolution in the theological seminary at Columbia, except in a purely expository manner, with no intention of inculcating its truth, is hereby disapproved."

The vote by which the resolution was carried was: Yeas, 50; nays, 45.

Drouth in New Hampshire.

Owing to the drouth in Contocook a water famine is threatened. People are drawing water from the river for domestic purposes. In the case of fire the City will be in great danger.

FIRE RECORD.

A spark from a locomotive set fire to cotton in the yard of the Central Railroad at Savannah, Ga., and 200 bales were destroyed. Loss $7,000.

The National White Lead Works at Willow Grove, Pa., was destroyed by fire. Thos. Kavanaugh, an employe, was buried under a falling wall, and fatally injured. Loss, $45,000; insured.

The Moundsville, W. Va., Reporter, newspaper and job printing office, owned by H. W. Rook & Co., was totally destroyed by fire, together with three presses, type and fixtures. A large dwelling house adjoining was also burned. It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss nearly $10,000; no insurance.

The eastern side of Water street, in the Town of Lubec, Me., was swept by fire on the morning of November 1. Eight wharves, 1 store, 14 smoke houses filled with herrings, 2 vessels, 2 canning factories, 1 dwelling and 7 boats have been burned. The loss will amount to near $40,000.

The large brick building situated on the southeast corner of Lasalle and Michigan streets, Chicago, the lower floors of which were occupied by hide dealers, and the upper portion by Fisher's cigar box factory, burned on the morning of October 29. The building was owned by W. Culver, of Culver, Page & Hoyne, was a five-story structure, occupied by Schnabel & Co., barbed wire manufacturers; the Campbell Printing Press Company; Danheizer Bros., chewing gum manufacturers, and W. E. Fisher's cigar box factory, the latter in the top floor and employing 21 men and 18 girls. The foreman of the shop (James Carr) got all 39 souls together in good order, and coolly led the band to the fire-proof stairs and safely to the ground. Troubled with doubt as to whether any were left behind, Carr quickly returned to the fifth story, but remained a few minutes too late. The flames had cut off every avenue of escape. He hurried to the roof, and amid the wild excitement of thousands of people below, was thrown a rope from the building on the opposite side of the street. Making the line fast, he commenced the perilous descent, while the firemen held a heavy tarpaulin beneath as a precaution. Suddenly the rope snapped under the man's weight, or was burned by bursts of flame. Carr's body shot downward, head foremost, and, to the horror of the people, went directly through the tarpaulin. He was picked up from the stones, his neck broken and mangled almost beyond recognition.

Another thrilling scene was meanwhile taking place at the fire-escape from the chewing gum factory. Eighteen young girls, panic stricken, came down pell-mell, and, when within 25 feet of the ground, the last of eight jumped to the pavement, falling in a confused heap. Miraculously, none were seriously injured, except three who received painful cuts and bruises.

The discovery was made October 30 that J. L. Divea, a printer, lost his life in the Chicago fire at Michigan street and Lasalle avenue. He returned with Carr for the purpose of ascertaining if all the girls had escaped, and has not been seen since.

Death Caused by "Hazing."

The friends of Naval Cadet Strong, who died at Annapolis as the result of hazing by the upper classmen, are determined to probe the matter to the bottom, and if any ground for criminal prosecution exists, then to have the cadets believed to have been concerned in the matter indicted for murder. This course is taken rather than that of a court-martial, which too often fails to yield anything satisfactory in its finding. There are some six or seven young men said to have been engaged in the hazing of Cadet Strong, one of the tricks they did being to roll him down a steep hill in a barrel. The official report of his death gave the cause as strangulated hernia, whereas Strong, who had just entered the Naval Academy on that day, could not have passed medical examination had he been liable to suffer from any such cause. A trial in the civil Courts would be a serious matter for some of these young men, and if they obtained a taste of it they would not care to do any more hazing. It might have a salutary effect in breaking up the practice. Strong was a nephew of Lieut. Schwatka, of Arctic fame. Sen. Dolph, of Oregon, who is a friend of Strong's relatives, is interested in the investigation.

An Erring Brother, But He Is Not a Candidate.

For two days Rev. C. B. Ebey, of Chicago, presiding elder of Elgin District of the Free Methodist Church, and Rev. M. V. Clati, of Aurora, ex-presiding elder, have been in Elgin investigating the alleged immoral conduct of Rev. C. B. Scoville, for two years pastor of the Free Methodist Church in Elgin. Their inquisition has disclosed the fact that Mr. Scoville has been criminally intimate with a watch factory employe named Miss Mary Dove for a period of 18 months. The disclosure was brought about by Rev. Thomas P. Fluck, late of Chicago, who obtained an inkling of the situation and finally secured from the young woman a confession. Fifteen letters from Scoville were in her possession. Last evening Scoville confessed to the truth of the awful charges. He has a wife and three children, and was by the last Conference transferred to Aurora, being succeeded here by Rev. F. A. Millard. Scoville is about 36 years old, and came from Winnebago, the former home of Miss Dove. Of course the erring brother will be dismissed from the ministry, and it is said has written a letter tendering his resignation. Scoville's demeanor has been uniformly modest and unassuming, not in the least calculated to show that he was such a man as he confesses to have been.

An Ocean Steamer on Fire—Passengers Rescued.

The German steamer Rhein, which arrived at New York on October 31 from Bremen, reports that Oct. 24, at 7 o'clock in the evening, in longitude 27° 41', she fell in with the Dutch steamer Maasdam, from Rotterdam for New York, which was all ablaze. The Rhein took from her in boats the passengers and crew, numbering 186 in all, and brought them to this port.

Capt. Van Derzee, of the steamship Maasdam, burned at sea, makes the following statement: "We left Rotterdam October 18, with eight cabin and 133 steerage passengers, and a crew of 45 men. All went well until the 23d, when we encountered a violent gale, during which the petroleum tank commenced leaking. The next day at 2 P. M. one of the crew, in looking for the leak, placed a lighted lamp near the tank, which exploded with a loud report, the contents taking fire and putting the ship in a blaze. Every effort to control the fire was useless, so at 4 P. M. I ordered all hands into boats. At 9 P. M. we were picked up by the steamer Rhein. No one was lost or injured in the slightest degree."

New Orleans Election Cases.

Judge Pardee, of the U. S. Circuit Court at New Orleans, Friday, heard the argument of the petition of United States Supervisor of Elections, George L. Martin, that State Registrar Brewster should show cause why 722 names of illegal, dead and other disfranchised voters found on the registration rolls should not be erased or canceled. The Judge, in deciding the case, said: "So far as this matter is concerned, I do not know of any statute that confers jurisdiction on this Court outside of what the Court has to guard in the interests of the United States Supervisors of Election and other federal officers under the acts of 1875. The civil courts should have jurisdiction. If there was a reference in the case to any direct statute of the United States this court might be of competent jurisdiction, but this is a matter upon which this court cannot pass. The motion that the State Registrar shall show cause why these names should not be stricken off, is denied."

Liability of a Car Company.

Judge Richards, of the Superior Court at Louisville, has reversed the decision of Judge Stiles, of the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, who had given judgment for plaintiff in the case of Gaylord vs. the Pullman Car Company for the loss of a diamond pin on defendant's car between Chicago & Louisville. Judge Richards held that the Pullman Company is not subject to the stringent liability of an inn keeper, but does impliedly undertake to keep reasonable watch over passengers and property, and a faithful performance of this undertaking is the limits of its duty in this respect, and a failure of the Pullman Co. to keep such faithful watch must be the foundation of every action seeking to charge it with loss of articles which a passenger takes with him upon the car. It was not shown that the Pullman Co. had been guilty of negligence, hence the ground for reversal.

Explosion in Gas Works.

At Milwaukee, on October 31, the large purifier at the gas works exploded with terrific force, shaking the earth and shattering windows for a distance of a dozen blocks. No one injured. Twenty workmen in an adjoining building had a miraculous escape. The escaping gas instantly ignited, the flames shooting high into the air and setting fire to a portion of the gas works, but the ready response of the fire department prevented serious loss in this direction. Loss to the Company by the explosion and escaping gas, $15,000.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Detective Palmer, of Chicago, secured from a burglar a letter of introduction to his accomplice, Charles Steele. On the person of the latter were found 100 skeleton keys, and in his house stolen property worth $800 was secured.

Two iron roofers working on the great elevator at Duluth fell 100 feet from the side of the building to the dock below. Both were mashed almost to a jelly, but lived about an hour in terrible agony. Their names were S. M. Turner and Charles Johnson, the latter from Chicago.

John Coonors, Captain of the tow barge Richard Winslow, has been arrested at Buffalo on a charge of rape, preferred by Mrs. Kerr, cook on the boat. The crime is alleged to have been committed about October 8, on Lake Superior, and consequently comes under the old United States law punishable with death.

R. Power Palmer, partner in the prominent insurance house of H. J. Straight & Co., Chicago, registered at the Revere House Tuesday. Thursday he signed a physician's name to an order for a quantity of laudanum, which was procured by a messenger. In the afternoon he was found dead in his room under circumstances indicating suicide.

Dr. Ira Richmond, who has been on trial for some time past at Lockport, N. Y., for manslaughter in the first degree, in causing the death of Miss Lizzie Cook, by malpractice, was convicted of the crime by the jury as charged. He was greatly dismayed by the verdict, having expected an acquittal. The sentence was deferred until November 8, when a motion will be made for a new trial. The jury recommended him to the mercy of the Court.

Charles E. L. Briggs, a young Postoffice clerk of Boston, who recently confessed stealing letters, has been proved innocent. After his arrest, it is claimed, his confession was extorted by threats and promises. The thefts continued after Briggs' arrest. Last Monday a stolen postal note was presented at the Postoffice. The theft was traced to Charles Smith, the elevator boy, who has since made a full confession. Briggs has been released and Smith arrested.

W. Eglehoof, of the firm of Eglehoof & Bro's, Louisville, which assigned Wednesday, has left the City, and, it is said, has gone to Canada. It is rumored that as Secretary of the Nelson County Distilling Company he had swindled creditors by hypothecating warehouse receipts. Eglehoof's brother-in-law, assignee of the firm, says there is scarcely a doubt that he has gone to Canada. Eglehoof has lost heavily on race betting lately. While a candidate for a County office it is said he paid $20,000. The firm assigned for $40,000.

Sunday last there was a white church dedication at Parksville, S. C. It is reported the colored men disturbed the services by firing pistols. Bad feeling continued since, and Wednesday culminated in the killing of James Blackwell, an officer who was attempting to make arrests, by a volley fired by negros barricaded in a house. There is great excitement, and further violence is expected. Gov. Thompson has been advised of the situation. Parksville is in Edgefield County, 30 miles from Augusta.

Lottie Francis, the 15-year-old daughter of William Francis, of Jamaica, L. I., attempted suicide by cutting her throat. She inflicted a terrible gash, but was discovered in time to give hope that her life may be saved. Her father recently sued his own father for the alleged alienation of his (the son's) wife's affections. He testified that his wife had confessed that her father-in-law was the father of her six children. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant. The young girl's attempt was the result of her mortification at the scandal her father's suit caused.

A Suspected "Colonizer" Arrested.

John J. Freeman, founder of the Colored Republican Association, was arrested in New York on October 30 by order of the District Attorney, on a charge of violating the election laws. The District Attorney claims he received information that colonization was being carried on in the Ninth Assembly District. Two colored detectives were put on the case, and after a short time found that the work of colonizing was being carried on by Freeman, and hence his arrest. Freeman endeavored to get detectives to register him as living in the District. Attempting to induce men to register illegally is felony under the present election laws.

Joseph Sands, colored, Henry Soloman, George Oestreicher and John Stephens were also arrested on the same charge, indictments having been found against them by the Grand Jury. Freeman was at one time attached to the District Attorney's office, and later employed in the Surrogate's office.

Guiteau's Lawyer Married to a Cleveland Lady.

It is known but by a few in Cleveland that Lawyer Scoville, brother-in-law of the assassin Guiteau, and who became famous as the attorney in the defense of the criminal, recently married a Cleveland lady. About two years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Ell of this City, a widow, went to Chicago and became a member of Mr. Scoville's household to care for his mother. Thus thrown into closer relations with Mr. Scoville his attentions to her became serious and they were married. Mrs. Scoville is a sister of Lieut. Anthony and Patrolman Anthony, of the police force of this City, and is a most estimable young lady. Her husband is a candidate on the People's ticket for State Attorney of Illinois.

Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania.

At Cleveland, on October 28, Rev. Dr. Nelson S. Rulison was consecrated as Assistant Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, with impressive ceremonies, in St. Paul's Church, of which he has been rector for some years. Participating were the presiding Bishop of the American Church, Alfred Lee, of Delaware; Bishop Stevens, of Philadelphia; Howe, of Central Pennsylvania; Bedell, of Ohio; Jaggar, of Southern Ohio; Knickerbocker, of Indiana; Whitehead, of Pittsburg, and Potter, of New York. The sermon was by Bishop Potter.

Novel Suicide—Chained to a Burning Brush Heap.

On Tuesday evening, October 29, Horace Deland, of Brookfield, N. H., aged 18 years, chained himself to a brush heap near his father's house, then set the brush on fire and deliberately burned himself to death. His body was discovered this morning. A gash was found on the side of his throat made by a razor, which was found near by. A note was found, directed to his parents, saying he was tired of living. He gave no reason for the act, but it is thought to have been caused by unrequited love.

Balloting for a Bishop.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention, at Baltimore, on October 29, after taking 23 ballots during the present session, or 33 in all, including the balloting at the May session, elected Dr. Paret, who received 91 out of 121 votes—10 more than the required majority. Dr. Paret is of French descent and a native of New York, 55 years of age. He has been stationed at the Epiphany Church, Washington, during the past eight years, where he is held in high esteem.

Murdered for $175.

A young man from Fowler, Ill., sold a horse at Quincy on October 31 for $175, became intoxicated, and while in that condition was lured across the river on the ferry, by a party of roughs. His body was discovered in the river the next morning with his skull crushed. His assailants are known to have taken the train on the Hannibal & St. Jo Railroad at midnight.

Gov. Hoadly and the Liquor Question.

Gov. Hoadly has been interviewed again, this time in reference to the effect of the Scott law decision, about which he evidently feels some doubt. He declares his intention to recommend the Legislature to submit a license amendment at its next session, and presumes that a prohibitory amendment will also be demanded.

Ex-Gov. Moses Attempts Suicide.

Ex-Gov. Moses, of South Carolina, who is under arrest charged with swindling Rev. Dr. Rexford, Rev. Mr. Atterbury and others, attempted suicide at Detroit on October 30, by hanging himself in his cell.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Cleveland, Tuesday, 100 delegates being present, representing 15 States. Mrs. Hayes, wife of the ex-President, occupied the Chair. Associated with her in the offices of the Convention are Mrs. John Davis, Chairman of the Executive Board; Mrs. R. S. Rust, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. F. A. Aiken, Recording Secretary. Words of greeting were uttered by Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Davis, of Cincinnati. Mrs. J. B. Corey, Corresponding Secretary of Ohio, welcomed the Committee. Short responses followed from Mrs. Dr. Boswell, Mrs. Dr. Bayliss, Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Goodall and others. After recess, Mrs. Davis read the report, which showed the greatest diligence and devotion to the work of the society. Mrs. Wellstone made a report of the industrial home and school at Savannah. A meeting was held at night, which Mrs. Wiley and Rev. P. Franklin addressed.

The Kit Carson monument is to be unveiled at Santa Fe in about four weeks, and Col. Robert Ingersoll has consented to deliver the address.

Danger from Catarrh

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from its varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

The Best Medicine

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken." MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

Serious consequences are liable to ensue if catarrh is not attended to in season. The disease frequently destroys the sense of smell and often developes into bronchitis or pulmonary consumption. Undoubtedly many cases of consumption originate in catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh and has even effected remarkable cures of consumption itself, in its early stages. A book containing statements of many cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, will be sent free to all who send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Catarrh and Impure Blood

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything else I ever used." A. BALL, Syracuse, N. Y.

"I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving." FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Harwood Brothers & Co., wholesale hardware, Bloomington, Ill., have failed. Liabilities, $100,000; assets, $50,000 to $60,000.

R. Power Palmer, connected with an insurance agency in Chicago, poisoned himself in a hotel with laudanum, evidently on account of poor health.

Patrick Egan, president of the National Irish league, states that he recently received a letter from Mr. Parnell affirming his neutrality in the present American campaign.

Spero, a $500 mastiff which for months has accompanied the Chicago fire patrol in its lightning-like movements, was Thursday crushed to death under the wheels of the wagon.

A jury in New York gave William Brady a verdict for $50,000 against C. P. Huntington for negotiating the purchase of the Morgan railroad and steamship lines in Louisiana and Texas.

The wife of George McCreary, of the Hudson River knitting mills, Watertown, N. Y., presented him with four children at a birth on Monday. They are all girls and weighed seven pounds apiece.

Maj. Wasson, an army paymaster, who has served 18 months in the Kansas penitentiary for embezzlement, was released Wednesday. He goes to Des Moines, where his parents reside. He planned and superintended a system of water-works for the prison.

The Association of North American Bee Keepers met in annual Convention at Rochester, N. Y., Tuesday. A paper on sending bees by mail, by Frank Benton, was read, and at the afternoon and evening sessions questions affecting the bee industry were discussed.

Col. J. G. O'Neill, the noted Fenian who commanded a Tennessee Confederate regiment during the war of the rebellion and led the celebrated Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866, had a hemorrhage of the lungs on the street at El Paso, Tex., Wednesday, dying in 15 minutes after.

The opening session of the Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women began in Baltimore Wednesday. The President of the Association, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, made the opening address. Papers were read relating to the moral, intellectual and physical development of women. The public sessions were well attended.

Gov. O'Neal having accepted the resignation of Chief Justice Robert C. Brickell, of the Alabama Supreme Court, and having promoted Associate Justice Stone to be Chief Justice, appointed Hon. David Clopton, of Montgomery, Associate Justice in place of Stone. Judge Clopton was a member of Congress in 1859-60, and is one of the ablest lawyers in the Gulf States.

For several days past there has been rumors afloat at Augusta, Ga., of a heavy defalcation on the part of George T. Jackson, President of the Enterprise cotton factory, and a committee was appointed to investigate the books of the Company. Jackson confesses to a defalcation, but cannot give the amount. He claims all responsibility for the deficit. Enough is already known from the investigating committee to show that the defalcation is over $60,000, and may reach $100,000. It will be several days before the full amount of the defalcation is known. The loss in running the Enterprise mill and the defalcation together will amount to $180,000. These losses will make the mill stand the stockholders in round numbers $1,000,000.

The funeral services over the late Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago *Times*, were conducted by Bishop Cheney and Rev. Dr. Swazey, at the family residence on Prairie avenue, Thursday afternoon. Among the number who attended were Judge Goudy, Judge Lambert Free, C. C. Boney, Melville W. Fuller and S. R. Bennett, A. L. Patterson, Andre Matteson, of the *Times*, and almost the entire working force of that journal. The pall bearers were Lyman Trumbull, Elihu B. Washburne, David Davis, Charles B. Farwell, T. Lyle Dickey, J. W. Doane, Wm. Henry Smett, Wm. Penn Nixon, Wirt Dexter and Jesse Spalding. The interment was made at Rose Hill Cemetery.

Sec. McCulloch and the Tariff.

A friend of Mr. McCulloch, who spent a day at his house several months ago, and before he was thought of in connection with his present position in the Treasury Department, says that he discussed with McCulloch the questions of currency and tariff and that he found the new Secretary outspoken in favor of the position now held by the Republican party on these questions. Mr. McCulloch himself referred upon that occasion to his report of 1868, and said that many a radical change had occurred since that report was made, which changes had entirely altered the status of affairs. Important modifications and material reductions had beed made in the rates of duty by the acts of 1872, 1875 and 1883, and the duties formerly levied on tea and coffee had been entirely abolished. The changes had not reduced the revenues, but they had reduced taxation; the reduction of taxation was the point arrived at by Congress, and that was the purpose of the recommendation contained in his report of 1868.

While declining to discuss the tariff at this time the Secretary says he has no hesitation in saying he was a true Republican, a personal friend of Mr. Blaine, and that he did not believe the country was prepared to embark upon Free Trade.

A Mother Overpowered and Robbed of Her Child.

A bold case of abduction occurred at New Haven on October 31. Three men called at the residence of Dr. E. J. Toof, 126 Wall street, and when the servant opened the door made a rush for the dining room, where Mrs. Toof and her daughter and Mrs. Rollin C. Reeves and her daughter were at supper. Mrs. Reeves recognized one of the men as her husband, from whom she had separated. She immediately seized her daughter, who is only 6 years of age, and tried to escape with her, but the husband seized her, and after a desperate struggle, during which Mrs. Reeves was knocked down, secured possession of the child. Assisted by his accomplices, who had prevented any interference, he placed the child in a carriage and drove rapidly towards the outskirts of the City. This is the second abduction of the child. About two months ago he took her to Massachusetts, but was arrested and forced to return her to her mother.

The Washington Monument.

The rain storm of the last few days has retarded the work of roofing the Washington Monument, and the intention to complete the structure externally, by the first of November has thereby been made impossible. The marble cutters in the sheds, however, have been kept busy, and it is thought that the stone for the roof from this time on will be ready as fast as the workmen at the top can set it. Already steps have been taken to make arrangements for the dedication of the shaft, which is to take place on the 22d of February next, the 153d anniversary of Washington's birth, but nothing definite will be done until the assembling of Congress, when the joint Congressional commission appointed to take charge of the celebration will meet and consider plans for the occasion. It is expected that one of the features of the celebration will be a grand parade of military and civic organizations.

He Ought to be Accommodated.

While Elijah Henderson, a tenant on the Arnold plantation, Choctaw Nation, was playfully presenting a pistol, supposed to be unloaded, at several friends assembled in his house, it accidentally went off, and killed his wife. Henderson became almost crazy and begged to be killed. He surrendered to the United States Marshal and desires to plead guilty to murder, so he may be hanged.

A Polygamy Case Dismissed—Somebody Lied.

The Connelly polygamy case at Salt Lake City was dismissed on October 31, by the United States Attorney, who said the testimony differed so radically from that before the Grand Jury that he was astounded. The most glaring perjury had attended the evidence here again. He hoped God would forgive him if he was wrong and forgive the witnesses if he was right. Judge Lane said to the jury: "Counsel for the prosecution states to the Court that they have produced all the evidence which they have been able to find after diligent inquiry, and are satisfied that it is not sufficient to warrant a conviction, because it shows the plural marriage took place more than three years prior to the indictment. The Court concurs in this view. A good many circumstances tend to show that the witnesses, or some at least, have not stated frankly, candidly and honestly all they know. Still, that does not authorize conviction. The jury must convict, if at all, upon evidence. From the statement of counsel for the prosecution and the minutes of testimony before the Grand Jury it seems that the prosecution were warranted in prosecuting the case, and have investigated it thoroly, so far as they were able with this class of evidence. The Court had given them the latitude to which they were entitled when compelled to rely upon hostile witnesses, at least some of them. The fact that they were hostile to the prosecution will be apparent to any candid, fair-minded man listening to the testimony. I regret to say I am of the opinion and have an abiding conviction amounting to a moral certainty that the ends of justice have been defeated in this case by false swearing. I hope never to see it again in this Court or any other. I have an idea the counsel for the defendant were not connected with it in any way. They would not advise such a thing, but other persons are not guiltless, in all human probability. In view of the evidence, the Court instructs you now to find a verdict of not guilty."

The Judge spoke in a very earnest and impressive manner, and was affected nearly to tears.

The Rhinelander Case.

W. Rhinelander, father of W. C. Rhinelander, who has been declared sane, and is held in $10,000 bail for shooting Lawyer Drake, has instructed his lawyer, Mr. Coudert, to arrange for the young man's bail and for his defense on the trial. He claims that in permitting the inquiry into the prisoner's sanity, he was acting in his son's best interest. He also claims to have furnished every comfort for his son while in the Tombs. W. C. Rhinelander, on the other hand, claims to have been neglected and persecuted, and it is said that he will not consent to be released through his family's aid.

Funeral of Mrs. Farragut.

The funeral of Virginia Loyall Farragut, widow of Admiral Farragut, took place at New York on November 3 from the Church of the Incarnation. Among the pall-bearers were D. O. Mills, Chief Justice Daly, Commodore Young, and Admirals Rhine, Smith and Nichols. Among those present at the church were Gen. U. S. Grant and wife, Wm. M. Evarts and wife, Gen. Martin, T. McMahon and Admiral Porter. The body was interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Killed His Father.

At Browningtou, Henry County, Mo., on the 3d, Louis T. Terril, a prominent farmer, attempted to chastise his 17 year old son. The boy refused to submit and ran, the father after him. The son drew a revolver and fired, missing the father, whereupon the parent caught him and they clinched, when the son placed the muzzle of the weapon at his father's heart and fired, killing him instantly. The boy then took his double-barreled shot-gun and a younger brother, and the two left, taking to the woods. The Sheriff is in pursuit.

Killed With a Butcher Knife.

Edward Gardner, Master Mechanic on the Canal Street Railroad, New Orleans, was stabbed to death by John Duffy, November 3. About nine months ago Gardner discharged Duffey, who was his foreman. Yesterday Duffey sent Gardner a note to meet him on Broad street bridge; Gardner went there armed, but laid his pistol down; Duffey immediately drew a butcher knife and stabbed Gardner to death. The murderer was arrested. Duffey is unmarried. Gardner leaves a wife and seven children.

The Railroad War.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The Erie has met the West Shore rates of $12 for first-class and $11 for second-class to Chicago. The Lackawanna will follow suit. Central officials say they expect to do so as soon as they feel satisfied that the above are actual rates.

The Baltimore & Ohio is preparing to run a limited express train between Baltimore and Washington and Chicago, which will make faster time than other roads, and the fare will be but $12 between these points. This would make the fare from New York about $18. The Pennsylvania Road now asks $23 for similar accommodations.

A Good Thing for the Traveling Public.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The New York Central has just announced the following reductions: St. Louis, $16, a reduction of $3; Indianapolis, $15.50, a reduction of $1.50; Cincinnati, $13.50, a reduction of $1.50; Detroit, $10.50, a reduction of $1; Toledo, $12.25, a reduction of $1. No further reduction to Chicago. The Lackawanna and Erie have not yet met the West Shore reduction, but will do so this morning. The above rates are the same as the West Shore.

The Hocking Valley Railroad.

The report of the Columbus, Hocking Valley & Toledo Railroad, shows total earnings of $2,566,000; total operating expenses, $1,533,000, being 59.73 per cent. of the earnings. This makes the net earnings of 309 miles operated $1,033,000. As $22,000 was paid out as rental, the net income over operating expenses and rent paid is $1,010,000. The percentage of this to capital stock and debt is 39.8 per cent.

Firing a Coal Mine.

A fire has been in progress at the Knoxville coal mine, near Pittsburg, since Saturday evening. The flames are spreading through the mine, and the tipple and large numbers of cars are already destroyed. The fire is the work of incendiaries, who saturated the wall of the mine with petroleum. The loss will reach $5,000.

The Virginia Legislature.

The General Assembly met at Richmond on November 3 and adjourned until the next day, no quorum being present. Adjournment from day to-day will be continued until the 7th, when the extra session ends, and the extension agreed upon 10 days ago begins.

Stonewall's Chief of Staff Dead.

Hon. Charles James Faulkner died at his home in Martinsburg, W. Va., on November 1, aged 78. He served several terms in Congress from Virginia, was Minister to France under Pres. Buchanan, and was Chief of Staff for Stonewall Jackson during the rebellion.

Spurious Issues of the Irish World.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Patrick Ford says a spurious issue of the Irish World has been issued, and he has begun a criminal suit against the persons alleged to be guilty, and has also begun a civil action, placing damages at $200,000.

Gas Vein.

The Canonsburg (Pa.) Iron Company struck a gas vein on October 31, which throws a flame 50 feet high.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britian.

NOTES.

Agitation among the Skye crofters is increasing. A circular has been distributed urging them to cut telegraphs, burn shooting lodges, poison deer and adopt desperate means of defense.

Mr. G. W. Smalley writes to the London Times, sharply complaining of the system of British mails to America. He urges the mails should be given to the fastest steamers, by way of Queenstown at Southampton.

In the House of Commons, S. Evelyn M Ashley, Under Secretary for the Colonial department, stated the Government was preparing to send a force to expel the Boers from the Montsioas Territory.

The editors of Charles Dickens' correspondence have discovered his diary. It contains his directions while editor for the conduct of the Daily News, the subjects for leaders being noted. Also his instructions regarding their treatment.

In the House of Commons, Thursday, Gladstone said the advance on Khartoum would have been made earlier had it been possible. A motion granting precedence over all other business to the franchise bill, was adopted without debate. Sir Thomas Brassey, Secretary to the Admiralty, said two gunboats had been ordered to protect British fisheries in the North Sea. Lord Randolph Churchill moved the amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech, of which he gave notice Tuesday. This censures the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, President of the Board of Trade, for inciting by his speeches interference with the freedom of political discussion, and justifying riot and disorder. In making the motion, Lord Randolph charged Chamberlain with moral and direct complicity in the recent Aston riots, which made things uncomfortable for his Lordship.

OUR ELECTION.

The London Times on November 3 devotes its leader to the political contest in America, in the course of which it says: "Although the number of votes polled to-morrow will probably exceed those polled at any previous contest, nevertheless it would not be rash to say that a vast majority of Americans regard the issue with indifference. Foreigners have still less reason to feel a keen interest. The campaign has been almost exclusively managed by experienced and adroit professional politicians. To them alone the result will bring exultation or disappointment. The most satisfactory feature of the whole campaign is the failure of all attempts to revive, for party purposes, the sectional jealousies of the North and South."

PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell made a significant and notable speech in the House of Commons. It was in continuation of the debate upon the demand of the Irish members that the Government should order an inquiry into the Maamtrasna murder trials. The House was crowded and the galleries filled with spectators. The speech was a passionate philippic against the British Government for the misrule of Ireland. He condemned everything English that is connected with Ireland, touched briefly upon the revolting scandals that had been brought home to certain Dublin Castle officials, and sneered at the Government's anxiety to retain in an exalted position that dear, good man, Earl Spencer, who winked at or condoned these outrages by his subordinates. There were several interruptions of a personal character, which made Mr. Parnell white with anger. At such times he was compelled to pause on account of cheers from the Liberal benches, but when he made a telling reply to the interruption, the counter cheers that arose from the Home Rulers were simply terrific. Altogether the scene was almost unparalled in the history of the Commons. It is admitted that Parnell's speech was the best one he has made since the "Kilmainham treaty" episode. Its immediate effect, however, is not advantageous to the Irish cause. It has simply confirmed the Government in its determination to refuse the proposed inquiry into the Maamtrasna case. Tories and Whigs believe that it was intended to have this effect. They say that Parnell placed himself in this position of savage antagonism to the Government both for the purpose of enhancing the value of his following as the Parliamentary balance of power, and to strengthen his own position at home.

SPAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

A Madrid dispatch to the London Standard says: "At a meeting of the Cabinet Council on the 30th, presided over by King Alfonso, Senor Elduayen, Minister of Foreign Affairs, submitted for consideration the conditions agreed upon between United States Minister Foster and Senor Albacete, Spanish Commissioner, for a special treaty of commerce with America. This treaty would be the starting point for a new colonial and tariff policy in the Spanish West Indies; it would open the Castilian colonies to American competition against Spanish imports, but it would also admit Cuba and Porto Rico into the Zollverein which America is gradually forming with Mexico and other Spanish-speaking countries around the Gulf of Mexico and in Central America, on the basis of reciprocal concessions and discriminating duties, to exclude European competition. Canada, the British West Indies, and the Central American republics, will receive the same advances from Yankee diplomacy shortly.

The special Hispano-American Convention stipulates that its advantages shall apply only to trade between the United States, Cuba and Porto Rico, which is carried on under the American and Spanish flag respectively. By its terms America will admit sugar, molasses and raw tobacco free of all duty, and the duty on other articles imported from the West Indies will be reduced. Spain will place American flour and cereals imported into her colonies upon the same footing as those imported from Spain, and will make a large reduction on the duties on cattle, salt, fresh fish, and all but very few American manufactured goods. Spain will also suppress consular tonnage duties, which are now levied at American ports, and promises further to reform the custom house, harbor and sanitary regulations and fines in her colonies. Only strong Government like that of Senor Canovas Del Castillo, with docile majorities in both houses of Parliament, could venture to attempt such a departure from the prevailing Castilian ideas of colonial policy and from the old system of protective tariffs."

REDUCING WAGES.

The mill owners at Dundee have resolved to reduce the wages of operatives five per cent., owing to a long-continued depression in trade. Thousands of work people are thrown out of employment, and the municipal authorities are devising measures for relief.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

The first of a series of meetings in behalf of the Tichborne claimant was held on October 30, in St. James' Hall, Piccadilly. The claimant was accompanied by his son, and delivered an address to a large and enthusiastic gathering. Mrs. Weldon also made a speech. The claimant (Tichborne) in his speech declared that his prosecution was due to the fact that Gladstone's daughter had married into the Tichborne family. He stated that he had determined to devote his life in obtaining justice for himself and children. A resolution was passed by the meeting demanding that the claimant should be restored to his rightful position.

PANIC IN A THEATER.

At Glasgow, Saturday night, the performances in the theater had proceeded without interruption until shortly after 9 o'clock, when some one shouted "Fire." The whole audience instantly rose to their feet and made a rush to the several exits. The great mass of people in the "pit" rushing therefrom met the crushing crowd pouring down from the gallery. A fearful and fatal block followed. The wild shrieks of agony and despairing cries for help could not then be answered. The mass of panic-stricken and struggling humanity were appealed to by the officers of the theater and by the police to hold back, but the appeals were unheeded. The crazed crowd frantically pressed toward the outlet, trampling down and over the weaker ones until the street was reached. When the theater was finally cleared 16 corpses were found on the stairs leading from the gallery, and 12 persons were so badly injured they only gave evidence that life was not extinct by their moanings.

The man whose cry of "fire" caused a panic in the Star Theater at Glasgow Saturday evening has been arrested. He was drunk when he raised the false alarm.

Egypt.

Wolseley has arrived at Ambigol in his progress up the Nile. The Canadian boatmen succeeded in getting 120 boats over the second cataract.

There will be a general movement of British forces up the Nile next week. It is reported two steam launches have been wrecked in the cataracts.

The plan for Gen. Wolseley's expedition to Khartoum, as finally settled, furnishes him a total force of [illegible] English troops. He will take 5,000 of these troops to Dongola, leaving a reserve corps of 3,500 at Wady Halfa.

LOST IN THE NILE.

The whale boats manned by Canadians, which successfully passed the Semneh cataract, occupied only six minutes in going through. Capt. Louis, of the Canadian voyageurs, fell overboard in the rapids, and, despite his frantic struggle to reach the shore and the efforts of his friends to rescue him, he was swept away shrieking for help and was drowned. Life buoys were thrown to him, but were of no avail. His body was not recovered. His loss has cast a gloom over his companions.

GEN. GORDON A PRISONER.

A dispatch from Cairo, dated November 2, says: The Mahdi, in the beginning of September, hearing of the advance of the British forces, made a supreme effort to reduce Khartoum, which place at the end of September was surrounded by 150,000 rebels. Supplies failing, the garrison began to waver. A deputation of officers complained bitterly to Gen. Gordon that they had been deceived by the promise of British assistance, and they accused him of aiding in the deception. The delegation also demanded a retreat be made to Dongola, and threatened if this action was not taken they would join the Mahdi. Gordon thereupon consented to the plan proposed. Meanwhile a panic arose, and 8,000 soldiers and civilians deserted in a body; 2,000 men remained faithful and embarked with Gordon. The rebels were advised of what had occurred, and harassed the retreat to Shendy, where masses of rebels, provided with artillery, disabled the flotilla. Only Col. Stewart's vessel succeeded in passing Berber, and shortly afterwards it was wrecked. The remainder of the flotilla was obliged to return southward, and on reaching Shendy the entire force was captured. About October 5 Gen. Gordon was sent under a strong escort to the Mahdi's camp, where he is now a close prisoner.

The Foreign Office at London discredits the above dispatch.

DOUBTS ABOUT THE GORDON AND KHARTOUM STORY.

The London Times of the 3d considers the news reported from Cairo to the Paris Morning News to the effect that Khartoum has fallen into the hands of rebels and Gordon is taken prisoner, as extremely doubtful. This view, it thinks, is especially reasonable in the absence of advices on the subject from Wolseley. The Times traces the story to Bosphore Egyptien, a dubious French organ, which may have given a Europeanize version of Arab rumors which recently gained some currency in Cairo.

Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, assured the Press Association to-day that the Government had received no confirmation of the news. Up to noon to-day nothing had been received at the Government offices in regard thereto. A dispatch to-day from Dongola to Reuter's Telegram Company makes no mention of the reported fall of Khartoum. It says, however, that the Mahdi at last accounts was collecting his forces around Khartoum, and had summonded Gen. Gordon to surrender. The troops of the Mahdi had intercepted two messengers dispatched by the British to Khartoum. The same dispatch declares that a large force of rebels was at Berber, and that rebels had possession of the wells on the caravan route between Debbeh and Khartoum. After the crops are harvested the Mahdi's forces will be largely increased.

2:30 P. M.—The rumor that the Khedive had sent a letter to the Government announcing the fall of Khartoum and capture of Gen. Gordon has been authoritatively denied, and the denial published.

Italy.

The Italian Government is about to send two cruisers to Congo, to look out for Italian interests.

It is officially promulgated from the Vatican that the Pope never mentioned to Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, United States, that he desired that Ireland should be freed from the rule of the English government.

THE POPE ANGRY.

The Pope is angry at the reported speech of Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, representing his Holiness as having expressed the hope that Ireland might soon become independent of the Government of England. The Pope has cabled the Bishop, demanding an explanation.

Russia.

The Russian police believe Digaieff, the assassin of Col. Sudeikin, is in America.

The Chief of Police of St. Petersburg forbade a ball in honor of Sir Joseph Montefiore.

Mary Figner, who was recently sentenced to death at St. Petersburg for political offenses, and whose sentence was commuted to banishment to Siberia, is dying of consumption.

Germany.

The Berlin National Gazette states that Sir Edward Malet, the new British Ambassador to Berlin, has already created a favorable impression everywhere. Prince Bismarck is anxious to maintain the same relations with him as with his predecessor.

The result of the Parliamentary elections in 74 districts in Germany is now known. In 29 districts there was no choice, and second ballots will be taken. The successful candidates include 13 of the Center, seven Socialists, six German Liberals, six National Liberals, five Imperialists, four Conservatives, two of the People's party, one Guelph, and one Alsatian.

THE CONGO CONFERENCE.

The Congo Conference will meet November 15.

SAILED FOR AFRICA.

The German corvettes Bismarck, Gneisenau, Olga and Ariadne sailed on October for West Africa. The Bismarck is the flagship of the squadron.

China.

Chinese advices state that the blocking of the Woosung river, on which Shanghai stands, and the massing of troops in the vicinity of Shanghai and Pekin are still going on.

THE VICTOROUS FRENCH.

An official dispatch from Gen. Briere de L'Isle, dated Hanoi, Oct. 29, says: "The garrison of Tuyen Quan repulsed several attacks of Chinese on the 19th inst. The enemy withdrew discouraged. The Governors of Yunnan and Liouvinc Phoc have only 4,000 men on the upper Red River. No Chinese are before Kept Chee. Our columns are scouring the country near Yen."

GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION.

By the premature explosion of gunpowder at Bedford Station, Ontario, John McCrummon was killed, and Alpheus Brown had his jaw broken in two places, his eye put out and hands fearfully mangled.

Canada.

Judge Sicotte, of Montreal, condemned L. A. Seneca to pay $880 or two years in jail for having in the election of 1881 contributed considerable sums of money for election purposes.

John McCormick, who ran away from the jail yard at Winnipeg, but was recaptured, was ordered by the Attorney General of Manitoba, to be flogged. He was stripped to the waist in a snow-storm, before his fellow-prisoners, and given twelve lashes.

The flogging of a prisoner at Winnipeg, by order of Atty.-Gen. Miller, was closely followed by the hanging of that official in effigy and a demand on the jailer for the release of the unfortunate captive. Miller fled to Minnesota, and troops with fixed bayonets were unable to disperse the indignant mob.

STUDENTS' REBELLION.

The students attending King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, have rebelled, and demand the dismissal of Pres. Dart and Profs. Deformentin and Butler. The original cause of the trouble is said to be that Dart treats them continually with contempt. The students burnt him in effigy in the college grounds Monday night. College lectures have been suspended, and the students are strolling idly about town in knots of twos and threes.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

On October 30, while a cage containing the following men: Richard H. Perry, Thomas Vipond, Nathaniel Rushton, Oliver Rushton, Daniel Chrisholm and John McInnis, was being lowered down the Dufferin shaft, in the mine of the West Yavoda Steel Company, near Londonderry, the gearing broke. As the cage fell it was caught and overturned, throwing out the men, who fell a distance of 200 feet. The three first named were killed outright, two others fatally injured, and another one very seriously injured.

THE WHISKY REBELLION CRUSHED.

Information was received at Toronto on November 1 that the Toronto police reached Sault Ste. Marie from Michipicoten the previous day, bringing with them five prisoners, who have been committed for trial. Four of the ringleaders took to the woods, three of them armed with repeating rifles. They have not been captured, but will likely be taken by either the Dominion force, now on the way, or by special Constables sworn in for the purpose.

DEFYING THE POLICE.

Information says the Pt. Arthur police force sent to Michipicoten is inadequate to quell the disturbance. A gang of 30 desperate roughs have their headquarters two miles from the Village, and keep up a reign of terror. They threaten the life of any one who gives information against them. A large police force or a military detachment is needed to restore order.

PAYING THE INDIANS.

The payment of the annual bounties to the various Indian bands throughout the Northwest Territories, has been completed, and the Indians have gone to their reserves on their hunting grounds. Everything is quiet.

Mexico.

CANADA AND MEXICO.

The Senate of Mexico, on October 29, ratified the agreement between Great Britain and Mexico. The President approved, and cordial relations between the two Governments are now consummated, after the lapse of many years. This result has chiefly been brought about by representations from the Canadian Government, and no doubt steps will at once be taken to increase and develop Canadian trade with Mexico, now that amity has been established.

Spain.

A factory at Hueta, Spain, burned Friday. Twenty-seven persons perished in the flames, and twelve were seriously burned.

France.

The Senatorial elections in France will be held January 4, 1885.

The Paris Journal Des Debats denies that France is legally at war with China. It contends, therefore, that England has no reason to forbid French vessels to revictual at Hong Kong.

Intelligence has reached London that the man-of-war Seignelay, has hoisted the French flag at Tajurah, Sagalia and Rodali, on the Bay of Aden. It is reported France will annex them.

The Agricultural Society of France is about to hold a convention. Five thousand members are in Paris for the purpose of considering the causes of the present agricultural depression in France.

Agitation is in progress in Paris against the price of bread. A meeting of bakers was held Wednesday, to consider the request by the Prefect that they should reduce the price. They refused, by a vote of 341 to 204.

Cholera.

The appearance of cholera in the Lower Seine region, France, has led Italy to establish a quarantine against all ports from Dieppe to Cherbourg, inclusive.

Discarded and Disinherited.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 2.—A woman aged 36, who is undoubtedly the daughter of a wealthy Englishman of high social position, is dying in the Pittsburg Almshouse. Two weeks ago she sought admission. After a private audience with the Poor Board, to whom she told her story, she was placed there. She was born in Wolverton, England, and was the youngest of three children. At 16 she eloped with a family servant named Langdon. Her father discarded and disinherited her. When her child was born he offered to rear and adopt it. As the husband was growing dissolute and neglectful she consented, and then emigrated with her husband to Pittsburg, with £1,000 given her by her aunt. In 1877, when the times were hard and the money had been spent, Langdon deserted her. Since then she has lived in private families. Her brother, the head of the largest tool manufacturing firm in England, visited Pittsburg five years ago as a guest of the iron kings. As he passed through the streets in an open barouche his discarded sister watched him from the curbstone. Two weeks ago her health broke down and she sought shelter in the almshouse, with the promise from the Poor Board, who verified her story, that her name should not be told until after her death. She is sinking to-night.

Swindling the Farmers.

PLYMOUTH, Ind., Nov. 3.—John Rorer, an old, honest farmer residing in this County, was the subject of one of the roof-painting swindles which have been perpetrated through this County for some time past. On arriving in Town Saturday, he was informed that his note dated in March for $200 with interest, amounting to $210, would be due on November 5. Knowing of no honest transaction for which he signed a $200 note, he remembered, when questioned, of the time in March last of signing a contract for painting his roof by one who gave the name of Hooper, of Chicago, and which, to his surprise, turned out to be the above-named note. The note, which is a bankable one, is now in a third and innocent party's hands, and he will be compelled by law to pay the same. Other similar cases will be brought to light, as the entire County was worked by the sharks at the same time.

The World's Exposition.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 3.—Col E. A. Burke, Director-General of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, announces that as Congress meets on the day heretofore designated for the opening ceremonies, and therefore the President and Congressmen could not then be present, the formal opening will take place at noon December 16. Exhibits will be received until December 10, with the understanding that they must be arranged in place by the opening day. The demands upon the World's Exposition for space have exceeded anything in the history of former expositions. The management has added 700,000 square feet exhibiting space to the building's originally design, and advantage will be taken of the time now allowed to provide additional space for exhibitors, who may rely upon every possible effort to accord reasonable space to all who may apply.

The Way to Stamp Out Polygamy.

SALT LAKE, Nov. 4.—Judge Zane yesterday sentenced Rudger Clawson, convicted a week ago of polygamy, to four years in the penitentiary and $800 fine. Appeal was taken, pending which his counsel moved he be released on bail, which was refused. Clawson was remanded to the custody of the United States Marshal.

J. H. Acklen states that 1,000 colored Republicans in the First Louisiana Congressional District have been arrested, and are now imprisoned in New Orleans, under the vagrancy act.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. SOLD ONLY IN CANS. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 4, 1884.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 40,000
Specie, decrease	962,000
Legal tenders, increase	115,000
Deposits, increase	256,000
Circulation, increase	65,000
Reserve, decrease	911,000

The banks hold $31,281,000 in excess of legal requirements.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 3.	Oct. 28.
4½'s coupons	113⅞	113
4's coupons	122⅛	121¼
3's registered	100	10⅝
Pacific 6's, '95	126	126

TRADE.

Special telegrams to Bradstreet's during the week just closed, indicate that, in general, there has been no gain, as compared with the general movement of merchandise for several weeks past. General trade at almost commercial centers continues quiet, with but little, if any, prospect of material gains prior to the opening of the new year. There has been a little gain in the movement of dry goods at the West, but at Eastern markets prices are unchanged. In breadstuffs the movement at leading points was large, and probably marks the climax of the movement. Farmers are holding their grain, and, as navigation closes this month, an advance in rail rates may be looked for, at which time producers antipate better figures for their surplus grain. Trading in corn was dull. A corner in the November option at Chicago is looked upon as probable. Provisions are weak on free receipts of corn. Iron and steel have dragged. Prices unchanged.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No. 2 Red Wheat brought 71¼c in this market; on Wednesday it closed at 72¾c; on Thursday 71¼c was the price; on Friday it noted 72c; on Saturday it went to 70½c, and on Monday 70¼c was the price.

Within the week just closed, the markets for wheat have been without special feature. In cash wheat, the value is 1c. less than a week ago, closing dull. Future contracts were not made as freely as during the preceding week. The markets were a little irregular with an undercurrent of weakness most of the time. The November future exhibits a decline of 1⅜c; the December 1¼c; and the January 1½c, within the week just closed. One of the principal causes of the dullness was the intense interest taken in the Presidential contest. When this is over business men will feel greater interest in the wheat markets, and trade will no doubt be more brisk; but from present appearances no great strength will be imparted to wheat for the next week at least. The demand is slow from Europe, and supplies are accumulating at primary points in America, which gives but little encouragement to dealers to attempt to place values on a higher basis. Corn has been touched lightly, and the tone of the market weak. New corn is beginning to appear in the market, but not in large quantities.

Toledo Market.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was an unusually dull market for Cash wheat, but little more being done than to establish prices, which were lower on soft wheat No. 2.

Sales No 2 Red Wheat to-day	4,500
" " " Saturday	87,500

No 2 red wheat, 70¼@70½c, latter to close, no alteration. No 2 soft red Lake Shore wheat, 82½c, 1c decline; No 2 soft D. & M. red, 1c off; No 3 red wheat, special bin, 65c; rejected red wheat, Wabash, 51c; D. & M. do, 52c.

White Wheat—Sale No 1 Michigan at 79c.

For future delivery trade was light and prices steady at a fraction decline on November.

	Oct. bu.	Nov. bu.	Dec. bu.	Jan. bu.	Feb bu.
Sales to-day..	....	18 00	20000	36000	....
" Saturday.	....	48000	55000	35000	....

Seller November, 70¼c, rose to 70½c, and closed at 70¼c, ¼c off; seller December, 72¼c, same as on Saturday; seller January, 74c, no change.

Cash Corn—Sales small. Prices about unchanged.

Sales Cash Corn to-day	2,000 bu
" " " Saturday	5,000 bu

No 2 High-mixed Corn, 43c; Rejected Corn, 40c; No Grade Corn, 36c, Wabash.

For future delivery no No. 2 Corn sold.

Oats—Sale No. 2 at 27c.

Clover Seed—Sale 50 bags; Prime at $4 65, 5c lower,

General Produce.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 3.—Wheat—Lower; cash, 52⅝@52½c; December, 51c bid, 54¼c asked; January, 56⅛@56¼c. Corn—Steady; cash, 30½@31c; November, 27½c bid, 28¼c asked; year, 26¼c bid, 26⅝c asked; May, 28½c. Oats—Dull and nominal; 22c bid, 22½c asked.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 3.—Oil—Market fairly active, with trading confined to small lots; opened at 72½c, advanced to 72⅝c, broke to 71⅝c, and at 1 o'clock 71⅞c bid. The latest guage from Baldridge District is as follows: Armstrong well, 176 barrels per hour; Conners, 60 barrels; Christy, 37. Phillips No. 2 put 110 barrels in tank the first hour after being torpedoed

CINCINNATI, Nov 3.—Flour dull; family, $3 30@3 60; fancy, $3 85@4 25. Wheat easier; No 2 Red at 77c. Corn firmer; No. 2 mixed, 44c. Oats quiet at 27c. Rye easier at 53½@55c. Barley firm; extra No. 3 Fall, 72c. Pork quiet and firm at $15 00. Lard firmer at $7 10. Bulk meats firmer at $5 75@8 37½. Bacon firm at $6 75@10 25@11 25. Whisky steady at 111c

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—Flour quiet; Western Pennsylvania and superfine, $2 00@2 50; do extra, $2 50@2 75; Ohio, $3 75@4 50; Indiana, $3 50@4 50; St. Louis and Southern Illinois, $3 87@4 75; Winter patent, $4 50@5 30; Minnesota, $4@4 75; do patent, $5 00@5 75. Wheat steady; No. 2 red, November, in grain depot, 82½c. Corn—Market firm; No. 3 low mixed, new western, 46c; No 3 mixed, old, 51@52½c; steamer, mixed, 53½@55c; No 3 yellow, —c; steamer yellow, —c; sail high-mixed, old, —c; sail mixed, 59c. Oats quiet and steady; No. 3 white, 32@32¼c; No. 2 mixed, —c; No 1 white, c; No. 2 white, 33c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat quiet but firm; 74⅛c November; 76; December; 77⅛c January; 81¼c May. Corn quiet but firm; 42¼c cash; 42⅜c November; 39¼@39⅜c December; —c January; 39¼c the year; 39⅜c May. Oats steady and firm; cash, 25⅜@25½c; November, 25¼@25⅜c; December; 26⅛c; the year, —c; May, 29½c. Rye firmer at 50c. Barley dull at 58@60c. Flax seed weaker at 131c. Whisky steady at 113. Pork firm; $11 60@11 65 the year; $11 70c January; $— February. Lard firm; $6 95@7 02½ November; $6 95 December; $7 00@7 05 January; $— February.

NEW YORK Nov. 3.—Flour — Receipts, 38,000 bbls; sales, 8,000 bbls; market dull and depressed. Wheat—Receipts, 208,000 bu; market ⅛@¼c higher and strong; trade light; No 1 White nominal; sales 96,000 bu No 2 Red, November, 84@84¼c; 160,000 bu do December, 85⅞@86⅛c; 112,000 bu do January, 87¾@88⅛c; 48,000 bu do February, 89⅞c; 96,000 bu do May, 95@95½c. Corn—Receipts, 51,000 bu; market quiet; mixed western spot, 52@55c; futures, 48@53¾c; sales, 168,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 138,000 bu; market dull and unchanged; western, 32@37c; sales, 20,000 bu. Beef quiet and unchanged; new extra, $12. Pork firm; new spot mess, $16 50. Lard higher and firm; steam rendered at $7 47½. Butter quiet and steady; western at 9@30c. Cheese quiet at 1½@12¾c. Sugar quiet and steady. Molasses dull. Petroleum dull and steady. Rice firm. Coffee steady. Freights dull. Turpentine steady at 30c. Rosin steady at $1 25@1 30. Tallow steady at 6⅝@6 7-16c for western. Eggs firm at 24@24½c.

Live Stock Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3.—Cattle—Market fairly active; receipts, 2,000 head; prices of common cattle unchanged; prime about 25c higher.

Sheep—Market dull; receipts, 10,000 head; prices same as last week; poor ones hard to sell at any price; prime, $4 50@4 75; good, $4 00@4 25; medium, $3 00@3 75; common, $2 00@2 75 ℔ head; lambs, $4 00@6 00.

Hogs dull; receipts, 6,350 head; fair to medium country, $6 25@6 75; good western, $6 75@7 00; good choice, $7 75.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 3.—Beeves—Receipts, 2,636 head; sales 1,047 head; market active and ⅛@¼c better; very best grades, $5 50@6 00; first quality, $4 50@5 50; medium, $2 00@4 50; ordinary, $2 25@3 00; most sales at $3 25@5 50.

Swine—Receipts, 6,995 head; full supply and fairly good demand at $5 75@6 75

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,772 head; sheep, $2 00@4 00; lambs, $3 00@5 00.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 3—Cattle—Market slow and unchanged; prime, $5 75@6 00; fair to good, $5 00@5 50; common, $4 50@4 75; receipts, 4,300 head; shipments, 6,900 head.

Hogs—Market active; receipts, 7,000 head; shipments, 6,900 head; Philadelphias, $4 75@5 50; Baltimores, $—; best Yorkers, $—; common to fair, $—.

Sheep—Dull and unchanged; prime, $3 75@4 00; fair to good, $3 00@3 50; common, $1 00@2 00; receipts, 1,400 head; shipments, 1,200 head.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3—Beeves—Receipts, 3,600 head, making 9,300 head for the week; market opened with a fair demand, and closed easier; extremes, $4 80@7 10; common to extra native steers, $4 25@5 22; Texas and Colorado cattle and general sales of natives, $4 00@5 00; exporters used 30 car loads.

Sheep—Receipts, 8,600 head, making 52,200 for the week; market fairly active; 20 carloads unsold; extremes, $3 75@4 75, sheep; $4 40@$5 60, lambs.

Hogs—Receipts, 20,900 head, making 46,450 for the week; market dull and nearly nominal; 4 carloads were helding for $5 00@5 50.

CHICAGO, Nov. 3.—Hogs—Receipts to-day, 8,500 head; shipments, 3,000 head; market active, firm and 5c higher; rough packing, $—; heavy packing and shipping, $4 65@4 90; mixed, $4 30@4 60; light, $4 25@4 75; skips $3 50@4 10.

Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; shipments, 2,400 head; shipping grades active and 5@10c higher; export steers, $6 50@6 70; poor to choice $4 25@6 15; range cattle in large supply and a shade lower; Texans, $2 50@4 20.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, 400 head; market slow; Nebraska stock, $2 25; Dakota, $2 75; poor to choice natives, $2 00@4 00.

Liverpool cablegram reports American steers ½c higher than last week; 15c estimated dead weight.

BUFFALO, Nov. 3.—Cattle — Receipts, 600 head; consigned through, 37 cars; market steady at last week's prices; about all sold; extra State and Western steers from 1,400 to 1,500 ℔, $6 10@6 50; good to choice shipping from 1,100 to 1,300 ℔, $4 75@5 60, medium to good butchers from 1,000 to 1,100 ℔, $4 15@to $4 65; stockers and feeders, $3 50@3 85; fair to good native cows, $3 50@4 00.

Sheep—Receipts to-day, 4,600 head; consigned through, 4 cars; market only steady at last week's prices; medium to good from 70 to 90 ℔, $2 95@3 50; good to choice Yorkers from 90 to 130 ℔, $3 90@4 25; good to choice Western lambs, $4 25@4 60; Canodas, $4 60@4 80.

Hogs—Receipts, 9,000 head; consigned through, 46 cars; market active and a shade higher; good to choice Yorkers, $4 60@4 70; light, $4 45@4 55; butchers' grades, $4 70@4 80; pigs, $4 25@4 50.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 3.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light, $3 50@4 65; packing and butchers', $4 35@4 90. Receipts, 3,400 head; shipments, 1,000 head.

Cattle—Receipts light; market fairly good; common, $1 75@2 50; fair to medium, $2 75@3 75; good to choice butcher grades, $3 90@4 60; some extra, $4 75; good to choice cows, $3 75@4 25; good to choice heifers, $4 25@4 65; common to fair shippers, $4 50@5 50; good to choice, $5 75@6 25; common to fair oxen, $2 00@3 50; good to choice, $3 75@4 50; some extra, $4 75@5 00; some light yearlings and calves, $2 50@3 50. Sheep—Receipts light; not much demand; common to fair, $2 25@3 00; good to choice, $3 25@3 50; some extra wethers, $4 00@4 25; stock sheep dull at $2 50@3 25 for wethers; $2 25@3 00 for ewes, and $1 50@2 25 for culls. Lambs—Receipts light; market dul; common to fair, $3 00@3 50; good to choice, $3 75@4 25; some extra, $4 50; culls, $2 50@3 00.

KANSAS CITY, Nov 3.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; market steady at yesterday's prices.

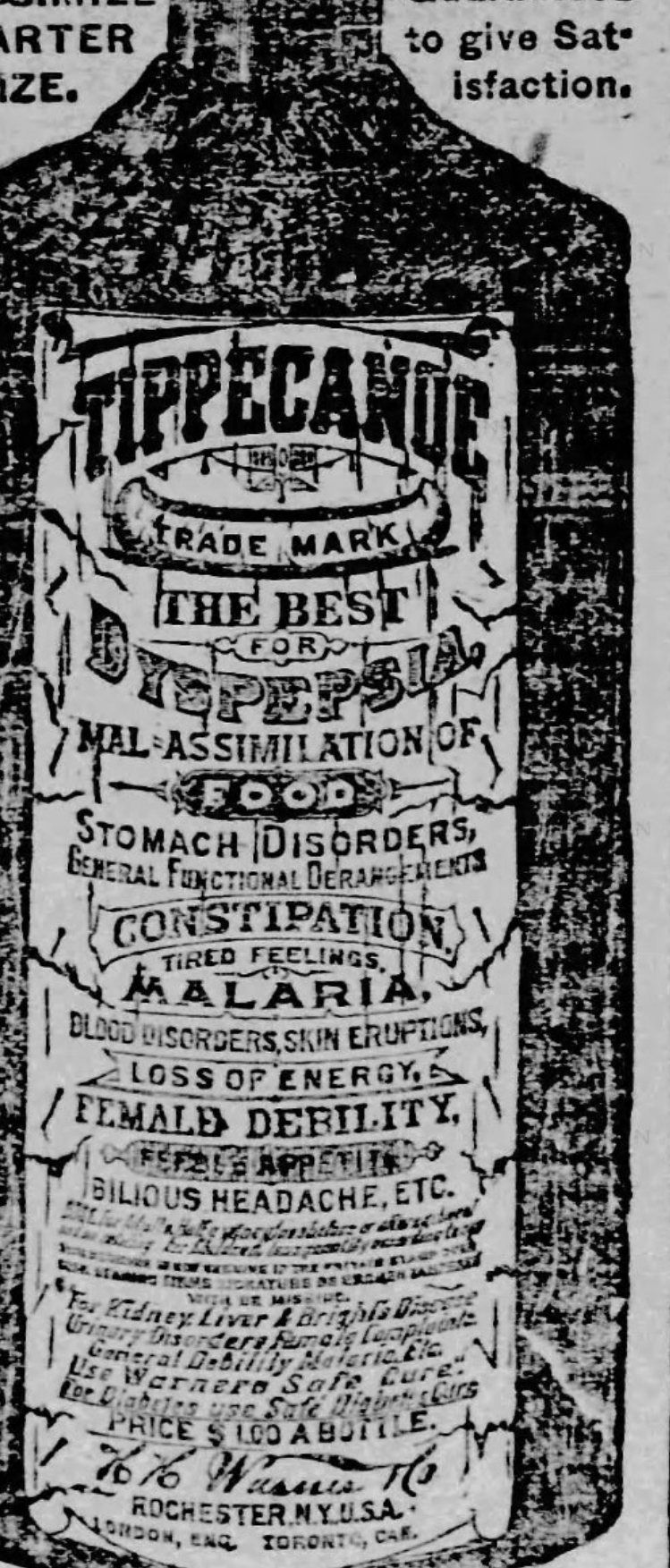
Hogs—Receipts, 2,900 head; weaker and 1c lower; lots of 225@315 ℔s, $4 35@4 90; mainly, $4 40@4 50.

Sheep—Receipts, 114 head; nominally unchanged.

Wool Market.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co. says: The past has been a very dull week, and the sales, amounting to 1,197,800 ℔s of all kinds, are smaller than for any previous week for a long time. We have never known buyers and sellers more indifferent about operating. Manufacturers are indifferent because of the unsatisfactory state of the goods market, and the fact that but very few styles of goods pay the cost of manufacture. Holders are indifferent about selling because no grade of wool, if forced upon the market, could be sold at cost. A better and more satisfactory market is looked for as soon as the Presidential contest is settled. Wool is not only low but credits are more or less questionable and and holders are forced to move cautiously. The sales of the week have been as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X, XX and XX and above, 34@36c; Michigan X fleeces, —@30c; Territory, 16@25c; Texas, 14@19; California spring, 18@22@; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 16@27c; super and X pulled 25@35c.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4.—Transactions in wool are moderate. Prices are tolerably firm, especially on choice lots of fine domestic fleeces. Ohio XX and above, 35@36c; western, 24@24½c; combing, 25@30c.



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Will purify the BLOOD, regulate LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

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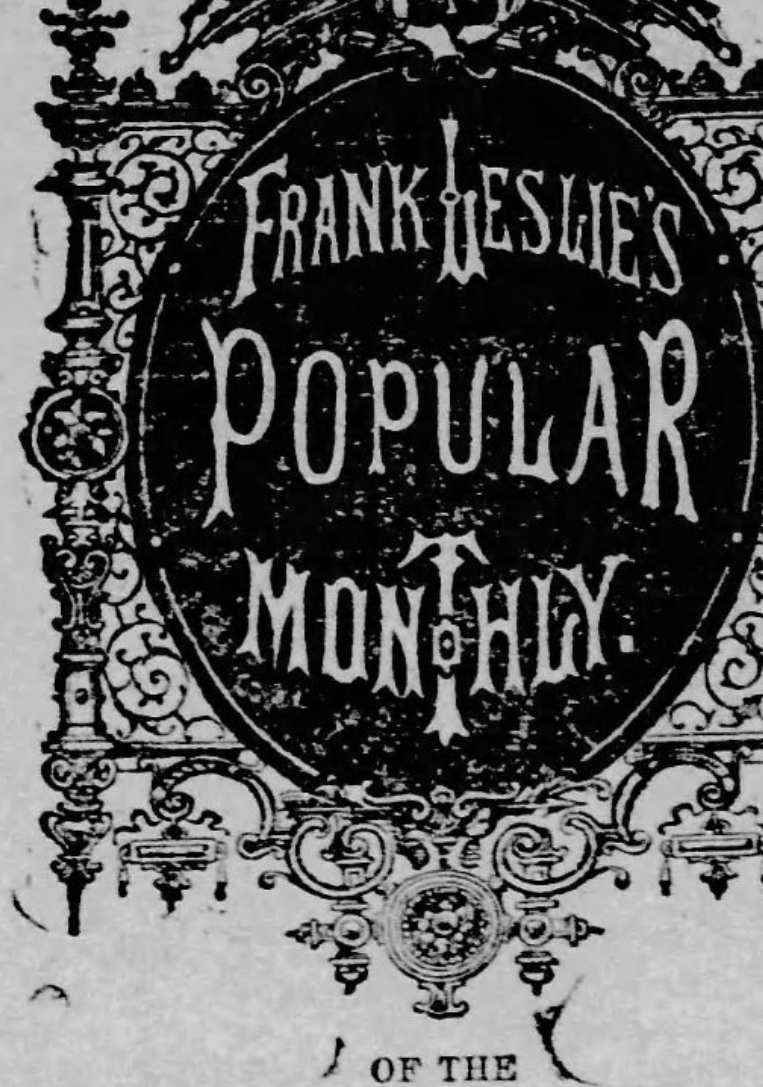
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1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000

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9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
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We will enter your name on our subscription book and mail THE POULTRY KEEPER regularly to you ONE YEAR and immediately send a numbered Receipt, which will entitle the holder to one of the following presents. If any one desires two receipts they will be sent for $1, and their subscription will be entered up for two years.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

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10 U. S. Greenbacks of $100	1,000	1,000 Gent's Pocket Knives	1,000
1 Nickel plated Columbia Bicycle	150	1,000 U. S. Greenbacks of $1 each	1,000
1 Grand Square Piano	800	10 Gents' Gold Watches, English Movement	800
1 Grand Cabinet Organ	200	10 Ladies' " " "	600
1 Three seat Rockaway	200	20 Boys' Silver " American "	300
1 Silver Dinner Service	100	8 Solitaire Diamond Finger Rings	400
5 Top Buggies	1,000	3 Patent Harvesters	1,000
20 U. S. Greenbacks of $50 each	1,000	2,000 Elegant Art Gems	1,000
1000 Autograph Albums, $2 each	2,000	5 Raw Silk Parlor Suit Furniture	1,000
2 Village Carts	200	1,460 Gold Finger Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents'	

Scarf Pins, Lockets, Fans and Chains, and 92,421 other presents, valued from 20 cents to $1, makes a grand aggregation of 100,000 presents, thus guaranteeing a present to each and every new subscriber who sends us 50 cents.

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Read How You Can Get This Elegant Gold Watch for 50 cts.

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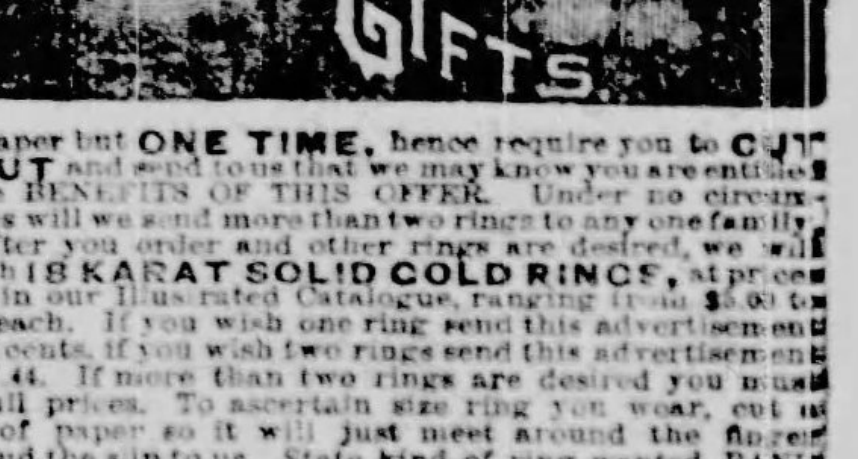

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A $15 WATCH FOR Only $1 To 200 AGENTS.

Our New American Lever Watch.

After months of labor and experiment, we have at last brought to perfection A NEW WATCH. It is a Key Winding Watch with the Celebrated Anchor Lever Movement, Expansion Balance, Fully Jeweled. They are made of the best material, and in the very best manner so as to insure good time-keeping qualities. The Cases are made of our celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold. This metal has a sufficient amount of gold in the composition to give the watch a genuine gold appearance. Indeed it can not be told from a genuine Gold Watch except by the best judges. They are finely engraved or engine turned and are massive and strong and very handsome, making it just the watch for all who require a good strong watch and an accurate time-keeper. For trading and speculative purposes, it is superior to any watch ever before offered. They can be sold readily for $15 and $20 each, and traded for horses, cattle, &c., so as to double those amounts. These Watches were bought at a bankrupt Jewelry Sale in New York at a ruinously low price. We want Agents, male or female, to canvass their towns and counties and get subscriptions to the Western American Farmer, a monthly paper devoted to Current News, Home and Farm topics; and at the same time we want you to sell these watches.

SALARY CONDITIONS:—The first one hundred persons, male or female, who send us $1 each for a 6 months' subscription to the Western American Farmer, will be hired by us at a regular salary of $25 a month. We will also allow you a commission of 50 cents on every six months' subscriber, and $1 on every yearly subscriber, that you secure. We will give every salaried person one watch, free; also will send you by express, prepaid, five American Lever Watches at a time, worth $45, for you to sell for us. When you have sold them, we will express you more watches. You need not send us any money for the watches in advance. As fast as sold, you must send us $3 on each watch. You are to sell them for $10 or $12 each, and you can have all you get over $3 each for your commission. Any lady or young man of average ability ought to secure at least ten subscribers and sell two or three watches a day. The commissions, together with the regular salary we pay you every Saturday, will make you good pay. Send us $1 at once for six months' subscription to our paper and reference as to honesty. We favor the persons who work for us getting subscribers, no one else. If you wish to buy a watch, without subscribing for the paper, remit us $12, the retail price. The next one hundred persons sending us $1 for paper will get one American Lever Watch each, free, and the above commissions; but no salary. If you want to try for the salary and watch, remit us $1 for paper, quick. Don't wait. Remit by Postal Note or enclose $1 in a plain envelope. Postage stamps will not be received except from places where a Postal Note can not be obtained. This offer will never be made again.

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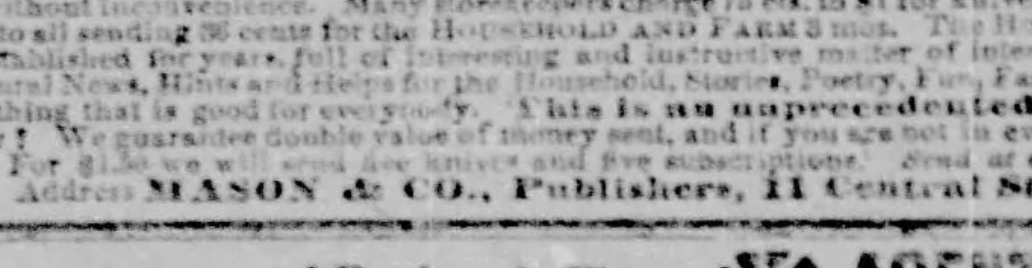

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